

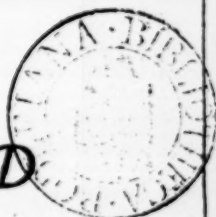






THE  
PSALMS

OF  
King DAVID



Paraphrased,

And turned into English Verse,  
according to the com-  
mon Metre,

As they are usually sung in Parish  
Churches.

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LONDON,  
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THE  
Psalms of King  
DAVID,  
Paraphrased in English.

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The First Book.

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*Psalms. I.*

1. **B**lest is the Man that walks not where  
Ungodly Counsels guide;  
Nor stands in sinful ways; Nor sits  
With those who God deride,

2. But in the Laws Divine hath fixt  
His Soul's intire Delight:  
On those He meditates by Day,  
And ruminates by Night.

B

3. He

*ll*

3. He shall be like the Tree that sucks  
From fatning streams his sap ;  
Whose branches charg'd with timely fruit  
Stoop to the Gath'ers lap.
4. No blasting wind, nor biting frost,  
Shall make his leaves drop down :  
Whatever work he takes in hand  
Prosperity shall Crown.
5. But with the wicked 'tis not so ;  
They are as Chaffe out-cast  
Scatter'd and made the useles sport  
Of every wanton Blast,
6. Th'ungodly shall not stand acquit,  
When he's in judgement try'd ;  
Nor shall the sinner have a place  
Amongst the justifi'd.
7. God doth the purer wayes approve,  
Which his Redeemed tread ;  
But Paths perverse securely down  
To death, and horror lead.

## Psalm. II.

1. **W**Hy do the Nations all inrag'd  
Tumultuously rise ?  
Why doth the brain-sick Multitude  
Fond Vanity devise?

2. The Princes of the Earth rebel,  
The Rulers Counsels joyn  
Against the Lord, and 'gainst His Christ  
They impiously combine,
3. Break we, say they, those servile Bonds  
Which our free arms enchain;  
And cast those cords away, which now  
Our liberties restrain,
4. He that in Heaven sits inthron'd  
Shall laugh at their vain Pride;  
Th' Almighty with deserv'd contempt,  
Their folly shall deride.
5. Then to their vexed souls shall He,  
In fierce displeasure say:  
But I my King have Crown'd, and He  
Shall *Sions* Sceptre sway.
6. The Lord hath spoke, I will proclaym  
Jehovah's great decree,  
Thou art my Son belov'd; to day  
Have I begotten thee.
7. Ask, and the Gentiles I will give  
Thee, as thy Right of Birth:  
Thy large Possessions shall extend  
Unto the farthest Earth.
8. Thou with an iron Rod shalt break  
Their disobedient back:



And them like Potters brittle-ware  
To useless shivers crack.

9. Be wise ye Kings ; and ye, who judge  
The Earth, Instruction hear :  
Serve God with Reverence, and mix  
With joy, an holy Fear.
10. Kifs ye the Son, lest his wrath flame  
A little, and ye dy.  
O ! Blest all they, whose hope on him  
Doth firmly anchor'd ly.

*Psalm. III.*

1. **H**OW are the Troops increas'd, my God,  
Of my Proud Enemies ?  
How numberless are they, 'gainst me  
That in Rebellion rise ?
2. Many there be, that of my soul,  
Insultingly have said ;  
Helpless he is, and even his God,  
As helpless, cannot aid.
3. But Thou, my Lord, shield'st me, when I  
With woes am overspread :  
Thou art the glory of my Crown  
Th'advancer of my head.
4. I to my God, with Zealous voice,  
Did my complaint direct :

And

And he from Sions sacred Hill  
Sweet answer did reflect.

5. I layd me down, and yielded up  
My Limbs to the soft chayn  
Of careless sleep, then wak'd again  
For God did me sustain.
6. My courage shall not sink, for fear  
Of Myriads of foes;  
Though they in battel set, my life  
On every side inclose.
7. Rise, save me Lord, for thou hast broke  
Mine Enemyes Jaw-bones:  
Thou hast dash'd out the'nvenom'd teeth  
Of the Mischievous ones.
8. Salvation proceeds alone  
From great Jehovah's Power;  
Rich Blessings, on thy chosen, Thou  
Dost plentifully showre.

*Psalm. IV.*

1. **O** Hear me, when I cry, my God,  
Who me dost justify;  
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,  
In Mercy hear my cry.
2. Fond sons of men, how long with shame  
My glory will ye blast?

How long love vanity, and lies  
Pursue with thirsty haste ?

3. This know that God hath set apart  
The Righteous for his own ;  
Nor shall my Prayers, to Heaven sent,  
Unfruitfully come down.

4. Stand in an humble Fear, your Souls  
Stain not with wilful ill :  
Your heart upon your thoughtful bed,  
Examine, and be still.

5. In stead of smoaking Altars, let  
Your Righteousness ascend ;  
And on th' Almightyes arm be sure  
Your confidence depend.

6. Many there be, whose faithless Spirits  
Despair of help Divine :  
Lord shew thy face, and cause on us  
Thy Beams of Beauty shine.

7. Thou mak'st my heart more glad then when  
Their Corn the garners fill'd ;  
And casks could not contain the Juice,  
From the press'd Grape distill'd.

8. Down will I ly, and my tyr'd Limbs  
To peaceful rest compose ;  
For thou in Tents of safety me  
Securely dost inclose.

Psalm. V.

- (gard,
1. **L**Ord mark my words, my thoughts re-  
Thine Ear propitious lend  
Unto my cry ; my King, my God,
  2. To thee my Prayers ascend.
  3. Ere the day dawn, Thou hear'st my voice,  
Whilst with advanced Eyes  
I pay my vows' before the Sun  
Guild 'ore the Azure Skies.
  4. Thou art a God, not pleas'd with vice,  
No ill with thee hath place :  
Thou hat'st sin-workers, nor shall fools  
Behold thy glorious Face.
  5. Those that coyn forgeries, Thou shalt  
To sure destruction drive :  
Thou dost abhor the bloody hands,  
And hearts that fraud contrive.
  6. But, in the fulness of thy love,  
Thy House will I frequent ;  
And bow my knees, in humble Fear,  
Before thy Sacred Tent.
  7. In thy unfailing goodness guide  
My footsteps by thy Grace :  
Lest me my foes subvert, make straight  
Thy wayes before my Face.

8. Their tongue is faithless, their false heart  
 Refined wickedness:  
 Their throats a gaping Grave, although  
 With flattering Lips they bless.
9. Destroy them Lord, in their own Plots  
 Ore-reach'd, and may they be  
 Confounded, in the height of their  
 Rebellions against thee,
10. Let those, that rest on thy Defence,  
 Rejoyce, and sing thy Praise;  
 And all that love thy Name, their voice  
 In Hallelujahs raise.
11. Thy Blessings on the Righteous shall,  
 Like Summer-dews, descend;  
 With Mercy as a shield shalt thou  
 From dangers him defend.

*Psalm. VI.*

1. **L**ord in thy wrath correct me not,  
 Nor in thy rage chastise:  
 Pity my weakness, cure my bones,  
 Bruit'd with Calamities,
2. My spirit is vext, but Lord! how long?  
 Reflect thy healing beams;  
 And by thy Mercy, save my soul  
 That labors in extreams,
3. None



3. None of the sons of silent Death  
One thought of thee can have,  
And who shall bleſs thy name amongſt  
The Tenants of the Grave.
4. Wearied with groanings, all the night  
My tears bedew my bed :  
My Pallet flows with the ſalt ſtreams,  
That trickle from my head.
5. My melting eyes are waſted with  
The anguiſh of my cries :  
My failing ſight grows old, becauſe  
Of my fierce Enemies.
6. Hence ye ſin-workers all, for God  
Hath heard my ſpeaking Tears.
7. My vows he hears, and to my Prayer  
Bows his propitious Ears.
8. Terror and ſhame my foes o'retake,  
Turn'd to inglorious Flight :  
Let ſwift confuſion ſieze them like  
Th'amazed Fears of Night.

*Psalm, VII.*

1. **M**Y Lord, my God ! my Confidence  
Is firmly fix'd on thee :  
From him whoſe thirſty malice ſeeks  
My bloud, O ſecure me.

2. Lest like a Lyon, hunger-pincht,  
My soul he tear; for I  
Can, in the faithless Arm of flesh,  
No hope of help espy.
  
3. Oh! my just God! if wickedness  
My guilty hands doth fill:  
If to the man that Peace desir'd  
I have requited ill:
  
4. Nay, if I have not lent relief  
To his Calamity,  
That is my Enemy profess'd,  
And cannot tell me why.
  
5. Then let him my false soul pursue,  
And make it his just Prey:  
Yea spurn my Life, and in base Dust  
My stained Honour lay.
  
6. Rise Lord, in wrath, lift up thy self  
'Gainst my enraged Foes:  
Wake to the vengeance thou command'st  
On those that Laws oppose.
  
7. So shall the multitudes surround,  
With Zeal-fir'd Piety,  
Thy smoking Altars; for their sakes,  
Set up thy self on high.
  
8. God shall the People judge, His Lips  
My sentence shall decree,

As there is Justice in my hands,  
In heart Integrity.

9. Cease thou the fraud of Impious men,  
But him who thee adores  
Confirm; thy secret-searching Eye  
The heart and Reins explores.

10. He that protects th' Upright in Heart  
Is my secure Defence:  
He judgeth right, whilst every Day  
The wicked him Incense.

11. If he repent not, He will whet  
His sin-revenging Steel;  
His bow is bent, the Obstinate  
His shafts shall quickly feel.

12. He hath prepar'd the Instruments  
Of Death, and doth proclaim  
War with th' Oppressors against them  
His fatal Arrows aym,

13. He travails with Iniquity,  
With mischief he is big:  
Fallhood's the birth; and in the Pit  
He's fallen, which he did dig.

14. His mischiefs shall return upon  
His curst head again:  
His violence shall on his Pate  
Drop, like a soaking rain.

15. As

15. As is Jehovahs justice, I  
Will sacred Prayers bring :  
And to the Name of God most High  
Eternal Anthems sing.

*Psalm. VIII.*

1. **L**ord how illustrious is thy Name  
Even to the Earths extent !  
Thou hast thy glory Thron'd above  
The spangled Firmament.
2. Babes that yet draw the Breast, proclaim  
The Trophies of thy Arm ;  
That thou mightst silence thy proud foes,  
And the Avenger Charm.
3. When me to Heaven (thy glorious work)  
Diviner Fancy bears,  
Thy Various Moon, and Stars by thee,  
Fix'd in still-rolling Sphæres,
4. Ravish'd I cry, Lord ! what is man,  
That he thy thoughts should share ?  
Or whats the son of Man ? that Thou  
Shouldst take him in thy care ?
5. Little below the Angels, thou  
Hast him with glory Crown'd ;  
Made Sovereign of thy Works, and all  
To his subjection bound.

6. The Sheep that cloths, and feeds : the Ox,  
That tills the patient fields,  
The forrest beast, the fowl that in  
The Clouds her cradle builds,
7. The wanton Fish that sports him in  
The briny Element.  
Lord, how illustrious is thy Name  
Even to the Earths extent !

Psalm. IX.

1. **W**ith perfect Heart my God will I  
Thine Honour celebrate,  
And to the amaz'd sons of Men  
Thy miracles relate.
2. In thee will I my Triumphs raise ;  
My tongue inspir'd shall sing  
Divine Hosannahs unto thee,  
Most High, most glorious King.
3. When mine Oppressors turn their backs ;  
Then, cover'd with disgrace,  
Like Shadows, they shall fly before  
The Lustre of thy Face.
4. Thou my rights Patron art, and hast  
Mine injured Cause sustain'd,  
Judging upon the Throne, where truth,  
And justice is maintain'd.

5. The



5. Th'insulting Heathen Thou hast check'd,  
Destroy'd the wicked ( quite )  
And their accursed names condemn'd  
To everlasting Night.
6. O Enemy, destructions come,  
Fix'd by eternal Doom :  
Thy towns are rais'd, and their own heaps  
Their memoryes intomb.
7. But God indures : For judgement He  
Hath rais'd his Throne on High :  
The Earth with justice shall he judge,  
And man with Equity.
8. Jehovah is a safe retreat,  
Against th'Oppressors rage :  
A refuge from the violence  
Of a tumultuous Age.
9. They shall on thee rely, whose hearts  
Thy powerful name confels :  
Never did man that sought thy Face  
Implore thee succourless,
10. Sing to the Lord, whose Mansions are  
In Sion, Sing his Praise :  
His doings in the Worlds wide Ears  
To admiration raise.
11. When he for bloud unjustly spilt,  
Summons his grand Inquest :

Mindless he is not of the meek,  
Nor slights the Poors request.

12. Pitty me Lord ! My sufferings mark,  
Caus'd by malicious hate ;  
Thou that hast snatch'd my sinking soul  
From deaths devouring Gate,
13. So, within Sions sacred Walls,  
Thy fame will I resound ;  
My mouth joy-fill'd, my conquering head,  
With thy Salvation Crown'd,
14. Drop't are the Heathen in the Pir,  
Which their own craft prepar'd :  
Nets have they hid, and in those toyls  
Their heedless feet are snar'd.
15. The Lord is manifested, by  
The judgement he decrees ;  
When we th'ungodly see intrap'd  
In their own subtilties.
16. Hell, and destruction shall become  
The wickeds Period ;  
And all the Nations, whose false thoughts  
Forget there is a God.
17. The needy shall complain no more,  
Nor cry without regard :  
The Patient waiting of the Meek  
Shall have a sure reward,

18. Rise,

18. Rise, judge the Heathen, Lord : Let man  
Not boast his vain success;  
Cast terrors on them, that they may  
Themselves but flesh confess.

## Psalm. X.

1. **M**Y God! why standst thou (stranger-like)  
So far from my relief?  
Why dost thou hide, and wilt not see  
The pressures of my grief?
2. The wicked in his high-swoln Pride,  
Pursues the Innocent:  
Oh may he perish by those Plots,  
Which his own brains invent,
3. Vainly he boasts his Policies,  
And their auspicious Fates;  
Applauds the cursed covetous wretch,  
Whom God abominates,
4. God he declines; so much he is  
With insolence possest;  
Nor does his seared Conscience once  
A Deity suggest,
5. Unlufferable are his wayes;  
Thy Providence too high  
For his dull sight; thence at his foes  
He puffs disdainfully;

6. Tush sayes he, me to shake is not  
Within the hand of Fate ;  
Yea, let Heaven frown, yet will not I  
Be e're less fortunate.
7. Dire Blasphemies, Deceit, and Fraud,  
Still in his mouth abound ;  
Under his Tongue is vanity,  
And ready mischief found.
8. He lurks in corners, whence unseen  
He slayes the Innocent :  
His blood-shot eyes against the Poor,  
Maliciously are bent.
9. Close (as a couching Lion) he  
Lyes down, and toyls he sets,  
To snare the poor ; the poor is snar'd  
In his unheeded nets.
10. He bow's his Body, and put's on  
A feign'd humility ;  
That, by his mighty one surprized,  
The meek may fall and dy.
11. Then cheers the smitings of his Heart ;  
God hath forgot (sayes he)  
He his regardless Visage hides,  
He hides, and will not see.
12. Arise, O Lord, thine hand advance,  
Attend the poors desire :

Shall the Heaven-scorning Atheist say,  
God doth not Right require ?

13. Thou see'st their cruelty, and hate,  
Thou see'st, and wilt require :  
The helpless flies to thee, that save'st  
The fatherless from might.
14. Break thou the feared arms of those,  
That violence maintain ;  
Search, and chastise their wickedness,  
Until no more remain.
15. Jehovah Reigns, his Empire is  
Of unconfined date ;  
And all the Heathen from the Land  
Are clean exterminate.
16. Thou answerest (Lord) their humble cries,  
Thy awful name that fear :  
Thou dost their hearts to thee prepare,  
And then their cause dost hear ;
17. To vindicate the Orphans tears,  
And give the injur'd rest :  
That by th' insulting sons of Earth,  
They be no more oppress'd.

*Psalm XI.*

1. **T**He Lord is my sure confidence :  
Why to my soul say ye,

Like



Like a poor hunted Bird, take wing,  
And to your Mountain flee?

2. Behold the Impious bend their bow,  
And fatal shafts prepare;  
That in close ambush they may wound  
The upright unaware.

3. If the Foundations undermin'd  
Be unto ruine gone,  
What can the Righteous do? His Faith  
What shall he build upon?

4. God in his Temple dwells, Heaven is  
His Throne of Majesty;  
His searching Ey-lids try the sons  
Of frail Mortality.

5. He prov's the just; the wicked man,  
And he that takes delight  
In violence, and Rapine, are  
Abhorred in his sight.

6. Snares on their Heads shall fall, like Rain  
From thunder-clouds pour'd down:  
Fire, Brimstone, and tempestuous storms  
Their deadly Cups shall Crown.

7. Th' All-righteous God doth Rightcousness  
With arms of love embrace:  
And on the perfect he reflects  
The Beautyes of his Face.

## Psalm XII.

(pure,

1. **H**elp Lord ! the Man, whose ways are  
 Hath on the Earth no place :  
 The faithful person now no more  
 Is found in humane Race.
2. False to themselves, to Neighbors false,  
 They vanity impart :  
 Their flattering Lips speak singly, but  
 'Tis from a double heart.
3. God shall cut off dissembling Lips,  
 Which proudly boasting, say,  
 We will prevail, our tongues are ours ;  
 What Lord shall we obey ?
4. Now, for the oppressions of the poor,  
 And Needy's deep, fetch'd Groans ;  
 Rise will I (saith the Lord ) and free  
 Them from the haughty ones.
5. Pure are thy words, as silver Ore,  
 Seven times by fire refin'd :  
 Thine shalt thou rescue from this Age  
 In wickedness combin'd.
6. Th' ungodly swarm throughout the Land,  
 When Men to mischief sold,  
 Possess the Thrones of Justice, and  
 Usurped Sceptres hold,

Psalm.

*Psalm XIII.*

1. **H**ow long ! wilt thou forget me Lord,  
Till time hath run his Race?  
How long wilt thou from my distress  
Hide thy eclipsed Face ?
2. How long shall I soul-conflicts feel,  
With miseries o'reborn ?  
How long shall he, that hates my life  
Lift his insulting horn ?
3. Mark, and redress my woes, mine Eyes  
O quicken with thy Light ;  
Lest I my fainting Spirit resign  
To everlasting Night.
4. Lest mine oppressor, proudly boast,  
'Tis I have cast him down :  
And those, that vex me, laugh to see  
My Glory overthrown.
5. But, on thy Mercies I have built  
My sure Deliverance ;  
And in thy strong Salvation I  
My Trophies will advance.
6. Thou with thy favors hast me Crown'd ;  
Thine Honor I will sing ;  
And to thy Name, O thou most high  
Eternal Praises ring.

## Psalm XIV.

- ( God
1. **T**He Fools heart sayes, There is no  
They all corrupt are grown:  
Abominable are their Deeds,  
None worketh good, not One.
  2. Down on the Sons of Men, from Heaven,  
God cast his searching Eye,  
To see if any understood,  
And sought his Majesty.
  3. Faithless Revolters, as they are,  
They all aside are gone:  
In all their faculties unclean;  
None worketh good not one.
  4. Are sin-contrivers all so void  
Of judgement; that, as Bread,  
My people they devour, and Me  
Have not acknowledged?
  5. There fears, where was no cause of Fear,  
Their Spirits terrifi'd;  
For God doth with the Righteous Man,  
And with his Seed reside.
  6. You on the Counsels of the poor  
Contempt, and shame have cast:  
Because that in th'Almighties strength,  
His refuge he hath plac'd.

7. O that that glorious day would dawn,  
Whereof thy Prophets tell:  
That Sion shall Salvation bring  
Unto thy Israel!
8. When thou thy Captives shalt bring back,  
Then *Jacob* shall rejoyce;  
And Israels Mirth break forth in Hymns  
Sung with triumphant voice.

*Psalms* XV.

1. **L**Ord, in thy Tabernacle, who  
Shall dwell, for ever blest?  
Who shall, upon thy sacred Hill,  
Enjoy a glorious rest?
2. He that aright his wayes directs,  
Whose work is Righteousness;  
And what his heart sincerely thinks  
His faithful lips profess.
3. Whose mouth is from black slander free,  
Seeks not his Neighbors fall;  
Blasts not his name, with a foul tongue,  
Steep'd in Malitious Gall.
4. Contemns the Vile, but honors those  
Th'Almighties Name that fear:  
Infringes not his Faith, though he  
To his own damage swear,

5. Extortion hates, is not suborn'd  
The Innocent to slay :  
He that so doth from God his hope  
Shall never fall away,

*Psalms XVI.*

1. **K**eepe me my Lord, my God, immur'd  
Within thy sure defence :  
On thy protection I have rais'd  
My Tow'r of Confidence.
2. Thou, O my Soul, to God hast say'd,  
Thou art my Sovereign,  
Far above Merit plac'd; to Thee  
My goodness is no gain.
3. But to thy Saints, whose shining lives  
The darkned Earth inlight ;  
In their converse my pleas'd Soul  
Enjoys a full Delight.
4. Them, that strange Deities adore  
Shall sorrows overflow. (touch,  
Their Bloud-Crown'd Bowls I will not  
Nor names accur'd know,
5. Th' Almighty the wish'd portion is  
Of mine Inheritance:  
His plenty fills my Cup ; His Truth  
Maintains my happy Chance.

6. The Lines are pleasantly laid out,  
That give my dwelling Bounds ;  
My large Demefns rich Tribute pay  
From fair and Fruitful Grounds.
7. God will I blefs, whose Counfels give  
My understanding Light ;  
Yea even my Reyns instruct me, in  
The filence of the Night.
8. God is ftill prefent to my Eye,  
Still guides me by the Hand :  
Supported by his powerful Arm  
I fhall unmoved ftand.
9. My ravish't Heart, with joy exults ;  
My Glory is poffeft  
With high rejoycings, yea my Flefh  
In faithful hope fhall reft.
10. Thou wilt not in th'Eternal Grave  
My foul imprifon'd lay ;  
Nor fuffer thine anointed One,  
To be Corruptions Prey.
11. Thou wilt the Path of Life difclofe,  
Thy Face yeilds perfect joy :  
Thy Right-hand pleasures know no End,  
Nor mixture of alloy,



*Psalm XVII.*

1. **H**ear me, O Righteous Lord ! Attend  
The fervor of my Cry  
Sent up from Lips, yet never stain'd  
With vile Hipocrisy.
2. Let my just sentence issue from  
Thy Throne that judgeth right :  
And my unbyass'd dealings be  
Held pretious in thy fight.
3. Thou, in Night visits, hast arraign'd  
My heart, but found no guile  
When try'd; for I resolve that sin  
Shall not my Mouth defile,
4. As for the works of worldly men,  
The Dictates of thy Law  
Have kept me from th'Oppressors wayes,  
Which sure destruction draw.
5. In the lov'd Paths of thy Commands  
My goings firmly guide :  
That sin may not supplant my Feet,  
Nor I from thee may glide.
6. Thee have I call'd upon, O Lord !  
For thou my voice wilt hear :  
O hear my voice, to my Requests  
Incline thy gracious Ear,

7. Shew

7. Shew thy admired Love, O Thou,  
Whose Right-hand rescues those  
That trust in Thee, from Men, which thei  
Prosperity oppole,
8. Preserve me, as the tender Ball,  
The glory of the Eye;  
That under covert of thy Wings,  
I may 'oreshadow'd Ly.
9. Free from the furious Miscreants rage,  
That proudly Tyrannize  
O're my besiegd Soul, and Plots  
Against my Life devise.
10. They are inclosed in the Fat  
Of their Luxurious Ease;  
In the vain boastings of their Tongues,  
Their Arrogance they please.
11. Close watch upon our walks they lay,  
By them incompass'd round;  
Whilst ( as they meant no ill ) they bow  
Their false Eyes to the ground.
12. Like a starv'd Lion sharply set  
On the pursuit of Prey;  
Or a young Lyon lurking in  
Some Covert of the way,
13. Up Lord, defeat him, Cast him down,  
That he ne're rise again:

Save,

Save, by thy Sword, from wicked Ones;  
 Save, by thy Hand, from Men :

14. Men of the world, who in this Life  
 Set up their wretched Rest ;  
 Whole Bellies plentifully Thou  
 With thy hid stores dost Feast;
15. Their num'rous children, to the full,  
 Of thy abundance feed :  
 And their superfluous wealth bequeath  
 To their succeeding Seed.
16. But I the glories of thy Face,  
 In Righteousness will see :  
 O'rejoy'd, when waking I shall find  
 Thine Image stamp't on Me.

*Psalm. XVIII.*

1. **T**hee will I love, my Lord, my strength,  
 My Rock, my Fort, my Pow'r,  
 My shield, my Saviour, my God,  
 My Horn of Health, my Tow'r.
2. Thee, Lord, will I invoke, whose Name  
 Deserv'd Praises Crown :  
 So shall I saved be from those,  
 That would my Life cast down.
3. Sorrows, as of the dreadful Grave,  
 My Life inclos'd did hold :

The Flouds of Belial over me  
Like moving Mountains roll'd,

4. Sorrows of Soul-tormenting Hell,  
I every where did meet :  
The ſnares of horrid Death surpriz'd  
The motions of my Feet.

5. In this diſtreſs, unto my God  
I my ſad cryes did rear,  
Before his ſacred Throne ; and they  
Reach'd his inclinining Ear.

6. Then quak'd the aguiſh Earth, the Hills  
Their tott'ring Baſes ſhook,  
And trembled at the Angry ſtroke  
Of his conſuming look.

7. Forth from his Noſtrils did a Cloud  
Of Pitch dark ſmoke aſpire ;  
His mouth breath'd ſcorching flames, at  
Coals quickn'd into Fire. (which

8. He made the arch'd Expanſe of Heav'n,  
Bow like a ſheet of Lead,  
As he came down, his Feared Feet  
Did diſmal darkneſs tread.

9. He, on a Flaming Cherub ſet,  
Did cut the yeilding Sky ;  
And mounted on the Aery Back,  
Of winged winds did fly.

10. Obſcurity

10. Obscurity was his Recept,  
Black Clouds did Moat his Tent;  
And Canopy'd it was with Clouds  
Of the thick Firmament.
11. At the bright Majesty, which did  
His glorious Face attire  
Those Mists dissolving poured down  
Hail-stones, and Coals of Fire.
12. Then did th'Almighties dreadful Voice  
Break forth in thundring dire;  
And sulph'ry Clouds apace discharg'd  
Hail-stones, and Coales of Fire.
13. His fatal Showrs of Fiery Darts  
My scatter'd Foes did quell;  
Revengeful Lightnings shot them down  
To the Abyss of Hell.
14. Recoyling seas in haste disclos'd  
Their Oazy Beds below;  
The Worlds disjoynted Fabrick did  
Its torn Foundations show.
15. At thy rebuke most Mighty God,  
Appear'd these Prodigies:  
Ev'n at the Stormy Blasts, which from  
Thy Nostrils did arise.
16. From the Æthereal Tow'rs he sent  
Where he o're all presides:

He took, He drew me from the Rage  
Of overwhelming tydes.

7. From my strong Adversaries, He  
My lab'ring Life did free :  
And from their deadly hate, for they  
Too potent were for me,

8. They in that feared day, when black  
Calamities assayl'd  
Prevented me, but in the Lord  
My strengthned Arm prevail'd.

9. He my confined Feet enlarg'd,  
And set me safely free :  
For pleas'd he was to cast an Eye  
Of Favour upon me.

10. Just as I was in Heart, in Hands  
With wickedness unstain'd ;  
So my Reward from my good God  
In Mercy I obtain'd.

11. For I have kept the wayes of God,  
And walk'd in the straight Path :  
Nor turn'd with Impious Libertines  
Apostate from my Faith.

12. His judgements were before my Face,  
His Statutes in Mine Eye :  
Upright I was, and kept my self  
From mine Iniquity.

23. Just



23. Just therefore, as I was in Heart,  
In hands with Vice unstain'd :  
So my reward from my good God  
In Mercy I obtain'd,
24. To him, that Mercy doth extend,  
Thy Mercy shall abound :  
And of the upright man, Thou wilt  
In uprightness be found.
25. With those, that pure in Spirit are,  
Thou purely wilt converse :  
Perversly Thou wilt shew thy self,  
To those that are perverse,
26. Thou wilt th' afflicted people save,  
That in thy Faith abide :  
But shalt bring down the haughty Looks  
Of supercilious Pride.
27. Thou my expiring Taper shalt  
Renew with Light Divine :  
And in my saddest Darkness make  
Thy Beams of Comfort shine.
28. Courag'd by Thee, I have charg'd throug'  
A Troop of Cuirassiers ;  
And scal'd a Wall, though stoutly Man'd  
With thousand threatening Spears.
29. The wayes of God Perfection are,  
His Word as silver try'd :



He's a firm Buckler to all thoſe  
That on his power confide.

30. Who, but Jehovah, is a God ?  
Who is a Rock but He ?  
'Tis he that girds me with freſh ſtrength,  
And doth my paſſage free.

31. He makes me like a wing'd-heel'd Hind,  
And me exalts ; though weak ;  
My hands by him taught how to fight,  
A bow of Steel do break.

32. Thou gav'ſt me thy All-ſaving ſhield,  
Thy right hand me ſuſtain'd :  
I, by thy gentleneſs increaſ'd,  
Great honours have attain'd.

33. My walks, by thee enlarg'd, were left  
So unconfin'd, and clear,  
That my firm footings fail'd me not,  
Nor ſlip't away through fear.

34. I chaſ'd, and overtook my Foes,  
In their amazed Flight :  
Nor turn'd, till I beheld them all  
Quell'd, and confounded quite.

35. Helpleſs to riſe, from gaping wounds  
Their fainting ſouls did flee :  
Their mangl'd trunks a pavement made  
For my victorious Feet.

D

36. 'Twas

36. 'Twas thou, who did'st, with might for war  
My strengthned Loyns inclose:  
Thou mad'st them sink beneath my Arm,  
That in Rebellion rose.
37. 'Twas thou, who did'st their stubborn necks  
To my just yoke subdue;  
That I might crush their cursed Lives,  
That me with hate pursue,
38. They cry'd for help, but helpless found  
No ease for their distress:  
Ev'n to the Lord they cry'd, but he  
Heard them as Pitiless.
39. Then did I beat them small as Dust,  
Toss'd by each wanton Blast;  
And, as the filth of stinking Street's,  
Out of my sight did cast.
40. Thou sav'st me from the Mutinings  
Of the seditious fry;  
Made Prince of Nations, that unknown  
To my subjection fly.
41. Heard, and as soon obey'd; strange Men  
Did feign'd Allegiance swear;  
But they shall vanish to their holes  
Hid in ignoble fear.
42. Th' Almighty lives, Blest be my Rock:  
High be my God renown'd!

By whole victorious Arm, my head  
Is with Salvation crown'd.

43. 'Tis God that my Revenge pursues :  
The people he Subjects  
To my commands ; and from my foes  
My loved Life protects.
- 44 Above the Rage of Impious Men  
Maliciously intence,  
Me hast thou rail'd, and freed my soul  
From sons of Violence,
45. For this, before the Heathen, I  
Will thee devoutly bless ;  
And the high Praises of thy Name,  
In sacred Songs confess.
- 46 He Mightily his King protects :  
Endless his Mercies be  
On *David*, his Anointed, and  
His blest Posterity.

*Psalm XIX.*

1. **T**He Glorious Heav'n's Jehovahs great  
Magnificence declare :  
Earths Starry Cieling shews how rich  
His handy-workings are.
2. Day unto Day doth celebrate,  
And Night to Night proclaim,

Without the help of Speech, or tongue,  
The wonders of his Fame.

3. From Pole to Pole, and to the Worlds  
Extreams, their voice is sent :  
There hath th' All-searching Eye of Day  
Fix'd his illustrious tent.
4. Deck't, as a Bridegroom, he doth from  
His wat'ry Chambers rise ;  
And, as a Gyant, Courage takes  
His Race to Enterprize.
5. Forth from the Rosie East he shapes,  
His Circuit to the West :  
And by his heat, what's on Earths back,  
Or in her Womb, is blest.
6. Gods Precepts perfect are, and turn  
The soul from seeking Lyes ;  
His testimonies firmly sure,  
And make the simple wise.
7. His Laws are just, and fill the heart  
With ravishing delight :  
The sacred Dictates of his Mouth  
Illuminate the sight.
8. His Fear is from all Mixture clean,  
And never can decay :  
True are the judgements he Decrees,  
And righteous every way.

9. More

9. More priz'd then Gold, then Magazines  
With Ophir Ingots fill'd:  
Sweeter then Honey, and the Drops  
From melting Combs distill'd.
10. By them thy ſervant, in thy wayes,  
Is taught to guide his Heart:  
And he that them obſerves, ſhall find  
Reward beyond Deſert.
11. Who knows to what unnumber'd height  
His frequent faults are grown?  
O cleanſe me from Enormities  
To my falſe thoughts unknown!
12. From bold preſumptions keep me back,  
Leſt they Dominion gain:  
So ſhall I ſhun the great Offence,  
And Innocent remain.
13. O let the Pray'rs, and thoughts, which from  
A zealous heart I pour,  
Be pleaſing in thy fight, my Lord,  
My ſtrength, my Saviour!

*Pſalm. XX.*

- i. **I**N the ſad Day of fear'd diſtreſs,  
The Lord attend thy Cry;  
The mighty Name of *Jacob's* God,  
Defend thee from on high.

2. Thee from his Sanctuary ayd,  
From Sion strength reflect:  
Remember all thine Offerings,  
And Sacrifice respect.
3. As great as thine own heart can wish,  
So grant thee happiness:  
And with desir'd Prosperity  
Thy Pious Counsels blest.
4. In thy Salvation we rejoyce;  
In our Gods Name we will  
Our conquering Banners raise on high;  
The Lord thy Pray'rs fulfil.
5. Now know I that th' Omnipotent  
Saves his Anointed One:  
He hears, and saves by his Right hand,  
From Heav'n his sacred Throne.
6. Some trust in Chariots, some in Steeds,  
Train'd for the Warlike Fight:  
But we on great Jehovah's Name  
Fix our depending Sight.
7. Down are they cast, their slaughter'd Limbs  
Bestrew th' ignoble Sand;  
Whil'st, mounted on their Ruines, we,  
Like Rocks unmoved, stand.
8. Save Lord, and let the King of Heav'n  
His Ears of favour lend;

When

When unto him our faithful Cryes  
With fervent Zeal ascend.

*Psalm* XXI,

1. **L** Ord, in the strength of thy Defence,  
How shall the King rejoyce ?  
In thy Salvation, how shall He  
Lift his exulting Voice ?
2. Thou hast confirm'd his hearts desire,  
Nor by delays suppress't  
His suit, before thy Mercy-fear,  
With Zealous Lips addrest.
3. Thou dost, with Mercy in ful Show'rs,  
Prevent his early Pray'rs :  
And with a Crown of Radiant Gold  
Circle his precious hairs.
4. Like he petition'd for ; and Life  
Thou freely gav'st him ; Even  
Years to outlast the Date of time,  
Years as the dayes of Heav'n.
5. In thy Protection greatly is  
His glory dignify'd :  
Honor and awful Majesty  
Still on his Brow reside.
6. Him thou hast rich in Blessings made,  
That Age, and Fate defie :



His joyes are boundless, in the Light  
Of thy Life-quick'ning Eye,

7. In the Almighty's aid the King  
Strong Confidence doth place :  
Establish'd by his Favor, as  
The Worlds Eternal Base.
8. Thy hand shall thine Opposers find ;  
Thy Right hand shall subdue,  
And sling swift vengeance on their heads,  
That thee with hate pursue.
9. Them as an Oven, thou shalt make  
Grown red with sev'n-fold Fire ;  
In fury God shall swallow them,  
And they in flames expire.
10. Thou from the Burthen of their fruit  
Shalt free the groaning Earth ;  
Nor shall their hated Seed increase  
The son's of humane Birth,
11. For they, maliciously, 'gainst thee  
Contriv'd a subtle Train :  
Mischief they plotted in their thoughts,  
But their attempts were vain.
12. Thou therefore, as an Archers Butt,  
Their Carcasses shalt place :  
When thou shalt aym thy fatal shafts  
At their accursed Face,

13. Lord,

13. Lord, in the ſtrength of thine own Arm,  
Do thou thy Trophies raiſe :  
Whilſt we thy Pow'r in ſongs proclaim,  
And Eternize thy Praise.

*Pſalm. XXII.*

1. **M**Y God ! my God ! why haſt thou me  
Forſaken in Diſtreſs ?  
Oh ! why ſo far from help, and from  
The roarings I expreſs ?
2. Oh ! my dear God, by day I cry,  
Yet thou deny'ſt thine Ear :  
And in the ſilence of the Night,  
I cannot ſilence bear.
3. But holy thou inhabit'ſt  
The Praise of Iſrael !  
Our Fathers hop'd in thee ; thou didſt  
Their miſeries diſpel,
4. To thee they cry'd, and thy right hand  
Mighty Deliv'rance wrought ;  
On thee they truſted, and were not  
To fear'd confuſion brought.
5. But I a Worm, no Man eſteem'd,  
Become the Peoples Mock :  
Made by the giddy Multitude  
A ſcorn'd gazing ſtock.

6. All that behold in proud disdain,  
Scoffe at mine Agony;  
They shoot the Lip, they shake the head,  
And say blasphemously,
7. This is the faithful Man, that hop'd  
Help in his God to have:  
If his God like him, let him come,  
Come if he will, and save.
8. Thou took'st me from the lab'ring Womb,  
O're shadow'd by thy wings,  
When yet I suck'd a weak life from  
My Mothers Milky Springs.
9. Born naked in the Midwives Lap,  
Ev'n then was I thy care:  
My God art thou, e're since I chang'd  
My fleshy Nest for Air.
10. But do not thou stand off, for Oh!  
Distress approaches neer:  
And save thy Mighty self; there's none,  
None that can help me here.
11. Bulls fierce, and many, that ne're knew  
The Tamers hand, surround;  
Strong Bulls, whole pamper'd heel's fling  
Babban's high-feeding Ground.
12. Thus having compass'd me, they stretch  
Their wide devouring Jaws,

Like

Like a starv'd Lyon, when the Prey  
Is sure within his Paws,

13. As from a broken Conduit-head,  
My Life like water streams ;  
My heart melts out, as wax, before  
The Noon Sun's fiery Beams.

14. My vigor in my sapless Limbs,  
Is like a Potsheard dry'd :  
My tongue cleaves to my Jaws, and I  
In Dust of Death reside,

15. On all sides to Extreame reduc'd,  
Dogs keep me up at Bay :  
And Troops of wicked men surround;  
Men verier Beasts then they.

16. My hands they pierce, my feet they bore,  
I all my bones may tell ;  
Then stare remorseless in my Face,  
And think they have done well.

17. Nor with my Life content, my Clothes  
Amongst themselves they share ;  
And straight the doubtful Die decides  
Whose spoils my Garments are.

18. But be not thou, my God, far off,  
Regardless of my Grief ;  
Stir up thy strength, my strength, and come,  
Come quick to my Relief :

19. My

19. My soul save from the cruel Sword,  
That's ready to devour;  
Rescue my only Darling from  
The Dogs accursed pow'r.
20. O snatch me from the Lyons teeth;  
Thou from the Unicorns,  
Hast heard, when I a desp'rate mark  
Stood for their fatal horns.
21. I to my Brethren will declare  
The Glories of thy Name;  
And in th'Assemblies of the Just  
Thy sacred Praise proclaim.
22. Ye that fear God, his Praise advance;  
All ye of *Jacob's* race,  
Exalt him: and let Israels seed  
Devoutly seek his Face.
23. He looks not on th'afflicted's grief,  
With an abhorring Eye:  
Nor turns his Back; but lends his Ear  
Propitious to their Cry.
24. I in the solemn Feasts will blaze  
Thy high Renown, and pay  
My Vows before thy Saints, who thee  
With humble fear obey.
25. The Meek shall eat, and satisfy  
Their hungry souls desires:

They

They that seek God shall sing his Fame  
In Life that ne're expires,

- 26 Thee shall the dwellers of each Pole  
At last recount, and turn :  
And Gentiles on thine Altars shall  
Sweet smoking Incense burn.
- 27 Jehovah Reigns ; nor place, nor time,  
His Empire comprehends :  
The Eastern, and the Western Sun  
Down to his Sceptre bends,
28. All that be fat on Earth shall bow,  
And they that lick the Dust  
Fall prostrate to preserve his Soul,  
There's none that lives so just.
29. Yet shall a seed select spring up  
His Name to celebrate ;  
A stock devoted to the Lord  
A Nation Consecrate.
30. They shall spring up, and to a Race  
Even yet unborn confess  
His justice, that 'tis God alone,  
God works our Righteousness.

*Psalm XXIII.*

- 1' **G**od by whose Providence we live,  
Whose care secures our rest,

My

My Shepherd is, no ill can touch,  
Nor want my soul infect,

2. He makes Luxuriant flowry Meads  
Serve me for food, and Eate:  
And leads me where the cooling Streams  
My thirsty heat appease.
3. He, by his Sp'rit, my soul restores,  
And doth my feet reclame  
Unto the peaceful Paths of Grace,  
That I may praise his Name.
4. Were I to pass that Vale, where Death  
Dwells in a dismal Shade,  
Thou present with thy rod and staff,  
No fear should me invade,
5. My full-serv'd Table thou set'st forth  
Before my envious Foes.  
My head rich oyls perfume, my Cup  
With Gen'rous wine o'reflows.
6. Mercy, and goodness all my Dayes  
Shall me pursue, and I  
Will in thy Temple dwell, till time  
Put off Mortality.

*Psalms* XXIV.

1. **J**ehovah's is the Earth, and Her  
Ne're-spent Fertility:



The World, and all that dwell beneath  
Heav'ns Starry Canopy.

2. He hath upon ſtill-working Seas  
Her ſelf-poyſ'd Fabrick ſtay'd :  
And on the never conſtant flouds,  
Her conſtant Baſis layd.
3. Who ſhall into the ſacred Mount,  
Where God reſides, aſcend ?  
Who in his Sanctuary ſhall  
For ever bleſt attend ?
4. He that with ſpotleſs hands preſerves  
A heart Vice-undefil'd :  
Not put't in ſoul, nor hath his friend  
With treach'rous Oaths beguil'd.
5. Upon his Head th' Almighty will  
Diſtil rich bleſſings down ;  
With righteouſneſs his Saviour ſhall  
His happy Temples crown.
6. This is the ſeed of them that ſeek  
God in the wayes of Grace :  
That ſeek, with *Jacob's* faithful ſeed,  
The God of *Jacob's* Face,
7. Lift up your heads, ye Gates; ye Doors  
Eternal, open ſting :  
The King of Glory comes; he comes  
Like a Triumphant King.

8. Who

8. Who is the King of glory ? Who ?  
 The Lord for pow'r renown'd :  
 By his own pow'r and Fortitude,  
 The Lord in Battel Crown'd.
9. Lift up your heads, ye Gates; ye Doors  
 Eternal, open fling ;  
 The King of Glory comes, He comes  
 Like a Triumphant King.
10. Who is this King of glory ? Who ?  
 God that doth conquest bring.  
 To Armies by his pow'rful Arm,  
 God is of Glory King.

*Psalm XXV.*

1. **T**O thee, my God, my soul I lift,  
 In thee my trust I place ;  
 Abase me not, nor let my foes  
 Triumph in my Disgrace.
2. Suffer no shame to cloud their Eyes,  
 Whose hopes on thee depend :  
 But let confusion seize on them,  
 That causlessly offend.
3. Discover to my blinded Eyes  
 The secret wayes of Grace ;  
 That I by thy instruction taught,  
 The paths of Life may trace.
4. Guide,

4. Guide, and inform me in thy Truth,  
My God, my Saviour ; I,  
Day after day attend, till thou  
Address thee to my Cry.
5. Recount thy tender Mercyes, Lord,  
Those Bowels of thy love,  
Which did, before time had a Birth,  
Thy sure Compassions move.
6. Call not to mind the looser heats  
Of my Licentious Youth :  
As thy Compassions boundless are ;  
Regard me in thy truth,
7. Perfectly good is God, he will  
The wandring feet address  
Of sin-stray'd souls, through paths of Grace  
To seats of Happiness.
8. In judgment he will guide the Meek,  
The humble teach his way ;  
Which Mercy is, and Truth to such  
As his Commands obey.
9. For th' honor of thy glorious Name  
Thy pity I intreat :  
Pardon my many sins, O Lord !  
Lord pardon, they are great.
10. What man is he, whose faithful heart  
Doth God devoutly fear ?

Him shall he regulate, that he  
His Steps aright may bear.

11. In Mansions of Tranquillity  
His soul shall dwell at Ease:  
His happy offspring shall possess  
The promis'd Land of Peace.
12. God his mysterious secrets doth  
To such meek hearts disclose,  
As rev'rence him; His Cov'nants are  
Known, and Confirm'd to those.
13. I, on Jehovah's sure-found help,  
Fix my Faith-raised Eye:  
'Tis he, that my insnared Feet  
Restores to Liberty.
14. Thy Life-reviving Countenance,  
In Mercy, Lord, return:  
I am with sad afflictions  
To Desolation worn.
15. The troubles of my grieved heart  
Upon me are enlarg'd:  
Free me from that Distress, wherewith  
My soul is overcharg'd.
16. Let thy relenting Eye regard  
My Pain, and Miseries:  
And, O! forgive my multiply'd,  
My great Iniquities.

17. Behold

17. Behold my foes, whole numbers as  
My ſuff'rings do increaſe :  
Their Hate's a hate, that nothing but  
My Ruine can appeaſe,
18. Protect my thirſted Blood, let not  
Confuſion cover me :  
For with unwearied Patience I  
Have built my hopes on thee.
19. Let Juſtice and Integrity  
My lab'ring life defend:  
My expectations upon thee,  
Thee only do depend,
20. From their Oppreſſing ſtraits, O Lord,  
Thy choſen people bring :  
Let thy deliver'd Iſrael  
Thy high Redemption ſing.

*Pſalm XXVI.*

1. Juſt judge of Men, judge me that walk  
In mine Integrity :  
I cannot ſlide, ſince my firm hope,  
Is anchor'd upon Thee.
2. Examine, Lord, prove if I be  
Corrupt in any part :  
Search through the ſecrets of my Reys,  
And Cavern's of my heart;

3. On thy experienc'd tender Loves,  
My faithful Eyes reflect :  
That in the wayes of Truth I may  
My ſtabliſh't Feet direct.
4. Vain Livers are no Men for me ;  
I'll not be ſeen among  
Two-fac'd Diſſemblers, whoſe falſe heart  
Is ſtranger to their tongue.
5. Of ſin-Contrivers I abhor  
Th' infectious Commerce :  
With perſons given up to Vice  
I'll not at all converſe.
6. But I, thine Altars will, with Hands  
Waſh't in fair Innocence  
Encompaſs; mixing pious Vows  
With ſmoking Frankincenſe.
7. There, with the voice of thanks, will I  
Sound thy deſerved Praise :  
Thy mighty Acts in ſacred Songs  
To admiration raiſe.
8. Lord I have Lov'd the walls in which  
Thy holy Ark abides ;  
Thoſe glorious Tabernacles, where  
Thy Maſteſty reſides.
9. O gather not my ſoul with Men  
On Villany intent :

Nor shut my Life with such, whose deed's  
Their bloody hearts prevent.

(nefs

10. Whose hands, through prosp'ring wicked-  
In mischiefs are grown bold :  
Their right hands, fil'd with tempting bribes  
Justice betray for gold.

11. But as for me, I still will walk  
In mine Integrity :  
Save me, my God, and let thy sure  
Compassions succour me,

12. My foot-steps are made plain, I will  
Thy high renown proclaim ;  
Where thine Assemble'd Saints invoke  
Thy most adored Name.

*Psalm. XXVII.*

1. **G**Od my Salvation is, my Light ;  
Then empty fears farewell :  
He's my Life's strength, why should I dread  
The powers of Earth, or Hell ?

2. The wicked my malicious foes  
Rush'd on me to devour :  
But stumbled in their haste, and mine  
Prov'd their own fatal hour.

3. Were I by troop's embattel'd charg'd,  
My courage should not yeild :



Should horrid wars arise, in this  
I my assurance build.

4. One thing I crave, and will pursue  
With never-fainting Pray'r ;  
That Gods House may be mine, whilst I  
Breathe Life-prolonging Air:
5. That his illustrious Beauties I,  
Soul-ravish'd may admire :  
And in his sacred Temple may  
His Oracles inquire,
6. He in his Tent shall me conceal  
From evil times secur'd :  
Hid in his Closer I shall sit,  
As on a Rock immur'd.
7. And now mine envy'd Temples are  
With glorious Lawrels crown'd,  
Above my impious foes, that me  
Maliciously surround,
8. Therefore on his Pure Altars I  
With joy will Sacrifice :  
Him will I sing, my songs shall raise  
His glory to the Skies.
9. Lord to the voice of my requests  
Bend thy propitious Ear :  
When I thy sacred Name invoke,  
Do thou in Mercy hear.

10. No ſooner ſeek my face, ſaid'ſt thou,  
But quickned by thy Grace,  
My ready heart as ſoon reply'd,  
Lord I will ſeek thy Face,
11. Vail not thy clouded Brow, nor in  
Diſpleaſure me reject :  
Thou haſt me help't, O leave me not ;  
Thou only can'ſt protect.
12. When I, by them that gave me Life,  
Was to the World expoſ'd :  
Th' Almighty's everlaſting Arms  
Securely me incloſ'd.
13. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and in  
A Path of Plainneſs lead :  
For my Miſchievous-minded foes  
Watch every ſtep I tread.
14. Give me not to th' unbridl'd will  
Of bloody Enemies :  
False witneſs they ſuborn, that breathe  
Unheard of Cruelties.
15. Were I not ſure in that bleſt Land  
Where joyes immortal are,  
To ſee thy goodneſs, my ſaint Sp'rit  
Had yeilded to deſpair.
16. Wait on the Lord by patient Hope,  
Let not thy courage bend :

He shall confirm thee, if by Faith  
Thou on thy God attend,

*Psalm. XXVIII.*

1. **T**O thee my God, my Rock, I cry,  
O do not silence keep !  
Lest like the prisoners of the Grave  
I in oblivion sleep,
2. To the sad voice of my complaints  
A gracious answer send :  
When I before thy Oracle  
My craving hands extend,
3. Draw me not forth with wicked men,  
Whose bus'ness is their sin :  
Teeth-outward they are peace, but all  
Rancour, and war within.
4. Deal ill with them, as ill they deal,  
And mischief only Mind :  
Such as their work is, so let them  
Deserved wages find,
5. Since they thy mighty Acts despise,  
And what thy hands have wrought :  
Build them not up, but let them be  
To swift destruction brought.
6. Blest be the great Jehovah, who  
From the Star-spangl'd Sphæres,  
When

When I oppreſt my Pray'rs pour forth,  
Bends his Propitious Ears.

7. God is my ſtrength, my ſhield, in him  
I truſted, and found ayd:  
My heart exults, and in my ſong  
His praiſe ſhall be diſplay'd.

8. Th' Eternal is the ſtrength of thoſe  
Salvations we expect:  
'Tis he that his anointed will,  
By his high arm, protect.

9. Save, Pow'rful God, thy choſen Ones,  
And bleſs thine Heritage:  
Feed, liſt them up, till time outgrow  
Th' Arithmetick of Age.

*Pſalm* XXIX.

1. **Y**E Mighty ones, whoſe nobler birth  
Intitles to a Crown:  
Give ſtrength unto the Lord of Lords,  
Give glory and Renown.

2. The glory due to his great Name,  
Let your glad tongues confeſs:  
Adore him in the beauty of  
His glorious Holineſs.

3. The voice of the Eternal makes  
The trembling waters quake:

The

The God of Glory thunders out,  
The deeps affrighted shake :

4. The voice of this great God in Pow'r  
Strikes through the marble Sky :  
The voice of this illustrious God  
Is full of Majesty.
5. The voice of this All-pow'rful God  
Breaks lofty Cedars down ;  
Proud Cedars, which the shady Cliffs  
Of *Lebanon* do crown.
6. He makes them skip like wanton Calves,  
Joy'd with the Sun-bright Morn :  
Whil'ft *Lebanon*, and *Syrion* bound  
Like the young Unicorn.
7. At his dread voice dire flames their way  
Through sulph'ry clouds do tear ;  
If he but speak, the desert quakes,  
And *Kadesh* shakes for fear.
8. His voice makes trembling Hinds to Calve  
And strips the Forrest bare :  
Throughout his Temple there's no tongue  
But doth his Praise declare.
9. The Lord hath fix'd his seat, and doth  
The Rolling Flouds command :  
The Lord sits King, his Empire to  
Eternity shall stand.

10. The

10. The Lord on his redeemed ones  
 Confirms his strength, and Pow'r:  
 The Lord on his Inheritance  
 Blessings of Peace shall show'r.

*Psalm XXX.*

1. **T**Hee will I sing, my God; for Thou  
 Hast set my head on high,  
 Above the Triumphs, and proud scorns  
 Of my fear'd Enemy.
2. To thee, O Lord, my fervent Cries  
 With winged Faith ascend:  
 My griefs I told, and soon thou didst  
 Thy healing hand extend,
3. Thou from the Jaws of greedy Death  
 My sinking soul did'st save:  
 Thou gav'st me Life, lest I should go  
 Down to the gaping grave.
4. Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of His,  
 And let your Songs confess  
 In thankful verse, the Memory  
 Of his great Holiness.
5. His wrath's short-liv'd, his favour's Life:  
 Grief may possess the Night,  
 But joy dispels those stormy Clouds,  
 At the return of Light,

6. Wealth rol'd in on me, my Designs  
Desir'd successes Crown'd :  
Then foolishly, said I, What now  
Can move me from my Ground.
7. Thy favors fix'd me like the Hills,  
Which in the Centre Bed :  
Thou hid'st thy Face, and I ( vain Man )  
Hung down my drooping head.
8. Then ( when to thee compar'd ) I saw  
How much a nothing's Man,  
To thee my cries I pour'd, to thee  
I for protection ran.
9. What profit's in my bloud, when Death  
Shall shut me under ground ?  
Shall dust Praise thee ? forgotten dust !  
Shall that thy truth rebound ?
10. Regard, my God, let pity move  
The Bowels of thy Love :  
And with Salvation visit me,  
From thy high Tow'rs above.
11. My sorrow thou to joy hast chang'd ;  
And cast my Sackcloth by :  
I walk in Triumph, cloth'd with Robes  
Dipt in Phœnician dy.
12. That my exulting tongue thy Praise  
May in loud Anthems sing :

And



And in my grateful Verse thy fame  
Eternally may Ring.

*Psalm XXXI.*

1. **T**Hou, great Jehovah, art my trust,  
Let not confusion be  
A cov'ring to my down-cast Eyes ;  
In justice set me free.
2. Bow down thy pitying Ear, with speed  
Unto my rescue fly :  
Be thou my Rock, my Castle, where  
I may in safety ly.
3. Thou, my strong Mountain art, my Fort,  
So oft in dangers try'd :  
For thy great Name, O lead me forth,  
And me securely guide.
4. Snatch me away from th'unseen Nets,  
Which treach'rously include  
My heedless walks : Thou art Alone  
God of my Fortitude,
5. To thee my Spirit I commend,  
Thou hast redeemed me ;  
And hast declar'd thy self a God  
Of endless Verity.
6. I hate the men, who falsely seek  
Fond vanity, and lyes :

But

But my aſſured Confidence,  
On thee alone relies.

7. Thy Mercyes joy my heart, in them  
My triumphs I expreſs:  
Thou ſaw'ſt my grief, and knew'ſt my ſoul  
When lab'ring in diſtreſs.
8. Thou haſt not ſhut me in the Hand  
Of my Proud Enemy:  
But haſt enlarg'd my ſtraitned feet  
To Paths of Liberty.
9. Pity me, Lord, and my diſtreſs:  
Sorrow conſumes mine Eye,  
My ſoul's depreſt, my Bowels pine  
With waſting Miſery.
10. My life's grief-ſpent, my hours and years  
I meaſure by my Groans:  
My ſin unnerves me, and hath left  
No Marrow in my Bones.
11. Scorn'd by my foes, by Neighbors more,  
Made to my friends a Fright;  
They ſee, and fly me, as ſome Gholt,  
Some Goblin of the Night.
12. Forgot like one, whom no man knows  
How long ſince he was not:  
No more conſider'd, then the Sherds  
Of ſome baſe ſhatter'd Pot.
13. Slander'd

13. Slander'd by false envenom'd Tongues,  
Beset with terrors round :  
Whilst they conspire, how they may lay  
My head below the Ground.
14. Thou art my hope, my God, said I ;  
My times are in thy Hand :  
Save me from them, that 'gainst my Life .  
With mortal hatred band.
15. O let the Soul-reviving Beams  
Of thine illustrious Face  
Shine on thy Servant : pity take !  
And me in safety place .
16. Let not reproach my life attacque,  
My cries invoke thy aid :  
Shame sieze the wicked ; in the Grave  
Be they to silence layd.
17. Seal up the lying Lips, which from  
A proud contemptuous heart,  
At the despised Righteous man  
Malicious slanders dart.
18. O how Immense that goodness is,  
Treasur'd and wrought by thee  
In the worlds Eyes for those that fear,  
And trust thy Verity.
19. Close from the Pride of man thou shalt  
Them in thy presence hide :

In thy Pàvilion they shall free  
From strife of tongues abide,

20. Blest be th' Almighty's sacred Name,  
Who hath the wonders shown  
Of his great love, and me secur'd  
In a well fenced Town,

21. Rashly I said, I am cut off  
From thine all-pitying Eyes:  
Yet when I pray'd thou heard'st the voice  
Of my ascending Cryes.

22. O love the Lord, ye Saints of his,  
For he the faithful guards:  
And, him that arrogantly deals,  
Deservedly rewards.

23. Be of good courage then, and he  
Your heart's shall fortifie:  
All ye who on the Lord your God  
With firm-fix'd hope rely.

*Psalm. XXXII.*

1. **B**lest is the man that pardon finds  
For his Enormities:  
Whose sins in Mercy cover'd are,  
From Gods all-searching Eyes.

2. Thrice blest is he, on whose accompts  
His faults uncharged rest:

In whom the Judge of hearts finds not  
Fraud in a faithleſs Breaſt.

3. My bones wax't old, whiſt I took care  
To ſmother up my ſin :  
My roarings wak't the rardy Morn ;  
And ſhut the day-light in.
4. Heavy by day thy hand doth ly,  
And Night no comfort yeilds :  
My moiſture's like the Summer drought,  
In Sun-burnt *Libyan* fields.
5. I own'd my ſin, and now no more  
Hid my Impieties :  
No ſooner told, but God forgave  
All mine Iniquities.
6. For this the juſt ſhall thee, by Pray'r,  
Seek when thou may'ſt be found :  
From danger they ſhall fit ſecure,  
Though ſwelling flouds ſurround.
7. Under thy ſecret Covert I,  
Protected from annoy,  
Thy great deliv'rance will extoll  
Compaſt with ſongs of Joy.
8. I will inſtruct, and teach thee how  
To chooſe a perfect way :  
Mine Eye ſhall be thy guide, that thou  
May'ſt not from vertue ſtray.

9. Be not, as the brute Horſe and Mule ;  
Who, it their mouths they feel  
Free from the Curb and Reyn, will ſtrike  
Their Maſter with their heel.
10. Plagues multiply'd the bad attend ;  
But who on God confide,  
The Right hand Mercyes, and the left  
Emorace on every ſide.
11. In God rejoyce, ye juſt, your joy  
In ſongs of triumph ſing ;  
And let your tongues, ye pure of heart,  
Hoſannah's loudly ring.

*Pfalm XXXIII.*

1. **Y**E who the Paths of vertue tread  
Extol the Lord ; for Praiſe  
Seems lovely when the Saints their thanks  
Pay in Seraphick layes.
2. Strike up the ſolemn Harp, your voice  
Tune to the Pſaltery ;  
And let a ſoft-touch'd ten-ſtring'd Lute  
Make up the Melody.
3. Chant forth ſome rare compoſed Air  
Unſung in any Land ;  
Play loud till charmed Angels hear  
The Muſick of your Hand,

4. What

4. What the Almighty ſayes, is right,  
Firm above Fate, or Chance:  
His actions in deſign and end,  
His verity advance.
5. Juſtice, and judgment uncorrupt,  
Th'Almighties pleaſure are:  
The Bleſſings of the Pregnant Earth  
His goodneſs do declare,
6. The All-encircling orbs of Heav'n,  
As in a Mould he caſt:  
His mouth the Starry Regiments  
Created at a blaſt.
7. Heth'angry ſeas, pil'd up on heapes,  
In ſhore-bound walls doth keep:  
And treaſures up th'alternate tides  
In Cellars of the deep.
8. Then let the Earths Extent the Pow'r  
of great Jehovah fear:  
Let all that dwell from Pole to Pole,  
His awful Name revere.
9. He ſpake the word; as ſoon as heard,  
Th'effect ſtraight made it good:  
He gave command, and what he will'd  
On firm foundations ſtood.
10. Ambitious Princes lay deſigns,  
He kills them in the ſeed:



Quells the brain-buly Peoples plots,  
Like an abortive breed.

11. But for his Counsels, they exceed  
Times everlasting date :  
His purpose stands from age to age  
Firmly perpetuate.
12. Happy's the Nation, for whose God  
God doth himself declare :  
Happy that People he selects  
For his peculiar Care.
13. The Lord, from the Cœlestial Tow'rs,  
Sees all of humane Birth ;  
And from his Starry Mansion views  
The Tenants of the Earth.
14. He fashions in one frame the Heart,  
And purposes of man :  
And ( whether good or bad ) their work  
He doth exactly scan,
15. Numerous Armies do not give  
Protection to a King :  
Strength, to the Mighty ( in distress )  
Cannot deliv'rance bring.
16. When life, or freedom lyes at stake,  
How helpless is an Horse ?  
It is not in his pow'r to save,  
How great so e're's his force.

17. The Lord on those that fear his Name,  
Reflects a gracious Eye :  
With favour looks on those, whose faith  
Doth to his Mercy fly,
18. To keep them, that they be not food  
For the devouring Grave :  
And, when the staff of Bread decays,  
Their souls alive to save.
19. We for our God attend, for he  
Our succour is, and shield :  
Joy shall us fill, because in him  
Our Confidence we build,
20. So let thy Mercies, Blessed God,  
In show'rs of love descend,  
As on thy favour and thy help  
Our constant hopes depend.

*Psalm XXXIV.*

1. **J**Ehovah my Eternal aid  
I will at all times bless ;  
My mouth the wonders of his Praise  
For ever shall confess.
2. God is my boasting ; him alone,  
My triumphs shall proclaim :  
The humble shall be fill'd with joy,  
To hear me sound his Fame.

3. Come then, joyn hearts, and tongues, that  
His Name may Magnify : (we  
And make our acclamations send  
Loud Eccho's to the Sky.
4. I sought the Lord, my zealous Pray'r  
Reach't his propitious Ears :  
My soul he rescu'd from distress,  
And free'd me from my fears.
5. His Beams illuminate their Eyes,  
That on his aid reflect ;  
Confusion shall not cover them,  
Nor shame their looks deject.
6. Consider that poor man, he pray'd,  
God pitt'y'd his sad Mone :  
And eas'd the prestures under which  
His troubled soul did grone.
7. His Angels, those that fear his pow'r,  
Within their Tents inclose :  
And rescue from those dangers, which  
Their threatned lives oppose.
8. O taste, and see th'Almighties Love  
How boundless, how immense ;  
Blest above Mortals he that makes  
The Lord his confidence.
9. Then serve him, ye his chosen ones,  
With filial humble fear :

For they want nothing, whole meek hearts  
His Majesty revere.

10. Sterv'd Lyons for their famish'd young  
Roar out, for want of Prey:  
But they no good shall lack, that God  
Religiously obey.

11. Come, my dear children, to my voice  
Lend your attentive Ear;  
I will instruct you, what it is  
Th'Eternal God to fear.

12. What Man is he that life desires,  
And fain good dayes would see,  
Prolong'd to many quiet years,  
Crown'd with Prosperity?

13. Refrain thy tongue from evil words;  
From fraud, and falshood cease:  
Turn back thy foot from wickedness;  
Do good, and follow Peace.

14. Th'Almighty on the Righteous casts  
A favourable Eye:  
His Ear's still ready to receive  
Th'addresses of their Cry.

15. But for sin-workers, he 'gainst them  
Sets his avenging Face,  
To kill their cursed memory  
Both in the root and Race.

16. The Righteous call, the Lord attends,  
 Their burthens doth unbind :  
 Draws nigh unto the broken heart,  
 And saves the contrite mind.
17. He frees from all, though many be  
 Th'afflictions of the just :  
 No bone of theirs is broke, when once  
 Committed to his trust.
18. Ill shall the ill destroy, and those  
 That do the Righteous hate :  
 He guards his servants, nor will leave  
 The faithful desolate.

*Psalm. XXXV.*

1. **L**ord, plead the justice of my cause,  
 'Gainst them that strive with me ;  
 Make war with them, that on my soul  
 Denounce Hostility.
2. Advance thy sheild, stand to my aid,  
 Take spear and stop their way,  
 That persecute my soul ; Lo, I  
 Am thy Salvation, say.
3. Those that pursue my chased soul,  
 Let fear, and shame surprise :  
 Flight and confusion be their End,  
 My ruine that devise.

4. Be they, as chaffe by fighting winds  
Hurry'd from place to place ;  
Let Gods revenging Purſevants  
Still have them in the Chaſe :
5. Dark as the Grave, and ſlip'ry as  
New thaw'd, and frozen ſnow :  
Such be their way, and Heaven's wing'd-  
Pursue their overthrow. (Poſts
6. Nets have they ſet in pits unſeen  
Prepar'd to catch me in ;  
Whilst they for want of other Crime  
Make innocence my ſin.
7. Swifter then thought, let death him ſeize,  
In his own toyles enſnar'd :  
Let the ſame ruine ſwallow him,  
Which he for me prepar'd.
8. So ſhall my ſoul in God exult  
His aid my joyes ſhall raiſe ;  
My very bones ſhall find a tongue  
To celebrate his Praise.
9. Lord, who's like thee, that ſav'ſt the poor  
From over-pow'rful ſpite ?  
Who is like thee, that ſav'ſt the poor  
From the deſtroyers might ?
10. False witneſs roſe, and charg'd me with  
Crimes I ne're knew nor thought :

My

- My good with ill they pay'd, and for  
My love, my life they sought.
11. When they were sick, in sackcloth clad  
I did from food abstain ;  
I pray'd for them, and God return'd  
My Prayers on me again,
12. Do more I could not, had he been  
My friend, my only brother :  
I hung my head, as one that mourns  
The Fun'rals of his Mother.
13. But in my griefs they meet, and joy ;  
Yea even the basest fry,  
Unknown affront me, and their tongues  
Tear me incessantly.
14. The trencher-wits, that jeer for bread,  
Make me their Table jest :  
They gnash their teeth, and if they could,  
My flesh should be their Feast,
15. Seest thou, O Lord ? and wilt thou still  
Be a meer looker on ?  
Rescue my soul from Lyons teeth  
Rescue my only One.
16. Then in the great Assemblies I  
Thy Mercy's will proclaim :  
My tongue shall far, and wide, divulge  
The Praises of thy Name.

17. Let



17. Let not my foes ( and falſly ſuch )  
Rejoyce them in my wo :  
Let not thoſe wink at me, that hate,  
And why they do not know.
18. Peace is a ſtranger to their Lips ;  
Deceit, and baneful lyes,  
Againſt the Peaceful of the Land  
They treach'rouſly deviſe.
19. They ſtretch their throats with laughter, as  
They'd cleave the Clouds, and cry  
Aha ! Aha ! our eyes have ſeen't,  
And ſee thy ruin's nigh.
20. Thou likewiſe ſeeſt ; break ſilence then,  
Thy preſent help afford :  
Stir up thy ſelf, awake, and judge  
My Cauſe, my God, my Lord.
21. Judge me, as thou art juſt, let not  
Them joy to ſee me caſt :  
Let them not ſay in heart, ſo ! ſo !  
We've ſwallowed him at laſt.
22. Shame, and confuſion ſeize them all,  
That ſport them in my woes :  
Diſgrace, and infamy o're-whelm  
My proud-inſulting foes.
23. But let them ſhout aloud, that like  
My righteous cauſe ; and cry,

Bleſt

Bleſt be our God, that loves his Saints,  
And their Proſperity.

- 24 And I thy juſtice will extoll,  
And celebrate thy Name,  
As long as I have day to live,  
And tongue to ſound thy Fame.

*Pſalm XXXVI.*

1. **W**Hen I the bold tranſgreſſour ſee,  
My whiſp'ring thoughts ſuſpect,  
God is not in his Proſpect, nor  
His fear within his Breſt.
2. He ſmooth's himſelf in his own Eyes,  
Till his iniquity  
Be open laid; and all that ſee  
Hate his Impiety.
3. Vain are his words, and mix'd with fraud,  
His tongue is full of art;  
He's wiſe no more, and to do well  
Ne'er comes within his heart.
4. Miſchief upon his bed he plots,  
Set againſt all that's good;  
So far from loathing ill, that now  
'Tis, as it were, his food.
5. Thy Mercy, Lord, in Heaven is Thron'd,  
Thy firm fidelity

Surmounts the highest flying Cloud,  
That hovers in the Skie.

6. Thy justice, as the Mountains is,  
Thy judgements a vast deep :  
Thou man and beast in safety do'st  
By thy protection keep.
7. How exc'lent is thy favour Lord ?  
Under thy wings defence,  
The sons of men securely may  
Repose their Confidence.
8. There, with the fatness of thy House,  
Shall they be satisfy'd :  
And freely of thy pleasures drink,  
As of the swelling tyde,
9. For th'inexhausted springs of Life  
Flow forth alone from thee :  
And we, in thy all-glorious Light,  
Eternal Light shall see.
10. Show'r down thy goodness upon them,  
That do thy goodness know ;  
And on the men of upright heart,  
O let thy Mercy flow.
11. Defend me, that the foot of Pride  
Come not to cast me down :  
Support me, that by impious hands  
I be not overthrown.

12. There

12. There are they fall'n, that work the fins,  
Which their worse hearts devise ;  
Cast headlong are they, and ne're shall  
Have pow'r again to rise.

*Psalms* XXXVII.

1. **F**Ret not to see the wicked sit,  
In high Prosperity ;  
Nor envy them, whose bus'ness 'tis  
To work Iniquity.
2. For as the Mower shears the grass,  
So are they cut and gone ;  
And wither as the flow'r expos'd,  
Unto the parching Sun.
3. Trust in the Lord, do what is good,  
And so possess the Land ;  
Fed with the blessings of thy God  
On thy industrious hand.
4. Let the Almighty be thy Love,  
Thy principal delight :  
And with thy hearts desire he shall  
Thy Piety requite.
5. Commit thy way unto his Care ;  
To him thy fairh address:  
And be thy bus'ness ne'er so hard,  
He'l give desir'd success.

6. He ſhall bring forth thy Righteouſneſs  
Clear, as the open day :  
And thy juſt judgement as the beams,  
Which Noon-tide Suns diſplay.
7. Reſt on the Lord, with patience wait ;  
And do not vex thy mind,  
When proſp'rous great Ones bring to paſs  
The ills they have deſign'd.
8. From anger ceaſe, ungovern'd wrath  
Be ſure to tame or fly :  
Fret not, for fear thy murmurings  
Worſe acts accompany.
9. God ſhall cut off both Root and Branch,  
All that work wickedneſs :  
But they that for his Mercy wait,  
The Earth ſhall ſtill poſſeſs.
10. Yet a ſmall time, the wicked's gone,  
As if he had not been :  
Search for the place, where once he was,  
It is not to be ſeen.
11. But the meek hearted ſhall enjoy  
The fruitful Earths increaſe :  
Raviſh'd with pleaſure, to behold  
Th'abundance of his peace.
12. The wicked plots, and gnaſhes at  
The juſt ones of the Land :

God

God sees, and laughs ; because he knows,  
Their fatal Day's at hand.

13. Th'ungodly have their swords unsheath'd  
Their bow stands ready bent,  
The poor, and needy to subvert,  
And slay the innocent.

14. But their own deadly steel shall through  
Its masters bowels pass :  
Their treach'rous bow, shall, as they draw,  
Shiver like brittle glass,

15. A little that the Right'ous hath,  
Is better then the wealth  
Of many bad ; God breaks their arms,  
But is the good mans health.

16. The Lord hath number'd up the dayes  
of those, whose hearts are pure :  
And made them an Inheritance,  
For ever to endure.

17. When evil times assail, they shall  
Not hang their drooping head :  
When famine kills on either hand,  
They shall be full of bread.

18. But the ungodly shall decay,  
And those, who God provoke,  
Shall, as the fat of Lambs consume,  
And vanish into smoke.

19. The

19. The wicked borrows, and cares not  
How he may clear his ſcore :  
The juſt ſhews Mercy, and his hand  
Is lib'ral of his ſtore.
20. Gods bleſſing on a Family  
Makes it a laſting Race:  
But, with his curſe, deſtruction comes,  
And ruine haſt's apace,
21. God ordereth the good mans ſteps,  
His wayes are his delight :  
And though he fall, yet ſhall he riſe,  
Supported by his might.
22. I have been young, and now am old,  
Yet never did I ſee :  
The juſt forſaken, nor his ſeed,  
Though brought to beggary,
23. He mercy ſhews to ſuch as need,  
His charity extends,  
Purchaſing bleſſings for the Fruit,  
That from his loyns deſcends.
24. Fly the firſt thoughts of vicious deeds ;  
Let vertue be thy guide  
To noble acts ; ſo ſhalt thou build  
An houſe that will abide.
25. The Lord loves judgement, and his Saints  
He never will deſert :



But winged veng'ance quickly shall  
The wicked brood subvert.

- 26 The Right'ous shall possess the Land;  
And in it ever dwell:  
His mouth speaks wisdom, and his tongue  
Doth hidden judgement tell.
- 27 The Laws of God are in his heart,  
His feet go not astray:  
Though the malicious wicked watch,  
His Righteous soul to slay.
28. God will not leave him in the pow'r  
Of their mischievous hands:  
Nor suffer him to be condemn'd,  
When he in judgement stands.
29. Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,  
He shall exalt thee high  
T' enjoy the Land, whilst th'impious are  
Cut off before thine Eye.
30. I have beheld the wicked great,  
Spread like a Lawrel green:  
He pass'd, and was not; him I sought,  
But no where to be seen.
31. Mark me the perfect, and observe  
The upright in his wayes:  
That man's conclusion happy is,  
And Peace shall end his dayes.

32. But

32. But they together ſhall be ſlain,  
That paths perverse have trod :  
Horror and ſwift deſtruction is  
The wickeds period.
33. ſalvation from the Lord alone,  
The righteous do confeſs :  
His only ſtrength ſupports them in  
The day of their diſtreſs,
34. He ſhall ſuſtain, and from the rage,  
Of impious hands defend :  
Becaule on him their confidence  
So firmly doth depend.

*Pſalm XXXVIII.*

1. **C**All me not, Lord, to ſtriſt account  
In thy provoked Ire :  
Nor chaſten, when thy wrath breaks forth  
Into conſuming fire.
2. Thy ſhafts, as at a well-shot mark,  
My galled Carcaſe bore :  
Thy hand layes load on me, that felt  
Thy weight too much before.
3. Thine anger ſtrikes through all my fleſh,  
Like a corrupt diſeaſe :  
Sin ſuffers not my tortur'd bones  
Enjoy a moments Peace.

4. For, as a swelling silent tide,  
My guilt o'ertops my head :  
And hangs, to plunge me deeper down,  
About my neck like lead.
5. My fester'd wounds infest my brains,  
With their infectious smell :  
And to my sadder thoughts the end  
Of my sad follies tell.
6. Through grief and brokenness of Heart  
My fainting sp'rits decay :  
My moans ( sad measures of my time )  
Wear out the tedious day.
7. My Loins, and bowels wholly fill'd  
With a contagious sore :  
All over so unsound, I am  
One Ulcer, and no more.
8. Feeble, and like a wind-shak'd house,  
Shatter'd in every part :  
My roaring's all the ease I get  
For my tormented heart.
9. Lord ! my desire's before thine eyes,  
All undisguis'd appear :  
My groans speak out too loud, to fall  
Short of thy ready Ear.
10. My heart layes battery to my brest,  
My fleeting strength is fled

My two dull Tapers, wanting oyl,  
Scarce glimmer in my head.

11. Friends, and Familiars stand at gaze  
On this my loathsom sore :  
Those of my bloud keep off, as if  
They knew me not before,
12. They, that my life pursue, lay snares ;  
The ills their thoughts intend,  
They vent in words, and the whole day  
In treach'rous Counsels spend,
13. This I observ'd, but deaf, and dumb,  
Lay, as I had no sense :  
No ear to hear, no tongue to speak  
A word in my defence.
14. For, Lord, to thee my hope faith-wing'd  
For sure protection flies :  
My King, my God, thou wilt stand up  
My cause to Patronize.
15. Hear me, said I, lest they insult ;  
For when I slipt, their Pride  
Brake out in Triumphs, and themselves  
'Gainst me they magnify'd.
16. Torn with thy Lashes, I am spent,  
Ready to halt down-right :  
And my amazing sorrows are  
Still present in my sight.

17. O wretched me ! what shall I do ?  
 I will my fins confesse :  
 And drown my cheeks in Flouds of brine  
 For my past wickedness.
18. But mine oppressors courage take,  
 Too potent far for me :  
 Whole malice ( as their number ) grows,  
 And both as wrongfully.
19. Those Vipers too, that benefits  
 With villany requite ;  
 Make furious war upon my soul,  
 Because my wayes are right.
20. But do not thou forsake me, Lord !  
 Nor far withdraw thy pow'r :  
 Make haste to help me, O my God,  
 My health, my Saviour.

*Psalm XXXIX.*

1. **I** Said, I will strict watch appoint  
 On my unheeded way :  
 Lest words breed deeds, and an ill tongue  
 Carry my feet astray.
2. The passion of my lips I will  
 With bit and Reyns command ;  
 As long as the ungodly doth  
 Within my presence stand.

3. Tongue-ty'd I ſate, ſpake not a word,  
No, not ſo much as good,  
But 'twas my torment, till my griefs  
Stir'd up my boyling bloud.
4. Then I grew hot, and whilſt my heart  
On troubled thoughts was bent,  
The fire brake forth, and at my tongue  
I gave my ſorrows vent.
5. Lord, make me know mine end, and what's  
The meaſure of my dayes ;  
That I may ſee how frail I am,  
How faſt my life decayes.
6. Behold, thou haſt my dayes reduc'd  
Unto a narrow ſpan :  
Mine age to thine as nothing is,  
Vain ( at the beſt ) is man.
7. Man, as an apparition walks,  
Toils, and turmoils for gain :  
And knows not who ſhall reap the ſweets  
Of what he ſow'd with pain.
8. Lord, what is't then, this empty world  
Can move me to expect ?  
On thee my hope depends, on thee  
My longing eyes reflect.
9. Break thou thoſe cords of ſin, wherewith  
My captive ſoul is ty'd ;

Let me not be the sport of Fools,  
That Piery deride.

10. I was as dumb ; all their affronts  
In silence I past by ;  
Since 'twas thy pleasure, by their scorns,  
My patience to try.

11. But oh ! at length in mercy take  
Thine angry scourge away :  
Spent by thy blows, my life sinks down  
Even to the last decay.

12. When thou, for sin, dost man correct,  
His beauty's fade and dy ;  
As cloths moth-fretted ; every man  
Is vain as vanity.

13. Lord hear my Pray'r, and let my cries  
Reach thine attentive Ears ;  
Hold not thy Peace, when I address  
My suit in speaking tears,

14. For I with thee a stranger am,  
A wandring Pilgrim here ;  
At best but a poor sojourner,  
As all my Fathers were.

15. Spare me a little that I may  
Recover strength ; before  
I, like a fleeting shadow, go  
From hence, and be no more.



*Psalm XL.*

1. **I** To the Lord with patience did  
My faithful eyes address :  
And straight to his inclining Ears  
My cry's obtain'd accels.
2. He drew me from the horrid pit,  
Sunk in the miry Clay :  
He set my feet upon a Rock,  
And made secure my way.
3. He hath into my joy-fill'd mouth  
Put new composed layes ;  
High Panegyricks to our God,  
The great Jehovah's Praise.
4. Many, that this his Mercy see,  
Shall with Religious fear  
Implore his favour ; and depend  
Alone for safety there.
5. Blest is the Man that trust's in God ;  
That hath not bent his eyes  
To court the Proud ; nor follow's those,  
That turn aside to lyes.
6. The works, O Lord, which thou hast done  
How wond'rous ? how immense ?  
Infinite are the thoughts of thy  
All-guiding Providence.
7. Wh

7. Who can in order cast them up ?  
Should I attempt th'account,  
Their number would the reach of all  
Arithmetick surmount.
8. Obedient Ears, not sacrifice ;  
Is that, thou dost desire ;  
Burnt off 'rings, and sin-off 'rings thou  
Dost not at all require,
9. Then said I, Lo, I come : thy books  
Of me thus write ; thy will  
To do is my delight, thy Laws  
All my affections fill.
10. I have not in th' Assembly ceas'd  
Thy goodness to impart ;  
Nor have restrain'd my lips from praise,  
Thou, Lord, my witness art.
11. Thy Righteousness I have not kept  
Concealed in my Brest :  
But to thy Church, thy constant love  
And kindness have profest.
12. Thy tender Mercy's, and thy Grace,  
Oh do not then suspend :  
For ever let thy truth preserve,  
And favour me defend.
13. For troubles, more then can be told,  
On ev'ry side surprisè :

My sins so press me, that to Heav'n  
I dare not lift mine eyes,

14. More are they, then the num'rous hairs,  
That cloth my wretched head;  
At the sad thought, my heart recoyls,  
My fainting Sp'rits recede.

15. Be pleas'd in pity, Lord, to give  
My miseries redress,  
Make haste, my God, to succour me,  
That labour in distress,

16. Disgrace and ruine fall on those,  
Who seek my blood to spill;  
Put them to ignominious flight,  
That think, and wish me ill,

17. Let desolation be their lot,  
And shame their wages pay,  
Who at my griefs, Aha! Aha!  
In proud derision say,

18. But joy, and triumph fill their tongues,  
That have thy Mercy try'd,  
Let such as thy Salvation love,  
Say, God be magnify'd.

19. Poor I, and needy am, yet thou,  
O Lord, consider'st me:  
Delay not then, my God; my help,  
My safety is in thee.

## Psalm XLI.

1. **B**Left is the man, whose tender heart  
Regards the poor mans cry:  
The Lord shall save him in the day  
Of fear'd calamity.
2. God shall protect his precious life,  
Prosper his Lands increase:  
Nor shall he be their prey, that seek  
The ruine of his Peace.
3. When he lyes languishing, he shall  
From Heav'n be comforted:  
In restless sickness God shall give  
Ease on his weary bed.
4. Shew mercy, Lord, said I, and heal  
My souls infirmity:  
For I have wounded it to death  
By sinning against thee,
5. Mine Enemies speak ill of me,  
When, say they, shall he dy?  
And his despised name entomb'd  
In dark oblivion ly?
6. Their visits are vain lyes; their hearts  
Heap wickedness within;  
Which burns their mouths, till they also  
To publish it begin.

7. Those

7. Those that with hate pursue, their heads  
In treach'rous whispers joyn :  
My ruine is the thirsted end  
Their close-lay'd plots design.
8. An ill disease gangren's his bones,  
And doth his flesh corrode :  
Down is he cast ( say they ) and shall  
No more be seen abroad.
9. Yea mine own friend, my bosoms-half,  
Half sharer of my Bread,  
Hath lift up his insulting heel,  
At my declining head.
10. But raise me, Lord, and prove in me  
Thy Mercy, and thy might :  
That I their hate, and falshood may,  
As they deserve, requite.
11. By this, thy constant favours, I  
Do evidently see,  
That my proud enemy erects  
No triumphs over me.
12. Thou mine integrity support'st,  
And seat'st me in a place  
Where I, while time endures, shall see  
Thy life-reviving Face.

13. Blest

13. Blest be the Lord, blest Israels God,  
Now and for ever, when  
Time shall to blest Eternity  
Give place : *Amen, Amen,*
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THE

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THE  
Psalms of King  
D A V I D,  
Paraphrased.

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The Second Book.

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*Psalm. XLII.*

1. **L**ord, as the hotly chased Hart  
Pants for the water streams;  
So pants my heart for thee, O God,  
And thy life quickning Beams.

2. My soul for God, the living God,  
With ardent thirst doth pine;  
Till I within his sacred Courts,  
Behold his face Divine.

3. By



3. By day I mourn, by night I weep,  
My tears my food are made :  
Whilst they, blaspheming say, where's now  
Thy God, thy boasted aid ?
4. My heart in silent drops dissolv's,  
When sadly I recount,  
How I the troops of worshippers  
Lead to thy holy Mount.
5. How we thy Praises, and our thanks,  
In joyful Hymns did sing :  
And made our solemn Festivals,  
Thy sacred Triumphs ring.
6. My soul ! why art thou so bow'd down ?  
With sorrows overprest ?  
Why do despairing thoughts disturb  
Thy faith, and break thy rest ?
7. Courage thy self in God, be sure  
He is, and that he's thine :  
I yet shall praise him for his help,  
And influence Divine.
8. My soul's cast down ; from Jordans banks  
My cries thine Ears shall fill,  
From *Missar*, and the pathless crags  
Of cloudy Hermons hill.
9. Deep summons deep, thy cataracts  
Of waters loudly roar ;

Thy

Thy stormy waves, and deluges  
Have drench't me o're and o're.

10. Yet will the Lord his love command,  
And mercy in the day :  
By night he is my song ; to him,  
God of my life, I pray.
11. My God ! my Rock ! why hast thou seal'd  
Me in forgetfulness ?  
Why go I thus dejected, whil'st  
My prosp'ring foes oppress ?
12. 'Tis death unto my Bones, to hear  
Their blasphemies upbraid,  
And scoff me dayly, Where's thy God,  
Thy so much boasted aid ?
13. My soul, why art thou so bow'd down,  
With sorrows overprest ?  
Why do despairing thoughts disturb  
Thy Peace, and break thy rest ?
14. Courage thy self in God ; believe  
He is, and that he's thine ;  
I yet shall praise him, he gives health,  
He's God, and shall be mine.

*Psalms* XLIII.

1. Judge me, O God, and plead my cause  
Against the merciless :

H

O

O save me from the man of fraud,  
And sons of wickedness.

2. Thou art my God, my strength, why then  
Hast thou abandon'd me?  
Why go I mourning, broken thus  
By prosp'ring Tyranny?

3. Send forth thy rays of Light, and truth,  
To be my faithful guides  
Unto thy holy Mountain, where  
Thy Majesty resides.

4. Then will I to the Altars go  
Of God, my joy of joyes;  
The well-run'd harp shall speak thy praise,  
My God, with pleasant Noise.

5. My soul, why art thou so bow'd down  
With sorrows overprest?  
Why do dispairing thoughts disturb  
Thy Peace, and break thy rest?

6. Courage thy self in God, believe  
He is, and that he's thine:  
I yet shall praise him, he gives health,  
He's God, and shall be mine.

*Psalm XLIV.*

1. **L**ord, our amazed Ears have heard  
Our aged Grandfires tell,

What

What wonders in their dayes thou  
And what of old beſel. (wrought'ſt,

2. How thou didſt drive the Gentiles out,  
By thine Almighty hand :  
And plague the Nations, till thou had'ſt  
Diſpeopl'd all their Land,
3. 'Twas not their own puiſſant ſword,  
Poſſeſſion that obtain'd ;  
Nor were thoſe pleaſant towns and fields  
By their own valour gain'd :
4. But thy right hand, thy mighty arm,  
And luſtre of thy Face :  
Be cauſe thou had'ſt ſelected them  
For thy peculiar Grace.
5. Thou, great Jehovah, art my King ;  
We to thy Sceptre bend :  
To *Jacob* ſpeak deliverance,  
And *Iſrael* defend.
6. Steel'd by thy ſtrength, we will push down  
Our haughty Enemies :  
And, in thy Name tread them to dirt,  
That in Rebellion riſe.
7. What's my frail bow, that I therein  
Should place my confidence ?  
My ſwords vain terror (at the beſt)  
Is but a weak defence.

8. But it is thou that rescu'st us  
From our enraged foes :  
Thou to confusion hurl'st them down,  
Whose malice overflows,
9. In God, whil'st day the day succeed's,  
Our glories we will raise :  
And consecrate to his great Name  
Songs of immortal praise.
10. But now thou hast cast off; and we  
To shame and baseness yield :  
Our troops are heartless, wanting thee,  
To lead them to the field.
11. Thou to the fierce pursuers rage  
Turn'st our inglorious back :  
And they, which hate, first plunder us,  
And then our Cities sack,
12. We are, as market-sheep, prepar'd  
To find the Butcher work :  
Amongst the barb'rous infidels  
Disper'st, and forc'd to lurk.
13. Thou sell'st thy people, as vile things,  
Not worth the Merchandise :  
Nor are thy treasures at all  
The richer by their price.
14. Made to our Neighbours a reproach,  
Sport for their Feasts, and Wine :  
Laugh'd

Laugh'd and derided at, by them,  
That on our bounds confine.

15. Amongſt th'uncircumciſed ſeed  
A jeſt, a Proverb grown;  
A ſhaking of the head to all,  
But pitied of none.
16. For this, confuſion at my doors  
Perpetually lyes.  
Shame, and diſdain have caſt a cloud  
O're my dejected eyes;
17. Becauſe of the reproachers voice,  
And the blaſpheming tongue;  
The Enemies proud insolence,  
And the Avengers wrong.
18. All this we ſuffer; yet our Faith  
Hath not forgotten thee:  
Nor have we in thy Cov'nant uſ'd  
Abhorr'd Hypocriſy.
19. We no backſliders are; our heart  
Firm to thy precepts ſtands:  
Nor have our falt'ring ſteps declin'd  
The way of thy Commands,
20. Though thou haſt thruſt, and bruif'd us in  
The Dragons dreadful cave;  
And ſhut us up in diſmal ſhades  
Of the devouring grave.



21. If we have falsly left our God,  
Forlaken his great Name;  
Pray'd to vain gods, and with strange fires  
Made Idol-altars flame,
22. Shall not our God enquire out this,  
And search through ev'ry part;  
Who knows the secrets of our Reyns,  
And Caverns of our heart?
23. Martyr'd, and massacr'd for thee  
We dayly yeild our Life;  
Like Muttons to the Shambles fold,  
Mark'd for the slaughter-knife.
24. Awake, O Lord, why are thine Eyes  
Seal'd up in seeming sleep?  
Arise, and do not still from us  
This angry distance keep.
25. Why dost thou, in displeasure, hide  
Thy life-reviving Eyes,  
Unmindful of our pressing woes,  
And wasting miseries?
26. Bow'd down, as low, as the base dust,  
Is our oppressed soul;  
We cleave to the despised earth,  
In dirt our bellies roul.
27. Lord God arise, and us at length  
To thy protection take;



From this hard ſlavery redeem,  
For thy great mercy's ſake.

*Pſalm XLV.*

1. **S**eraphick Fancy doth my heart  
With glorious raptures fill :  
'Tis of the King I ſpeak, my tongue  
Prevents the writers quill.
2. Fairer then faireſt ſons of men ;  
Grace on thy lips is pour'd :  
God therefore hath, on thy lov'd head,  
Immortal bleſſings ſhour'd.
3. Gird to thy loyns thy conqu'ring ſword,  
Thou that excell'ſt in might :  
Put on thy glories, and appear  
Deck't with imperiall light.
4. In Triumph ride, thy friends with truth,  
Meekneſs, and juſtice greet :  
Let thy right hands wing'd terrors catch  
Th'amazed Rebels feet.
5. Sharp are thine arrows in their hearts,  
That fight againſt thy Crown :  
So that the people at thy feet  
Fall in ſubjection down.
6. Thy throne knows no declining point,  
No period of dayes :

Thy Sceptre, with an equall hand,  
Justice and Right displays,

7. Vertue thou lov'st, and vice do'st hate,  
Wherefore thy God hath shed  
(Above thy fellows) oyl of joy  
Upon thy sacred head.
8. Rich Odors, Aloes, Cassia, Myrrhe,  
Scent all thy garments o're;  
Fetch'd from the Ivory Palaces,  
To please thy smell the more.
9. Thy Maids of honor claim their Birth,  
From thole that Sceptres hold;  
The Queen at thy right hand inthron'd  
Glitters in Ophir gold.
10. Hearken, O Daughter, bow thine Ear,  
My Counsell understand;  
Think on thy Fathers house no more,  
Forget thy native Land.
11. So on thy Beauties shall the King  
Settle his whole desire:  
He is thy Lord; him only thou  
Shalt worship, and admire.
12. Tyres purpl'd Virgins shall with gifts  
Seek favor from thy Face; (proud,  
And those, whom wanton wealth makes  
Shall bow, and begge for Grace.
13. Glorious

13. Glorious within transcendently,  
Beyond all tongue, or thought  
Is the Kings daughter, and array'd  
In gold most nobly wrought.
14. She to the King shall come, in Robes  
Rich with th' Embroyd'ers payn :  
The Virgins her companions shall  
Adorn her Royal Trayn.
15. Streets, Temples, Houses, shall with shout's  
Of joy, and gladness ring :  
Whil'st she her solemn Entry makes  
To th' Palace of the King.
16. Instead of Fathers thou shalt have  
Sons of thy fruitful Womb ;  
Princes to reign o're all the Earth,  
Till time the world intomb.
17. To all succeeding ages I  
Will propagate thy Name :  
And all the dwellers under Heav'n  
Shall still thy Praise proclame.

*Psalm XLVI.*

1. **T**H' Almighty is our safe retreat,  
'Tis by his strength we stand :  
When troubles with most terrors rise,  
He's a sure help at hand.

2. Were

2. Were the disjoynted Earth remov'd,  
No fear should us constrain ;  
Though the torn Mountains should be  
Into the foaming mayn. (hurl'd
3. Though warring seas should roar, and bid  
Defiance to the Skies;  
And their proud billowes o're the Crowns  
Of trembling hills arise.
4. There is a River yet, whose streams  
Joy to Gods City bring,  
The sacred Tents of the most high,  
The Everlasting King.
5. God in her Centre sits ; no fear  
shall her foundations shake :  
She shall in his preventing aid  
Her firm protection make.
6. The Idol-serving Heathen storm'd ;  
Kings their vain rage did shew :  
He spake, the Earth dissolv'd, and dropt  
Away like melting Snow.
7. The Lord of Host's, in our defence,  
His Banners hath display'd :  
Th' Almighty God of *Jacob's* Race  
Is our ne're failing ayd.
8. Faithful, and faithless, come, and see  
What our great God hath wrought ;  
What

What fatal deſolations he  
O're all the Earth hath brought.

9. Where Veng'ance, and Ambition draws  
The ſword, he bids retire :  
Breaks the frail bow, and ſpear, and burns  
The Chariot in the fire.

10. Be ſtill, fond man, know I am God :  
Amongſt the Heathen I  
Will be ſet up ; I o're the world  
I only will be high.

11. The Lord of Hoſt's, in our defence,  
His Banners hath diſplay'd :  
Th' Almighty God of *Jacob's* Race  
Is our ne're failing ayd.

*Pſalm XLVII.*

1. **T**O God, ye ſons of Earth, clap hands,  
Circle your brows with Bayes :  
And let the Trumpet loudly ſpeak  
His Triumph, and his Praise.

2. The Lord moſt high, is terrible,  
In power, and Maſteſty :  
He is a mighty King o're all  
That's bounded with the Sky.

3. He ſhall the Nations break, till they  
Our yoke ſhall gladly meet ;

And

And make their slavish Necks a step  
For our victorious feet.

4. He shall for us, ( and he can best )  
Choose our inheritance :  
Even *Jacob's* glory, whom he doth  
High in his love advance.
5. God is ascended with a shout  
To his Imperial Throne :  
The Lord with the shrill Trumpets sound  
Is up in Triumph gone.
6. Sing Praises with exalted voice,  
To God high Praises sing :  
Sing Praises with exalted hearts,  
Sing Praises to our King.
7. God of the Universe is King,  
King of the sea, and Land :  
Sing praise to this All-ruling God,  
Sing praise, and understand.
8. God over all the Heathen reigns  
Lord, and Supreme alone :  
God in transcendent glory sits  
Upon his sacred Throne.
9. Princes, and People, all are met  
To worship *Abram's* God :  
The shields of th'Earth are his, he's high  
Above all gods the God.

*Pſalm* XLVIII.

1. **G**reat as the great Jehovah is  
Let his high Praise reſound :  
High in his Tow'rs, and Hill whereon  
His ſanctity is crown'd.
2. Beauty, and Maſteſty adorn  
Mount Sions pleaſant fight :  
The jewel of the Earth it is,  
And the whole worlds delight.
3. On that ſide, where its proſpect looks  
Towards the frozen Pole,  
The great Kings City ſtands, whoſe Laws  
All Kings, and Laws controle.
4. God doth her Palaces defend,  
Againſt aſſailing pow'rs :  
And Solyma's beſt ſafeguard is  
In Sions ſacred Tow'rs.
5. Conſpiring Kings their Armies joyn'd  
To her deſtruction ſworn :  
They march'd, drew up, but paſſ'd away  
Dejected, and forlorn.
6. They ſaw, they wond' red, trembled, fled,  
Fear ſeiz'd them, like the throws,  
Which the unhappy lab'ring womb  
In child-birth undergoes,

7. Thou



7. Thou send'st the winds to war, and straight  
A furious Eastern blast  
Tears the proud fleets, and 'gainst the Rocks  
The *Tyrian* wracks doth cast.
8. What we, with wond'ring Ears, have heard,  
Now to our Eyes is plain,  
Within the City of our God;  
God will the same sustain.
9. O blessed Lord! thy kindness fills  
Our hearts with gratefulness:  
And in thy Temple our glad tongues  
Thy Mercies shall confess.
10. Great, as thy Name is through the Earth,  
So are thy Praises great:  
With never-failing Righteousness,  
Thy right hand is replete.
11. Triumph O Sion, and aloud  
Let *Judah's* joyes resound:  
Because thy judgements on the proud,  
Are still with justice crown'd.
12. Walk Sion round, her fair Tow'rs count,  
Observe her Ramparts well;  
Her Fabricks mark, and what y'have seen,  
To future Ages tell,
13. For Sions God, shall be our God,  
As long as vital breath

Gives us a being ; he shall be  
Our God, and guide till death.

*Psalms* XLIX.

1. **H**ear O ye Nations, East, and West ;  
Hearken ye Gentiles all :  
Mark what I say, all ye that now  
Dwell on this Earthly ball.
2. Whether ye spring from Princely bloud,  
Or from ignoble loins :  
Whether ye beg your wretched bread,  
Or swell in golden Mines.
3. My mouth shall wisdom speak, and from  
The treasures of my heart,  
I will to your admiring Ears,  
Deep mysteries impart.
4. My tongue shall Parables disclose,  
Hid from the dayes of old :  
And on my warbling harp I will  
Dark Oracles unfold.
5. Why should I, in the dayes of ill,  
Torment my heart with fears,  
When sin treads on my heels, and death  
The child of sin appears ?
6. Go too, ye Rich, ye that your Bags,  
And golden gods adore ;

That

That boast of what for the most part  
Is ill, or useles store.

7. Can you redeem your brother from  
The hand of common fate?  
Or pay a Ransom, to prolong  
His lifes expiring date?

8. No, the Redemption of his soul  
Is not a thing of Ease:  
'Tis of an higher price then gold,  
And must for ever cease.

9. That he should live, exempted from  
Humane necessitie:  
And in the Graves devouring womb  
Corruption should not see,

10. The wise man dyes; so does the fool,  
And brutish pass away,  
Leaving the wealth, his cares have got,  
To be anothers prey.

11. Yet living, 'tis their hopes, and aym  
Their house to eternize:  
They build proud Fabricks, and their Lands  
In their own name baptize,

12. But man stayes not, though at the pitch  
Of highest glory plac'd:  
Falls like the beast, whose memory  
Is with his dust defac'd,

13. This

13. This is our way, and we do now  
but aſt paſt follies o're :  
Whilſt thole that follow, praiſe the words  
Of them that went before.
14. In the cloſ'd entrails of the grave,  
Down are they lay'd like Sheep,  
Where death with their conſuming fleſh  
His Carnavals doth keep.
15. The juſt ſhall have the Rule o're them ;  
When that great morning comes :  
Their beauty from their dwelling ſhall  
Rot in their ſilent Tombs.
16. But from the graves un pitying hand,  
God will my ſoul reſeal :  
And me receive, where endleſs life  
Puts on full happineſs.
17. Fear not, when in ſoon gotten wealth  
Thou ſee'ſt a man abound :  
Nor when his haſty growing houſe,  
Is with thick honors crown'd.
18. For with thoſe care-gain'd ſtores he muſt  
Part in his parting bed :  
Nor ſhall his Pomp attend him in  
The Regions of the dead.
19. Though, whiles he liv'd, he bleſſ'd his ſoul,  
( And men will ſtill commend

The man, that hath it in his pow'r  
To be his own best friend.)

20. Yet to the dull forgetful shades,  
( as did his Sires before )  
Down shall he go, and then behold  
The chearful day no more.

21. Man, that's at height of glory plac'd,  
And knowledge wants, at best  
No better is, and perish shall,  
Like th'unregarded beast,

*Psalm L.*

1. **T**He mighty God Jehovah spake,  
And summon'd all the Earth:  
Unto the place where day expires,  
From where it takes a birth.

2. From Sion, where all beauty is  
In full perfection found,  
God hath shin'd forth, with glory deck't,  
And Light Imperial crown'd.

3. God comes, but not in silent March ;  
Devouring fire shall goe  
Before his face, and round about  
Storms, wind, and tempest blow.

4. He, from his Throne above the Heav'ns,  
Shall call the Heav'ns, and cite

The

The Earth before his Bar, that he  
May judge his Peoples right.

5. Gather my Saints, that on their knees  
Before mine Altars bow'd,  
By Sacrifice have Me their God,  
Themselves my People vow'd.
6. Then Heav'n, and all it's glorious Host,  
Shall make his justice known,  
From Sun to Sun ; for God himself  
Sits on the judgment Throne.
7. Hear, O my People, I will speak,  
'Gainst thee I testify,  
'Gainst thee, backsliding Israel ;  
God, even thy God am I.
8. For thy rare Sacrifices thee  
I will not reprehend ;  
Nor that thine off' rings in pure flames  
So seldom do ascend.
9. No bullock from thy fattening stalls  
To take do I desire ;  
Nor of the choice goats in thy folds  
A Firstling Male require.
10. Mine are the wilder herds, that in  
The open Forrest breed :  
The Cattel on a thousand Hills,  
Upon my Pastures feed.

11. The Fowls that on the Mountain tops  
Their airy cradles build  
I know ; and the wild beast is mine  
That Ravages the Field.
12. If hungry, yet I would not make  
My vain complaint to thee :  
For the round world is mine, and all  
The Earths Fertility.
13. Think'st thou I'll eat thy tough flesh'd Bulls  
Or drink thy Goats rank blood ?  
Give me the Praise, which is my due,  
And make thy Cov'nants good.
14. Then in the day of thy distress,  
If thou invoke my Name,  
I'll save thee ; and thy grateful tongue  
My glory shall proclame.
15. But to the wicked God hath said,  
How is't, thou dar'st explaine  
My laws, and with polluted lips  
My Covenant prophane ?
16. Seeing thou har'st th' advice, that should  
Thy impious wayes correct :  
And in the pride of thy false heart  
My dictates do'st reject.
17. A thief thou saw'st no sooner, but  
Thou did'st with him consent :



And partner with th'Adulterers  
Thy heart, and practice went,

18. Thou hast giv'n up thy shameful mouth  
To all Impieties :  
And thy dissembling tongue's become  
The forge of fraud, and lyes.

19. Seated amongst thy poyl'nous crew,  
Thou speak'st against thy brother :  
And standest him, that slar'd with thee  
The womb of the same mother.

20. Thus did'st thou, and I silence kept :  
Thou ( like thy self ) thought'st me ;  
But I'll reprove thee, and unmask  
Thy vile Hypocrisie.

21. Consider this, ye that forget  
There is a God, lest I  
Tear you, whilst none can save you from  
My wak'ned jealousy.

22. He honors me, that offers praise ;  
And I to them that go  
In upright paths of vertue, will  
My sure Salvation shew.

*Psalms* LI.

1. **M**ercy, my God, thy mercy shew,  
Great as thy tender love :

As are thy bowels infinite,  
Oh! mine offence remove.

2. Wash me from mine Iniquity,  
My heart, and not my skin :  
Cleanse me from the pollution of  
My now detested sin.

3. For my transgressions I no more  
Can cover, nor deny :  
And the loath'd Image of my crimes  
Is ever in my Eye.

4. 'Gainst thee, thee have I sin'd, and done  
This evil in thy sight :  
Thou in thy sentence art most just,  
And I am judg'd aright.

5. Behold, in wickedness have I  
My impure form receiv'd ;  
And when my mother gave me life,  
I was in sin conceiv'd.

6. Thou in the inward parts do'st truth,  
Without disguise, require :  
And shalt with wisdom from above  
My hidden man inspire.

7. Purge me with Hyssop, and my soul  
No stain of sin shall know :  
Washt o're by Penitential tears,  
I shall be white as snow.

8. Restore

8. Restore my joyes, by the glad sound  
Of thy absolving voice :  
That thole my bones, thy blows have broke,  
Thy mercies may rejoyce.
9. My many, and my hainous sins  
Hide from thy purer Eyes :  
And blot out of thy memory  
My foul iniquities.
10. Take from me my defiled heart,  
And give me one that's clean;  
Renew in me a constant mind,  
Not to start back again.
11. Cast me not from thy sight; nor (oh!)  
Thy holy sp'rit restrain;  
Restore thy saving health, and me  
With thy free Grace sustain.
12. Then will I shew thy straighter Paths  
To such as go astray :  
And sinners shall be turn'd to thee,  
From th'evil of their way.
13. Quit me, O God, God of my life,  
From guilt of crying blood :  
My tongue shall sing thy Righteousness  
How great it is; how good,
14. Open my lips, O Lord! and I  
My joyful voice will raise,

To publish to th' admiring world,  
Thy high exalted Praile.

15. Glad would I give, but thou do'st not  
My sacrifice desire :  
Nor in vain Offerings delight,  
That in fat flames expire.

16. An humble soul is unto God  
The welcom Sacrifice ;  
A broken and a contrite heart,  
Thou, Lord, wilt not despise.

17. Do good, in thy good pleasure, to  
Thy Sion's Tow'rs, O raise  
The walls of thy Jerusalem,  
And build up its decay's.

18. Then shall our off'rings please, when we  
Our due oblations pay :  
Then we young bulls, which ne're bore yoke,  
Will on thine Altars lay.

Psalm LII.

( wrongs,  
1. **W**Hy boastest thou, thou man of  
That thou canst mischief frame ?  
To day, as yesterday, and still  
Gods goodness is the same.

2. Thy tongue, sharp as a Rasors edge,  
Doth wickedness devise :

And

And the deceits thy heart contrives,  
Vents in pernicious lyes.

3. Good thou should'st do, but mischief is  
Thy love, thy close delight:  
And in destructive falshood joy'st,  
More then in speaking right.

4. Thoun'e're art better pleas'd, then when  
(Poyson'd with cunning wrong)  
Thy words kill dead, as soon as spoke,  
O thou deceitful tongue.

5. God shall destroy thee, root thee out,  
And from thy dwelling throw:  
Never to see the land of life,  
Where joy, and pleasures flow.

6. The just, that see'r shall fear, and laugh  
At thine o'returned pride:  
Lo here's the man, that impiously  
God for his strength deny'd.

7. Here's he, that set his rest upon  
Th'abundance of his store:  
And thought no way t'assure the ill  
H'had done, but doing more.

8. But in the house of God, I spring  
As the green Olive-tree:  
In His sure mercies my firm trust  
For ever fix'd shall be.

9. For

9. For this just veng'ance, I thy Praise  
Will alwayes celebrate ;  
And publish to thy Saints, that good  
It is on thee to wait.

*Pfalm* LIII.

1. **T**He fools heart said, There is no God;  
They all corrupt are grown ;  
Abominable are their deeds,  
None worketh good, not one.
2. Down on the sons of men, from Heav'n,  
God cast his searching Eye,  
To see if any understood,  
And sought his Majesty.
3. Faithless Revolters, as they are,  
They all are backward gone :  
In all their faculties unclean,  
There's none does good, not one,
4. Are the sin-workers all so void  
Of judgement, that as bread  
My People they devour, and me  
Have not acknowledged ?
5. Where no fear was, they fear'd, for God  
Brake thy besiegers bones ;  
Thou brought'st them down (by him def-  
To strange confusions. (pis'd)

6. O that the glorious day would dawn,  
Whereof thy Prophets tell,  
That Sion shall Salvation bring  
Unto thy Israel !
7. When thou thy captives shalt bring back,  
Then *Jacob* shall rejoyce :  
And Israels mirth break forth in Hymns  
Sung with Seraphick voice.

*Psalm* LIV.

1. **S**Ave me, O God, by thy great Name,  
Shew forth thy Pow'r divine :  
O hear my Pray'r, and to my words  
Thy gracious Ear incline.
2. Strange men against me rise, my soul  
Is by Oppressors fought ;  
That have no conscience, nor is God  
At all within their thought.
3. But God my great Preserver is,  
He doth my cause maintain :  
The Lord Almighty is with them,  
That my fought life sustain.
4. He, with swift veng'ance, shall reward  
My treach'rous Enemies :  
O cut them off, for on thy truth  
My hope of safety lies.
5. Then



5. Then with my free oblations, shall  
 Thy holy Altars flame :  
 And I, because 'tis good, will sing  
 The glories of thy Name,
6. Thou hast releas'd my fears, and me  
 Set from all dangers free :  
 Mine Eye beholds upon my foes,  
 What it desir'd to see,

*Psalms* LV.

1. **L**ord, hear the Pray'rs which I pour forth  
 Deprest with miseries :  
 Hide not thy self, when I to thee  
 Address my fervent cries.
2. Lend thy propitious Ear, attend  
 How sadly I complain;  
 And let my Importunities  
 Thy present help obtain.
3. My foes deprave me ; wicked men  
 My wayes calumniate :  
 And in their fury set themselves  
 Against me with dire hate.
4. My heart, with tort'ring pains o'recharg'd,  
 Lay's batt'ry to my breast :  
 And death presents it self, in all  
 The forms of terror drest.

5. My Palsy-shaken joints, through fear,  
Are ready to dissolve,  
Whil'st dismal horrors on all sides  
My fainting soul involve.
6. Oh, had I wings, swift as the Doves;  
Then would I flee to rest:  
And wander where the wilder woods  
Shelter the hunted beast.
7. Then would I, from these stormy blasts,  
And tempests make my way;  
Till I their fury had escap'd,  
With quicker speed than they.
8. Destroy them, Lord, and break their plots,  
Their wicked tongues divide:  
For the whole City's fill'd with strife,  
Rebellion, wrong, and Pride.
9. These on the walls keep guard by day,  
By night these walk the round:  
Whil'st num'rous ills prevail within,  
And plenteous tears abound.
10. Impiety is in the mid'st  
Seated as in the heart:  
Hypocrisy, and treach'rous fraud,  
Ne're from her streets depart.
11. Had he been my declared foe,  
And publick hate profess;

I could have born his pride with ease,  
Or hid my self at least,

12. But it was thou, my friend, my guide,  
The Partner of my brest :  
We lov'd, and with one seeming heart,  
Our Pray'rs to God addrest.

13. Let sudden death their soul surprize,  
Let them go quick to hell :  
Wicked they are, and mischief fills  
The tents wherein they dwell.

14. But I oppress'd, will to my God  
Pour my afflicted cries :  
He shall in mercy save me from  
My fear'd Calamities,

15. At morning, noon, and night will I  
His gracious aid implore :  
Nor will I, till he hear my voice,  
My earnest Pray'r give o're.

16. He, from the battel, shall secure,  
And let my soul 'in Peace :  
Though there be many seek my life,  
One God is more then these.

17. God, ev'n my God of old, shall hear,  
And vex them in their pride :  
They fear not him, because success  
Runs constant on their side.

18. See

18. See how he violated hath  
Just Peace, and broken both  
With God and man, the sacred bond  
Of his religious oath.
19. War's in his heart, but in his mouth  
( Then butter ) smother words ;  
Words soft as oyl, but in design,  
As killing, as drawn swords.
20. Cast on the Lord thy cares, my soul,  
He shall thy cause sustain :  
Nor will he let the just so fall  
As not to rise again.
21. Thou, Lord, the wicked shalt destroy ;  
Men bloody, and unjust  
Shall not outlive their half of dayes :  
But I on thee will trust.

*Psalm* LVI.

1. **L** Ord with thy mercy compass me,  
For man would me devour :  
Dayly he seeks to make my life  
A prey unto his pow'r.
2. Mine Enemies would swallow me ;  
Many against me fight :  
But, O most high, in thee I trust  
When dangers most affright.

3. In

3. In thy sure promises I boast,  
My faith I build on thee :  
And will not fear the worst of ills,  
That man can do to me.
4. Day after day my words they wrest  
With treacherous intent.  
All the contrivement of their thoughts  
Is upon mischief bent.
5. They have their busy meetings, where  
In secret, they prepare  
Maliciously to mark my steps,  
And my poor soul insnare.
6. Shall they escape ? shall future ills,  
Ills that are past protect ?  
In thy provoked wrath arise,  
And them to hell deject.
7. Thou know'st, how long I have from home  
A wretched exile been ;  
Thy bottles keep my tears, my wrongs  
In thy records are seen.
8. My foes shall to inglorious flight  
Be turn'd when I to thee  
Lift up my voice ; for sure I am  
My God stands up for me.
9. God will I praise, his word I praise ;  
God my sure trust shall be :

I will not tear the worst of ills,  
That man can do to me.

10. O, how am I oblig'd to pay  
Thanks to thy glorious Name ?  
Thy vows are on me, I will sing  
Thine everlasting fame,
11. Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
Thou keep'st my feet upright :  
That I may serve thee whil'st mine eyes  
Enjoy the chearful light,

*Psalm* LVII.

1. **G**reat God of mercy, Mercy shew,  
Thy pitying hand extend :  
On thee my fainting soul, for hope  
Of safety doth depend.
2. I fly, for covert, to thy wings,  
Until these storms of wo,  
Which threaten my approaching fate,  
Clear up, or overblow.
3. Thee I invoke, O thou most high,  
To thee my Pray'rs ascend :  
That can'st perform what e're thou wilt,  
And wilt my cause defend,
4. He his wing'd Legions shall command,  
From his Æthereal Tow'r :

K

To

To save me from the scorn of him,  
That would my life devour.

5. Send forth thy mercy ; let thy truth  
To my escape make way :  
My soul with Lyons is begirt,  
And men more fell then they.

6. Men set on fire, fierce lions of men,  
Whose teeth are spears, whose words,  
Like arrow's wound, and their tongues kill,  
As sure as sharpned swords.

7. Set up thy self, O God, in pow'r  
Above the spangled Skies :  
Let all the Earth thy glory see,  
Where day is born, and dies.

8. Nets have they spread to catch my steps,  
My soul is bowed down :  
But in the pit for me prepar'd,  
Themselves are overthrown.

9. My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart  
Is fix'd ; I to thy Name  
Will Praises sing, my grateful verse  
Thy honor shall proclame.

10. Awake my glory, wake my harp,  
Awake my Psalterie :  
My self will wake, before the Sun  
Gild o're the morning Skie.



11. I in the great Assemblies set,  
Will celebrate thy Name ;  
And make the Nations all with me  
Immortalize thy Fame.
12. Immense thy mercy is, and far  
The highest Heav'n transcends ;  
Thy never-failing truth, beyond  
The lofty clouds extends.
13. Set up thy self, O God, in pow'r  
Above the spangled Skies :  
Let all the Earth thy glory see  
Where day is born, and dies,

*Psalms* LVIII.

1. **Y**E that in Courts of Justice sit,  
Do ye speak truth indeed ?  
Do ye impartial judgement give,  
Vain sons of humane seed ?
2. Nay ; but ye work the wickedness,  
To which your hearts give birth :  
And your false hands weigh violence,  
Wherewith you fill the Earth,
3. Ev'n from the womb they take strange  
As soon as born devise (wayes,  
To wander in forbidden Paths,  
And follow after lyes,

4. Poyf'nous as Serpents, deaf as Asps,  
Which 'gainst the Charmers spell  
Shut up their Ears, and will not hear,  
Though he charm ne're so well.
5. Lord, break their teeth, that they may do  
No more pernicious harm:  
Break the young Lions grinders out;  
Their cruel jaws disarm.
6. Let them, like hasty waters, fall,  
Which secret drains draw dry;  
And when they shoot their venom'd shafts,  
May they in shivers fly.
7. Let them dissolve, as snails, which ev'n  
In motion melt away:  
And like untimely births ne're see  
The Sun that gilds the day.
8. E're your pots feel the crackling flames  
Of the quick-kindled bryer;  
So shall his whirlwinds snatch them hence,  
And vex them in his ire.
9. Good men shall joy, when they behold  
Thy veng'ance on them spent:  
And by the bloud of wicked men  
Learn to be innocent,
10. Ther, that the just hath sure reward  
Shall ev'ry man confess:

And that God judgeth all the Earth,  
In pow'r, and Righteousness.

*Psalm* LIX.

1. **G**OD of my health, deliver me  
From my insulting foes :  
Defend me from the cruel hate  
Of them that me oppose.
2. Save me from him, who all his work  
To mischief doth apply :  
Protect me from their pow'r, that long  
Their hands in blood to dy.
3. For lo, they wait to catch my soul ;  
The mighty ones combine  
Against my life ; yet for no fault,  
For no offence of mine.
4. They run, and (causelessly) prepar'd  
For my destruction stand :  
Awake, look down on my distress,  
And lend thy helping hand.
5. Great God of Armies, Israels God,  
To visit them awake :  
And on th' obdurate sinner let  
Thine Eye no pity take.
6. In the dark Ev'ning they return,  
Like half-starv'd dogs, and howl ;

Roving about the streets, in hope  
To tear my hunted soul.

7. Their mouths black Calumnies belch out  
Between their lips are swords :  
For who (say they) doth hear ? will God  
Care to observe our words ?

8. Thou, Lord, shalt have them in contempt,  
And their vain threats deride ;  
Whil'ft I with patience wait on thee,  
And in thy strength confide.

9. Thou, Lord God of my mercy, shalt  
Prevent my longing eyes :  
And let me see the wish'd defeat  
Of my proud Enemies.

10. Slay them not, lest we soon forget ;  
But, by thy pow'r immense,  
Scatter, and bring them to the dirt,  
Great God of our defence.

11. Because their mouth and lips have finish'd  
Them in their pride surprise :  
And let them be ensnared in  
Their own foul perjuries.

12. Consume them in thy wrath, that they  
No more a People be :  
And know, that God in Jacob rules,  
The Earths extremitie.

13. Let them return at night, and howl,  
Like dogs with hunger pin'd :  
Let them come up and down for meat,  
And no refreshment find.

14. But of thy pow'r and mercy, I  
Will in the morning sing ;  
For in the day of my distress,  
Thou hast my refuge been.

15. To thee will I my voice exalt,  
My strength, my confidence :  
Thou of my mercies art the God,  
The God of my defence.

*Psalm LX.*

1. **O** Lord, thou hast abandoned,  
And scatter'd us abroad :  
Thou hast been angry, turn again,  
And be our helping God.

2. At thy displeasure, the sick Earth,  
As with an Ague quakes,  
Torn by thy blasts ; the breaches close,  
For her foundation shakes.

3. Thou hast, with hard afflicting strokes,  
Thy suffering People spent :  
And made us drink the deadly wine  
Of sad astonishment.

4. But now, for them that fear thee, thou  
 Thy Banner hast display'd :  
 And in this mercy verify'd  
 Thy so long promis'd aid.
5. That *David* thy belov'd may be  
 From threat'ned ruin clear,  
 Let thy right hand Salvation bring,  
 And me with favour hear.
6. God in his holiness hath spoke,  
 My joyes are now grown great ;  
 I *Sichem* will divide by line,  
 And *Succoth's* valley mere.
7. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,  
*Ephraim* supports my head :  
*Judah* gives Law to all, where e're  
 My large Dominion's spread.
8. *Moab* my wash-pot is, my shoe  
 To *Edom* I'll hold out ;  
 And o're subjected *Palestine*  
 Ring forth the Conqu'rors shout.
9. Who shall to *Rabbah* lead us on,  
 Where *Ammon* proudly reigns ?  
 Who our victorious march conduct,  
 Through sandy *Edoms* plains ?
10. Lord, wilt not thou, who had'st so late  
 Cast off thy people quite,

And

And would'st not with our armies go  
Unto the doubtful fight ?

11. Help us in trouble, O our God,  
And let thy arm sustain ;  
For all the help of wretched man,  
Is, like himself, but vain,
12. Through God we shall do valiant acts,  
He shall our foes confound ;  
And beat their trampled flesh to dirt  
O'er all th'ignoble ground.

*Psalm* LXI.

1. **H**ear me, my God, when I to thee  
My sad complaints address :  
And let thy pitying ear attend  
The Pray'r of my distress.
2. Driven to the lands extremest Point,  
With heart o'whelm'd, I cry :  
O lead me to that Rock of hope,  
That higher is than I.
3. For thou hast been my sure retreat,  
In dayes of threatening wo :  
And a strong tow'r against the force  
Of my prevailing foe.
4. I in thy sacred Courts will keep.  
Perpetual Residence :

And



And under Covert of thy wings  
 Repose my confidence.

5. For, to thy gracious Ear, my vows  
 With full acceptance came :  
 And thou hast giv'n me the reward,  
 Of those that fear thy Name.
6. By thee confirm'd, the King shall see  
 His happy dayes increase :  
 And his blest years to ages grow,  
 Crown'd with enduring Peace.
7. He in thy favor shall remain,  
 Till time shall have an end :  
 O let thy mercies succour him,  
 And thy firm truth defend.
8. So will I thine exalted Praise,  
 In thankful songs proclame :  
 And every day my vows perform  
 In honor of thy Name.

*Pfalm* LXII.

1. **I** Ord God, on thee my longing soul  
 In silent hope attends :  
 My preservation from thy Grace,  
 And providence descends.
2. He my salvation is, my Rock,  
 He my defence is known :

I may be mov'd, but never can  
Be wholly overthrown,

3. How long will ye vain mischief forge,  
Swift fate shall snatch you hence :  
Quick as the breach of a bow'd wall,  
Or of a tott'ring fence.

4. Me, and my crown, ye plot against,  
Lyes are your loved art :  
Blessings are frequent in your mouth,  
But curses in your heart.

5. Be still, my soul ; on God alone  
By constant faith attend :  
My expectation on his Grace,  
And favor doth depend.

6. He my salvation is, my Rock,  
He my defence is known :  
I may be mov'd, but never shall  
Be wholly overthrown.

7. God is my health, my glory God ;  
God is, in all distress,  
The Rock, whereon I build my strength,  
And my secure'Recess.

8. In him, ye people, place your trust ;  
Cast out self confidence,  
And pray to him, he only is  
Our Refuge, our defence.

9. Mean

9. Mean men are vain ; great Potentates,  
But a deceitful ly :  
Together in the balance lay'd,  
Lighter then vanity.

10. Trust not oppression ; be not proud  
Of gold by Rapine got :  
If wealth increase, make use of it,  
As if you us'd it not.

11. God hath said once that pow'r is his ;  
The same I twice have heard :  
Mercy is also his, he doth  
As man deserv's Reward.

*Psalms* LXIII.

1. O God, Thou only art my God,  
Thee will I seek, before  
The day-Star to th' expecting world,  
The new-born light restore.

2. My love-fir'd soul thirsts after thee,  
For thee my longing flesh  
Pants in a land, whose parched drought  
No showre, nor streams refresh ;

3. That, as I have, I once again  
May, with joy-ravish'd eye,  
In thy lov'd Sanctuary see  
Thy pow'r, and Majesty.

4. Thy

4. Thy kindneſs better is then life  
Drawn out to length of dayes;  
Inſacred Anthems therefore I  
Will eternize thy Praise.
5. Whil'ſt breath mortality prolongs,  
Thy Mercyes I will bleis:  
And, in the Honor of thy Name,  
My uplift hands addreſs.
6. As marrow to my pleaſed taſte,  
So ſhall thy goodneſs be  
Unto my ſoul; when my glad lips  
Pay praises unto thee.
7. Thee ſhall my thankful heart record,  
Upon the ſilent bed:  
When peaceful night hath laid the cares  
Of my day-troubled head.
8. Becauſe I have protection found  
Under thy ſhady wing,  
I will exult; and my loud joyes  
In holy raptures ſing.
9. To thee have I kept cloſe; on thee  
My ſoul doth nearly preſs:  
Thy providence, thy right-hand help  
Supports me in diſtreſs.
10. But they that ſeek my life, themſelves  
Shall the ſame ruin have,

They

They laid for me ; and ly forgot  
In th' Entrails of the grave.

11. The fury of th' unpyring ſword  
Shall ſpill their guilty bloud ;  
Left as a prey for rav'ning wolves,  
And ſharking Foxes food.

12. The King ſhall joy in God ; all they,  
That ſwear by his dread Name  
Shall glory ; but the perjur'd lips,  
Be cloſ'd in endleſs ſhame.

*Pſalm* LXIV.

1. **L**ord hear my Pray'r ; bow down thine  
Propitious to my cries : ( Ear  
Preſerve my hunted life from fear  
Of my proud Enemies.

2. Conceal me from the ſecret plots,  
By men of miſchief laid :  
Save from their tumults, that make ſin  
Their myſtery, and trade.

3. Who with detraction ſteel their tongues,  
Sharper then pointed ſwords :  
Their mouth is as a bended bow,  
Their ſhafts are bitter words,

4. Theſe, at the perfect man they aim,  
Plac'd in their dark retreats :

And

And wound him, when he left regards  
Their close disguis'd deceits.

5. Bold in their prosp'rous villany,  
They talk of laying snares :  
What eye ( say they ) shall see the plots  
Our subtile brain prepares.
6. Industrious are their thoughts in ill ;  
Their hand as diligent :  
Nor want they, to their Ends, what wit,  
Or malice can invent.
7. But, in the mid'st of their designs,  
God shall his arrows shoot :  
And his wing'd vengeance shall, with swift  
Destruction, find them out.
8. The treachery their tongues have wrought,  
On their own head shall ly :  
All that behold, shall shrink away,  
And from their ruin fly.
9. All men shall fear, and Gods great acts  
With wond'ring hearts declare ;  
When wisely they observe, how deep,  
How just his workings are.
10. The Right'ous man shall trust in God,  
And in his strength rejoyce :  
Th' upright in heart shall to his praise  
Lift their exulting voice.

*Psalm* LXV.

1. **D**Ue praises for the Lord our God,  
In Sions Courts attend :  
Our vow'd oblations there to thee  
With solemn rites ascend.
2. To thee, whose goodness still inclines  
To hear th' afflicted Pray'r,  
All flesh, with faith, and humble fear,  
Shall in distress repair.
3. My sins have so prevail'd, that now  
Their strength my pow'r exceeds :  
O let thy cleansing mercy come,  
And purge our foul misdeeds.
4. Thrice happy he, whom thou vouchsaf'st  
Near to thy self to place ;  
That in thy sacred Courts may dwell  
Before thy glorious face.
5. He with the goodness of thy house  
Shall feast our appetite ;  
Full of the joyes thy Temple yields,  
And ravish'd with delight.
6. Thou shew'st thy self our God, by works  
As terrible, as just :  
On thee th' Earth's ends, and those that plow  
Th' extremest Ocean trust.
7. Th'



7. Th' alpiring mountains, whole proud heads  
Seem ev'n to prop the Skies,  
By thee ſtand faſt, and in thy ſtrength  
Their only firmneſs lyes.
8. Thou ſtill'ſt the roaring, check'ſt the pride,  
Of the high-working ſeas :  
And the tumultuous peoples rage,  
Doſt, when thou wilt, appeaſe.
9. They that in fartheſt Regions dwell,  
Thy tokens ſee, and dread ;  
Where firſt the Sun ſets forth, and where  
He reſts his weary head.
10. Thou viſiteſt the longing Earth,  
With plenty-dropping rain :  
And mak'ſt th' enriched fields encreate  
Reward the Plowers pain.
11. The clouds, thy watry Magazines,  
With ſtore of ſhow'rs abound :  
Thy bleſſing makes the Corn ſpring up,  
From the prepared ground.
12. Thy ſoaking rains the ridges wet,  
And furrows do depreſs :  
Thou ſoft'neſt it with mellowing ſhow'rs,  
And then the ſpring doſt bleſs.
13. The years ſucceſſive ſeaſons thou  
Doſt with thy bounty crown ;

The ſwelling clouds, ( wherein thou mak'  
Thy Paths ) drop fatneſs down.

14. They drop upon the parched Lawns  
Of the dry wilderneſs :  
The leſſer hills about rejoyce,  
And revel with increaſe.

15. The Paſtures cloth'd with Flocks; the field  
Cover'd with corn, ſhall bring  
Such plenty, that without a tongue  
They ſhall ev'n laugh, and ſing.

*Pſalm* LXVI.

1. **S**ing all ye lands ; to our great God  
Your joyful voices raiſe :  
Sing to the honor of his Name,  
Exalt his glorious praiſe.
2. Say unto God, How terrible,  
Art thou in mighty deeds ?  
Great is thy pow'r ; thy foes confeſs,  
That it all pow'r exceeds.
3. All that inhabit th' Earths extent,  
Shall to thy worſhip ſing :  
And make the glory of thy Name  
Through all the world to ring.
4. Come and behold the works of God,  
And wond'ring ſay we then,

How

How terrible are thy great deeds  
Before the ſons of men !

5. He turn'd the ſeaſ into firm land,  
Whil'ſt we paſſ'd dry-foot o're  
The briny flood ; and ſang his praiſe  
Safe on the adverſe ſhore.
6. He by his pow'r ſtill rules the world,  
His Eyes the Nations ſee ;  
Let not rebellious men triumph  
In their Impiety.
7. O bleſs our God, and make the voice  
Of his high praiſe reſound :  
Who holds our ſoul in life, and keeps  
Our feet on ſteddy ground.
8. Thou haſt us try'd as ſilver ore,  
Whoſe droſs the fire refines :  
By thee brought in the net, thou lai'd'ſt  
Affliction on our Loyns.
9. Thou cauſed'ſt cruel men to ride  
O're our abaſed head :  
Through fire, and floods, by thee at laſt  
To wealthy dwellings led.
10. I, with burnt off'rings, to thy houſe  
Devoutly will repair :  
And pay the vows, my lips have ſpoke,  
When overwhelm'd with care.

11. Fatlings, with Rams rich incense shall  
Consume in sacred fire :  
Bullocks, and Goats in Hecatombs  
Shall by the Priest expire.
12. Come neer, and hearken, ye that fear  
The Great Jehovahs Name ;  
What he for my poor soul hath done  
I will aloud proclame.
13. To him, by miseries oppress'd,  
With fervency I cry'd :  
I was reliev'd, and my glad tongue  
His mercy magnifi'd,
14. If I iniquity in heart  
Regard, God will not hear :  
But he hath heard, and to my Pray'r  
Vouchsaf'd a gracious Ear.
15. Blessed be God, that hath not turn'd  
His face from my request ;  
Nor of his mercy me depriv'd :  
God be for ever blest.

*Psalm* LXVII.

1. **L**ord show'r thy mercies down on us,  
Enrich with gifts divine :  
Let the bright beauties of thy face  
Upon thy servants shine.

2. That thy hid wayes may be reveal'd  
To the admiring Earth :  
And thy salvation be proclam'd  
To all of humane birth.
3. Lord, let the people to thy Name  
Their songs of Praise address :  
Let all that people the round world  
Thy glorious praise confess.
4. O let the Nations sound their joyes,  
In universal mirth :  
For thou shalt justly judge, and rule  
The Kingdoms of the Earth.
5. Lord, let the people to thy Name  
Their Songs of Praise address :  
Let all that people the round world  
Thy glorious Praise confess.
6. Then shall our happy land abound,  
With plentiful increase :  
And God, our God, shall pow'r on us  
Prosperity, and Peace.
7. God shall rich blessings on our heads,  
In great abundance show'r :  
And the whole world, from end to end,  
Shall dread his awful pow'r.

## Psalm LXVIII.

1. **L** Et God, the God of battel, rise  
And scatter his proud foes :  
O let them flee, whose impious hate  
God, and his Ark oppose.
2. Driven like smoke before the wind,  
By their own stormy fears ;  
Like wax, by scorching flames dissolv'd,  
When he in pow'r appears.
3. But let the Righteous with glad hearts,  
Before the Lord rejoyce :  
And sound their overflowing joyes,  
With a triumphant voice.
4. Sing to the Lord, loud Praises sing ;  
Sing his immortal Fame,  
That rides upon the Heav'n of Heav'ns,  
JAH is his pow'rful Name.
5. Father of Orphans, the just Judge  
Of the poor widows cry,  
Is God, who dwells within the gates  
Of glorious Sanctity.
6. God brings the banish'd to his home,  
And breaks the Captives chains :  
But Rebels dwell in a dry land,  
Not wet by fruitful Rains.
7. Lord

7. Lord, when thou led'ſt thy people forth  
From bondage, and diſtreſs;  
When with high hand, thou march'd'ſt  
The ſandy wilderneſs, (through
8. The Earth was paſſy-ſtruck: the Heav'ns,  
With a cold ſweat ran down;  
At Gods dread preſence; Iſr'els God;  
Even *Sinai* ſhook its Crown.
9. Thou on thy Heritage tyr'd-our  
With parching drougth and pain:  
Sent'ſt drink and bread in pearly dews,  
And fleſh in feather'd rain.
10. Guarded by troops of Angels, there  
Thy people did reſide:  
In the dry deſert for the poor  
Thy goodneſs did provide.
11. God gave the word, as ſoon as ſpoke,  
With victory 'twas crown'd:  
Our Triumphs num'rous virgins did  
With Songs, and Cymbals ſound.
12. Proud Kings were put to haſty flight,  
Vaſt Armies to the foil:  
And ſhe that tarried in the Tent,  
Shar'd in the wealthy ſpoil.
13. Though ye have lain among the pots,  
Ye ſhall be, as the Dove,



Whole silver wings by sun-beams guilt,  
With radiant splendor move.

14. When thou, O God, did'st scatter Kings,  
Then wer't thou deck'd with light,  
More dazling than the snow that cloths  
*Salmon's* cold tops in white.

15. Gods hill, is like to *Bashan's* hill,  
A lofty hill ; as high  
As *Bashan*, whose aspiring head  
Reaches the cloudy Sky.

16. Why leap ye so, ye high crown'd hills,  
This is Gods sacred hill :  
His chosen rest, which ever he  
Will with his glory fill.

17. Gods Chariots twice ten thousand are,  
Myriads of Angels guard  
His presence ; as in *Sinai*, when  
He his dread law declar'd,

18. Cloth'd with illustrious victories,  
Thou art gone up on high:  
And hast in glorious triumph led  
Captive Captivity.

19. Thou hast received gifts for men ;  
And those that did rebel  
Partake thy blessings ; that the Lord  
Ev'n among them may dwell.

20. Blest be the Lord ! for ever blest  
Be our Salvations God !  
Whole bounty us with benefits  
Day after day doth load,
21. The God, whole greatness we adore,  
'Tis he Salvation gives :  
And by his uncontrolled breath,  
Man either dyes, or lives.
22. The Lord shall wound the desp'rate heads  
Of his proud Enemies ;  
Their hairy scalps, that still pursue  
Belov'd iniquities.
23. God said, Mine Isr'els seed I will  
From *Bashan* bring again ;  
Mine own will I bring from the depths  
Of the unfathom'd main.
24. That, in the bloud of slaughter'd foes,  
Thy feet may be dipt o're :  
And dogs may satiate their thirst  
In lakes of purple gore.
25. Lord, we have seen, how thou did'st march  
In glorious array :  
How thou, our God, and King, before  
Thine Ark didst lead the way.
26. The fingers first, then they that touch'd  
The well tun'd pipe, and string :

And

And with them rank'd, the Virgins did  
Their pleasant Cymbals ring.

27 In the Assemblies of the Saints,  
To God your Praise addrest :  
Ye that from Israels Fountain spring  
The Lord of Heaven blest,

28. There's little *Benjamin*, that rules ;  
*Judah* in Counsel wise ;  
*Zabulons* chiefs ; and *Nephtalies*  
In whom deep learning lies.

29 God hath commanded strength for us,  
And nobly for us done :  
Confirm the work, which thy right hand  
In mercy hath begun,

30. For thy great Temples sake, that's built  
In lov'd Jerusalem,  
Bring gifts to thee shall Kings, that wear  
The sacred Diadem,

31. Rebuke the spear-men, check the bulls  
Of the fierce multitude :  
Restrain the Peoples Calves, with Pride  
And wanton Rage endu'd.

32. Till they, with silver in their hands,  
Long-banish'd peace invite ;  
Scatter the men whose Savage hearts  
In bar'rous war delight.

33. Then

33. Then Princes ſhall with off' rings come  
From Ægypt's parched Sands ;  
And Sun-burnt Æthiopians  
To God ſoon ſtretch their hands.
34. Ye Kingdoms of the round fac'd Earth  
To God your voices raiſe :  
Sing to the Lord, ſing ev'ry where  
The great Jehovah's praiſe.
35. To him that rides upon the Heav'ns,  
The Heav'ns that were of old :  
He ſends his voice, a mighty voice,  
By none to be controll'd.
36. Aſcribe ye ſtrength unto the Lord ;  
For he his Excellence  
O're Iſr'el ſhews, the lofty clouds  
He makes his Reſidence.
37. Terrible in his holy place  
Is God ; he doth inveſt  
With ſtrength his people : O let God,  
Our God, be ever bleſt !

*Pſalm* LXIX.

1. **L**ord ſave me from th' intraged floods,  
Whoſe threatning billows roll  
So thick upon me ; that they preſs  
Neer to o'whelm my ſoul.

2. Deep in the mire my sinking feet  
Find no firm ground to tread :  
And I am plung'd in deluges  
That swell above my head.
3. Weary'd, with never-ceasing cries,  
My throat grows hoarse and dry :  
And whilst I wait upon my God  
Sight fails my dimmed Eye.
4. More, then my hairs, are they that would  
With causeless hate devour :  
Those that would guiltless ruin me,  
Are mighty in their pow'r,
5. What I ne're took, have I restor'd ;  
Thou dost my folly see ;  
Thou know'st my weaknesses, nor are  
My sins conceal'd from thee.
6. Lord God of Armies, for my cause,  
O let not shame deject  
Their clouded looks, whose faithful hearts  
Thy saving health expect.
7. Let not confusion, for my sake,  
Upon their faces dwell ;  
That seek Salvation from thy hand,  
Great God of Israel.
8. For my dependence upon thee,  
Of't have I born disgrace ;

The Calumnies of fooliſh men  
Cloud my dejected face.

9. I to the brothers of my bloud,  
A ſtranger am become :  
An Alien to the children born,  
Of mine own Mothers womb.

10. Zeal for thine houſe, ev'n eats me up,  
And the reproaches meant  
Againſt the honor of thy Name,  
Upon my head are ſpent.

11. I wept, and did abſtain from meat ;  
My Penance was my blame :  
I put on ſackcloth, and for that  
Their Proverb I became.

12. They that on ſeats of juſtice ſit  
Revile me with their tongue :  
And the good fellows in their wine  
Make me their drunken ſong.

13. But Lord in an accepted time  
My Pray'rs to thee aſcend :  
In thy great Mercy, and thy truth  
A gracious answer lend.

14. Free me from ſinking in the mire,  
From cruel hatred ſave :  
Leſt the proud waves of the Abyſs  
Give me a watry grave.

15. Let

15. Let not the overflowing tides  
    Ingulph me in the deep :  
    Nor let the pits devouring jaws  
        In death imprison'd keep.
16. Good are thy loving kindnesſes ;  
    Thine Ear of pity deign :  
    Boundleſs thy tender mercies are ;  
        O turn to me again !
17. Hide not from me thy chearful face,  
    Under an angry veil :  
    Deliver me, for troubles do  
        On every ſide aſſail.
18. Draw nigh ; redeem my fainting ſoul,  
    That labors in diſtreſs :  
    Reſcue me from malicious foes,  
        That would my life oppreſs.
19. Thou know'ſt the bitter ſcorns I bear,  
    My ſhame, and infamy :  
    Mine adverſaries are before  
        Thine all-beholding Eye.
20. Reproach hath broke my grieved heart ;  
    For pity I did look,  
    But there was none, and in my woes  
        All comfort me forſook.
21. To mock my hunger (mercileſs)  
    They gave me gall to eat ;



And vinegar, when drink I ask'd,  
To cool my thirſty heat.

22. O let their table be their ſnare ;  
Their offerings of Peace  
Be made their ſin, and with their crimes  
Their puniſhment increaſe.
23. Darkned, and fightleſs be their Eyes,  
Their loins with terror ſhake :  
Pour out thy wrath, and hold of them  
May thy fierce fury take.
24. May their forſaken houſes be  
To deſolation brought :  
And in their curſed tents to dwell,  
None entertain a thought,
25. Thoſe whom thy chaſt'ning hand corrects,  
They with rebukes purſue :  
And to the wounded Conſcience  
Grief upon grief renew.
26. Add ſins to their unpardon'd ſins,  
Till the black ſcore increaſe  
Up to deſpair ; and they ne're come  
Into thy Righteouſneſs.
27. Blot them out of thy volumes, where  
The Sons of life are toll'd :  
And let not their condemned Names  
Be with the juſt inroll'd.

- 28 But I am poor, a man of griefs,  
O'reborn with misery :  
Let thy salvation visit me,  
And set me up on high.
- 29 Then will I, with exalted voice,  
Sing to th' Almighty's Name :  
And magnify in grateful verse  
His everlasting Fame.
30. This shall more please the Lord, then if  
An Ox led from the stall,  
Or Bullock arm'd with horns, and hoofs  
Should at the Altar fall.
31. This shall the humble see, with joy ;  
This shall confirm the meek :  
This shall be life unto their hearts,  
That Gods assistance seek.
32. The Lord inclines a willing Ear  
Unto the faithful cries  
Of the oppressed poor ; nor will  
His Pri'sners pray'r despise.
33. Praise ye the Lord, ye Heav'ns, and Earth ;  
Praise him ye rolling deeps :  
And every creature that within  
Your liquid bosom creeps.
34. For God, lov'd Sion will protect,  
And Judah's Cities rear ;

That

That his redeem'd may dwell, and have  
A sure possession there.

34. They, and their seed shall those rich lands  
For heritage obtain;  
And they that love his sacred Name,  
Shall there in Peace remain.

*Psalms* LXX.

1. **G**reat Sov'raign of the world, by whom  
The Heav'ns, and Earth were made:  
Haste to deliver me, my God,  
Haste to my speedy aid.
2. Disgrace, and ruin fall on them,  
That seek my blood to spill:  
Put them to ignominious flight,  
That think, and wish me ill.
3. Be they turn'd back for their reward;  
And shame their wages pay;  
Who at my griefs, Aha, Aha,  
In proud derision say.
4. But joy and triumph fill their mouths,  
That have thy mercy try'd:  
Let such as thy salvation love,  
Say, God be magnify'd.
5. But I am poor, with need distressed,  
Make haste, my God, to me:

M

Delay

Delay not my deliverance,  
My help's alone in thee.

*Psalms*. LXXI.

1. **T**HOU great preserver of the poor,  
On thee my trust relies :  
O never let confounding shame  
Close my dejected Eyes.
2. Deliver me, as thou art just,  
From danger set me free :  
Encline thine Ear, and shield me from  
This fear'd Calamitie.
3. Be thou my Castle, where I may,  
In all distrels resort :  
To save me thou hast giv'n thy word,  
Thou art my Rock, my Fort.
4. Rescue me, Lord, from wicked hands,  
From the unpitying hands  
Of unjust men, whose cruel hearts  
Nor love, nor law commands.
5. My hopes I ever have repos'd  
In thee, the God of truth :  
Thy Name hath been my confidence,  
Even from my early youth.
6. As soon as born, thy care sustain'd,  
Thy love prolong'd my days :

Thou

Thou took'st me from my Mothers womb,  
Thou still shalt be my Praise.

7. A wonder, and a mark of scorn,  
To many I am made :  
But thou my refuge art, my strength  
Is in thy mighty aid.
8. O let my mouth be fill'd with Praise,  
That I thy honor may  
To the convinced world proclaim,  
And publish all the day.
9. Cast me not off, when mine old age  
Upon my life prevails :  
Do not abandon me, when my  
Declining vigor fails.
10. For mine insulting Enemies,  
That would my soul surprise,  
Against me speak, and close contriv'd  
Conspiracies devise.
11. God hath forsaken him; pursue  
And seize him quick ( say they. )  
There's none to save him, none can now  
Prevent us of our prey.
12. O do not far withdraw thy self,  
In this my sad distrefs :  
Haste to my help, my God, with speed  
My miseries redress.

13. Confounded be they, and consum'd,  
That my poor soul would kill :  
Cover them with reproach and shame,  
That with and seek my ill,
14. But I, with never fainting hope,  
Thy Mercies will implore :  
And celebrate, with thankful heart,  
Thy Praises more and more.
15. My lips shall thy salvation shew,  
And all the day recount  
Thy Righteousness, whose sum doth my  
Arithmetick surmount,
16. Man I disclaim, and will go forth  
Under the strength divine :  
I will, in all my straits, record  
Thy justice, only thine.
17. How great thy goodness is, thou hast  
Taught my experienc'd youth :  
And hitherto have I declar'd  
Thy wond'rous works, and truth.
18. Forsake me not, now when gray hairs  
Have cloth'd my aged Crown :  
Till I to this, and after-times  
Have made thy power known.
19. Thy Righteousness is very high,  
Thou hast thy might declar'd

In deeds tranſcendent : who to thee  
( Great God ! ) may be compar'd ?

10. Sore troubles thou haſt ſhew'd me, yet  
Thy quick'ning hand ſhall ſave ;  
And bring me from the fearful depths  
Of the devouring grave,

11. Thou ſhalt exalt my humbl'd head,  
With envyed increaſe  
Of greatneſs ; and on every ſide  
Give me the joyes of peace.

12. Thee on the *Pſalt'ry* will I praife,  
And to the warbling ſtring,  
Thou holy one of *Israel*,  
Thy truth, and mercy ſing.

13. My lips, with gladneſs overflow'd,  
Shall in high ſtrains rejoyce :  
And my redeemed ſoul make up  
The muſick of my voice,

14. My grateful tongue thy Righteouſneſs  
Shall ev'ry day proclame :  
For they that ſought my hurt are drown'd  
In everlaſting ſhame.

*Pſalm* LXXII.

1. **L**ord give thy judgments to the King ;  
Thy graces to his Son :

M 3

Then



Then right shall both to rich and poor,  
In streams of justice run.

2. The lofty Mountains shall produce  
The pleasant fruits of Peace :  
The lesser hills, by Righteousness,  
Shall riot with increase.
3. He shall the innocent protect,  
Defend the Orphans cause :  
And break the proud oppressors pow'r  
Beneath the stroke of laws.
4. Thee shall they fear, from age to age,  
Whil'st rising Suns give light  
To the blind world, and pale-fac'd Moon  
Govern the silent Night.
5. He shall descend, as gentle Rains  
On the mow'd grass distil :  
Like show'rs, which do the teeming Earth  
With fertile moisture fill.
6. The just shall flourish, in his dayes ;  
And peace with plenty crown'd,  
As long as the ne're constant Moon  
Moves in her constant round.
7. From sea to sea shall be the bounds  
Of his enlarg'd command :  
His Empire, from the river stretch'd  
Unto the farthest land.

8. The deserts wild Inhabitants  
To him shall bow their heads:  
His vanquish'd Enemies shall lick  
Th' ignoble dust he treads.
9. The Kings of *Tarshish*, and the Isles  
With presents shall attend:  
*Sheba's*, and *Seba's* Princes shall  
Rich gifts for favor lend.
10. All Kings shall in subjection fall,  
Before his awful Throne:  
All Nations shall receive his yoke,  
And him for Sov'raign own.
11. He shall the needy free from wrong,  
When he sends up his cry:  
And help the poor, that hath no friend,  
On whom he may rely.
12. His bowels, with compassion mov'd,  
Shall the distressed spare:  
And ease th' afflicted from the weight  
Of his oppressing care.
13. He shall their souls from violence,  
And baneful fraud redeem:  
Their pretious blood shall in his sight  
Be tender in esteem.
14. Long shall he live; to him they shall  
*Sheba's* pure gold present:

Pray'rs for his health, and blessings shall  
Each day the day prevent.

15. The seeds-man shall not loose his pains  
Upon the Mountain top :  
His scatter'd handfuls shall spring up  
Unto a lusty Crop.

16. Whose fruit shall shake like *Lebanon*,  
The City shall abound ;  
And flourish, like the verdant grass,  
That cloths the fruitful ground.

17. His name shall as the Sun endure,  
And on his children rest :  
All nations shall be blest in him ;  
And all call him, The blest,

18. Blest be th' Almighty Lord, our God,  
The God of Israel ;  
Who only doth, through all the world,  
In wond'rous works excel !

19. Blest ever be his glorious Name,  
Let the whole Earth, and men  
Be with his glory fill'd, and say  
*Amen*, great God, *Amen*.

THE




THE  
 Psalms of King  
 D A V I D,  
 Paraphrased.

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The Third Book.

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*Psalm.* LXXIII.

1.  Od truly is to Isr'el good,  
 Even such as with pure mind,  
 Do worship him, nor are to vile  
 Hypocrisy inclin'd.
2. But as for me, my stagg'ring feet  
 Were almost overthrown:  
 The slipp'ry treadings of my steps  
 Well nigh had cast me down.
3. For

3. For I with indignation burn'd,  
When I the foolish saw  
Abound in wealth, yet fearless liv'd  
Either of God, or law,
4. Lusty they are, as if for them  
Deaths bands too feeble were :  
From troubles free, nor feel the Plagues,  
Which other mortals bear.
5. Pride therefore, as a chayn of gold,  
About their necks is wound :  
Oppression, like a robe of state,  
Mantles them to the ground.
6. The fat of wanton ease swells up  
Their supercilious Eyes :  
Riches roll in, beyond what e're  
They wish'd, or could devise.
7. Corrupt they are in their false heart,  
And wicked in their tongue :  
As ready to maintain, and boast,  
As to commit a wrong.
8. Heav'ns not exempt, nor God himself,  
From their foul blasphemies :  
The Earth is blasted with the breath  
Of their infectious lyes.
9. This often tempts the Righteous man,  
Back from his faith to fly :

Till even drown'd with flouds of tears,  
Stream'd from his melting Eye.

10. Does the Almighty see ? ( sayes he )  
Can the most high God know ?  
Why does he not his fury then  
In their confusion show ?
11. 'Tis sure, these men ungodly are ;  
Yet see, how big they grow  
In the worlds pow'r, how fast their wealth  
Does their cramm'd Chests o'reflow.
12. What profit's it, that I have cleans'd  
My heart from impure stain ?  
Why have I wash'd in Innocence  
My spotless hands in vain ?
13. All the day long have I been plagu'd,  
And as the rising Sun  
Renew'd the Light, my punishments  
Have still anew begun.
14. But stay, wild thoughts ! for should I words  
To such suggestions lend,  
I should blaspheme high Providence,  
And thy dear Saints offend.
15. Then I resolv'd, I would the ground  
Of this dark myst'ry try ;  
But 'twas too painful, 'twas too deep  
For my short-sighted Eye.

16. Till

16. Till to thy Sanctuary I  
Did, with meek thoughts, ascend :  
Then ſtraight thou mad'ſt me underſtand  
Their miſerable end.
17. Doubtleſs they are, by thy juſt hand,  
In ſlipp'ry glory plac'd,  
And headlong thence, with greater weight  
Down to deſtruction caſt.
18. How are they, by unlook'd for fate,  
To deſolation brought ?  
By terrors utterly conſum'd,  
Ev'n in a moments thought ?
19. As a ſweet dream, when ſofter ſleep  
Leaves our benighted Eyes ;  
So their vain joyes ſhall fly, and thou  
Their image ſhalt deſpiſe.
20. Thus was I griev'd in heart, my reyns  
With pricking pains oppreſt ;  
So dull was I, ſo ignorant,  
So like a ſenſeleſs beaſt.
21. Yet I ( for all theſe doubts ) have been  
Continually with thee :  
Thou by my right hand, haſt upheld,  
And ſtill ſupported me.
22. Thou by thy Counſel ſhalt conduct  
My ſoul in peaceful wayes :



All my life long, and after too  
Immortal glory raise,

23. Whom have I, that I may compare  
With thee, in Heav'n above?  
Or who is in the Earth that I  
Besides thy self can love?
24. My flesh is weak, yet when my sp'rits  
Forake my fainting heart,  
Thou art the strength of all my hopes;  
Thou my sure portion art.
25. For those that wander far from thee,  
Shall in their errors dy:  
Thou shalt destroy all such, as do  
Upon strange Gods rely.
26. But it is good for me, that I  
Unto my God repair:  
In thee will I my trust repose,  
And thy great works declare.

*Pfalm* LXXIV.

1. **L**ord! why from us forlorn do'st thou  
This angry distance keep?  
Shall thy consuming wrath still smoke  
Against thy pasture Sheep?

2. Think on thy purchas'd tribe, the Rod  
By thee redeem'd, and own'd:

Thy

Thy Heritage, and Sion, where  
Thy glory in inthron'd,

3. Lift up thy feet, and quickly come;  
Our desolations see,  
And spoil, tha'ts in thy Temple made  
By the proud Enemy.
4. Hark! how with dire reproaches they  
In thine Assemblies roar:  
And raise for Trophies of our wo,  
The Ensigns which they bore.
5. They shew themselves, like men prepar'd  
To fell a Grove of Okes:  
And break the goodly Carvings down  
With Ax, and Hammer-strokes.
6. They have thy Sanctuary burnt  
With Sacrilegious flame:  
Defil'd, and cast the dwelling down  
Of thy most sacred Name.
7. Destroy we them (say they) at once,  
With one united hand:  
They all the Synagogues have fir'd,  
Throughout our wasted land.
8. We see not now our wonted signs,  
There is no Prophet more:  
None knows how long our miseries  
Will last, or when give o're.

9. How

9. How long, Lord, ſhall th' enrag'd foe  
With bitter ſcoffes upbraid ?  
Shall he blaſpheme thee ſtill, as if  
Thou wilt not, can'ſt not aid ?
10. Why draw'ſt thou back thy puniſhing hand ?  
Thy right hand ? quickly bear  
It from thy boſom, make them feel  
The pow'r they would not fear.
11. Jehovah is our King, e're ſince  
The world receiv'd a birth :  
His mighty arm Salvation works,  
In miſt of all the Earth.
12. Thou in the Red ſea, ſhew'd'ſt thy ſtrength,  
And parted'ſt wave from wave :  
Thou brak'ſt th' Egyptian Dragons heads ;  
And mad'ſt the deep their grave.
13. By thee the great *Leviathan*  
Was into pieces tore ;  
And giv'n for meat to them that dwell  
Upon the deſert ſhore.
14. Thou clav'ſt the ſtony Ribs of Rocks,  
And from the new made wound  
Brought'ſt ſtreaming Flouds, and turn'd'ſt  
Great Flouds into dry ground. (again,
15. Thine is the ſplendor of the day,  
Thine are the ſhades of night :

The

The golden Sun, and silver Moon,  
From thee receive their light.

16. Thou hast inclos'd the round fac'd Earth,  
In Air-confined bounds :  
Summer, and Winter move by thee,  
In their successive rounds.
17. Remember, how th' insulting foe  
Hath vilifi'd thy fame ?  
And the fool-Atheist cast reproach  
Upon thy awful Name.
18. O give not up thy turtle Dove  
To the fierce multitude  
Of wicked men ; forget not still  
The poor, by wrongs pursu'd,
19. Regard the Cov'nant ; for the Earth  
With dark designs is fill'd :  
And cruelty doth ev'ry where  
Her habitations build.
20. Let not th' oppress'd, that have no hope  
But thee, return with shame :  
Shew thy Salvation to the poor,  
That they may praise thy Name.
21. Rise, Lord, and plead in our defence  
Thine own most Righteous cause :  
Remember how the fool blasphemous  
Thee, and thy sacred Laws.

22. Do not thy toes proud voice forget;  
For the tumultuous roar  
Of those, that in Rebellion rise,  
Grows dayly more, and more.

*Pfalm LXXV.*

1. **T**O thee, great God, we praises sing,  
For thee we praise prepare:  
Thy Name is near to us, and that  
Thy wond'rous works declare.
2. When God shall see his time most fit,  
(Though he a while delay)  
He will shew mercy to the just,  
The ill with plagues repay.
3. The Earth, and all its dwellers, would  
Dissolve, and fall away:  
If God did not the Pillars bear,  
And her foundations stay.
4. Deal not so madly then, ye fools,  
Ye blind in heart (said I)  
Ye wicked, and ungodly men,  
Lift not your Horn on high.
5. Lift not your Horn on high, as if  
Your pride should meet no check:  
Speak not so vainly; stiffen not  
Your yet untamed neck.

N

6. For

6. From neither East, nor West, nor South,  
Doth high promotion come :  
God judges, he pulls down, and sets  
Another in the room.
7. He holds the Cup of red-mixt wine,  
And deals the same about :  
But th' impure dregs, th' ungodly shall  
Drink off, and suck them out,
8. I will, whil'st breath my life preserves,  
His noble Acts relate :  
My song the praise of *Jacob's God*,  
Shall alwayes celebrate.
9. I also will cut off the horns  
Of those, that God reject :  
But the just man shall rise in pow'r,  
And high his horn erect.

*Psalm LXXVI.*

1. **G**Od is in *Judah* known, his Name  
Is great in *Israel* :  
In *Salem* is his Temple built,  
He doth in *Sion* dwell.
2. There did he the barb'd arrow break,  
Shiver the mighty bow,  
Make the shield useles, crack the sword,  
And battel overthrow :
3. Thy

3. Thy preſence is more glorious,  
Thou far more excellent,  
Then the ſtrong Mountains, where for prey  
The Robbers pitch their tent.
4. The ſtout are ſpoil'd, th' have ſlept their  
None of the men of might (ſleep:  
Have found an hand, to guard their lives,  
In fury of the fight.
5. At thy rebuke, the Chariots did  
In a deep ſlumber ly:  
The horſe, and Rider fell as dead  
In a cold Lethargy.
6. Thou, even thou, art to be fear'd:  
Who in thy fight may ſtand?  
When thou ſhalt from thy angry Eye,  
One killing frown command?
7. Thou doſt our cauſe in thunders plead;  
The Earth with fear poſſeſt  
Was ſtill, when God in judgement roſe,  
To reſcue the oppreſt.
8. The wrath of man becomes thy praiſe;  
All its attempts are vain:  
Thou canſt, as well the rage to come,  
As what is paſt refrain.
9. Vow to the Lord, and pay your vows,  
With ſpeed your God attone:



All that be round him, presents bring,  
He's to be fear'd alone.

10. He cuts the sp'rit of Princes off,  
And breaks them in the birth :  
He's terrible to Kings that sway  
The Sceptres of the Earth.

*Psalms* LXXVII.

1. **T**O God I cry'd, even unto God  
My mournful voice address :  
He turn'd his favourable Ear  
And heard my sad request.
2. In the dark day of my distress,  
I fought the Lord ; my sore  
By night ran ceaseless, and my soul  
Would know no comfort more.
3. I call'd my God to mind, and still  
With trouble was oppress'd :  
My sp'rit through my complaints was quite  
O'whelm'd within my breast.
4. Thou hold'st my waking eyes, that they  
Take not a wink of sleep :  
And my prevailing sorrows make  
My lips dull silence keep.
5. Then I consider'd what thy hand  
Wrought in the days of old :

And

And what, in ages past, our Sires  
Their wond'ring sons have told.

6. In the dead stilness of the night,  
I recollect my song :  
And reas'ning in my doubtful heart,  
Thus spake without a tongue :

7. For ever hath the Lord cast off ?  
Will he no favor lend ?  
Clean is his pity gone ? his word  
Come to an utter end ?

8. Gracious hath God forgot to be ?  
And will he, thus displeas'd,  
His tender bowels shut from us ?  
No more to be appeal'd ?

9. Then said I, This my weakness is,  
But to my mind will I  
Recal the years of thy right hand,  
Who art o're all most high.

10. Thy works, and wond'rous acts I will  
Bring back into my thought :  
And talk of all the mighty deeds,  
Thy potent Arm hath wrought.

11. Thy wayes, O holy God, are in  
The Sanctuary found :  
Who is a God like ours for pow'r,  
For justice so renown'd ?

12. Thou God of wonder, shew'dst thy strength  
In Ægypt; thou hast freed  
Thy people, with an out stretch'd arm,  
*Jacob's and Joseph's* feed.
13. The floods saw thee, O God, the floods  
Saw thee, and were afraid:  
The troubled billows of the deep  
By flight their dread betray'd.
14. The Clouds pour'd streams of water down,  
And, from the rended Skie,  
Came hideous cracks, whil'st through the  
Thy fatal arrows fly. (Air
15. Thy thunders roar'd; the Lightnings made  
The world one flame appear:  
Th' unjoynted Fabrick of the Earth  
Trembled, and shook for fear.
16. Thy way is in the Sea, thy Paths  
In the great waters ly:  
Thy undiscerned footsteps are  
Not known to our dull eye.
17. Thou ledd'st thy people, like a flock,  
Through th' unfrequented Sand,  
To *Canaans* fruitful borders, by  
*Moses*, and *Aarons* hand.

*Psalms* LXXVIII.

1. **G**ive Ear, my People, to my law,  
My wise instruction hear :  
And to the words my lips declare,  
Bow your attentive Ear.
2. My mouth to this dull-hearted age,  
Shall parables unfold :  
And I dark sayings will explain,  
Done in the dayes of old :
3. Which we our selves have heard, and by  
Approv'd tradition known,  
Successively, from time to time,  
By our great Fathers shown,
4. We will not hide them from our Sons,  
But to the unborn seeds,  
Set forth the praises of the Lord,  
His strength, and wond'rous deeds.
5. In *Jacob* he a Cov'nant made,  
A law in Israel :  
Which he our Ancestors did charge,  
They should their children tell :
6. That future Generations might  
Resound them, and the Race  
To come, declare to those that should  
Rise after in their place,

7. That they might fix their hope in God,  
Nor gracelessly forget  
His works, but the commands observe,  
Which he for them had set,
8. Not, as their Fathers, a perverse,  
And a Rebellious brood:  
False in their hearts, whose wav'ring minds  
With God unsteady stood.
9. *Eph'ims* degen'rate issue, arm'd,  
And expert in their bowes,  
Ready to joyn the battel turn'd  
Their backs upon their foes.
10. They falsly brake their Covenant,  
Rejected Gods command:  
Slighted the works, and miracles,  
Wrought by his mighty hand,
11. Prodigious things did he perform,  
In their forefathers Eyes;  
In Ægypt, and the fields on which  
*Zoans* proud walls arise.
12. He cut the seas, and as they pass'd,  
The waters stood upright:  
By day he led them with a Cloud,  
And with a fire by night.
13. He in the desert clave the Rocks,  
To cool their scorching thirst:

And from the Marble Entrails made  
Streams like full torrents burst.

14. Yet they heap'd sins on sins, still more  
Provoking the most High :  
And tempted God by asking meat  
Their lust to satisfy.

15. Yea, they blasphem'd, and vainly said,  
Can God our wants redress ?  
Can he prepare a table in  
The barren wilderness ?

16. 'Tis true he smote the Rock, and streams  
Gush'd from its flinty side ;  
But can he give his people bread ?  
And flesh for food provide ?

17. God heard it, and his fury brake  
'Gainst *Jacob* in a Flame :  
Against gain-saying Israel  
Devouring anger came.

18. Because their misconceiving heart  
Did not in him believe :  
Nor trust that he, who had before,  
Could now Salvation give.

19. Though he the fruitful clouds had charg'd,  
To rain on them their stores :  
And plenty in their laps drop down  
From Heav'n's enlarged doors,

20. Man-

20. Manna in hoary Dews distill'd,  
The Skies gave corn to eat :  
Men were like Angels fed, their mouths  
Fill'd with Cælestial meat,
21. He caus'd the East-wind blow, and brought  
The South-wind by his pow'r ;  
Flesh rain'd like dust, and fowls, like sand,  
Fell in a feather'd show'r,
22. Within their Camp, their tents about ;  
So they did eat their fill ;  
He gave them their desire, nor did  
Restrain their lustful will.
23. But whilst the meat was in their mouths,  
Unchew'd, Gods fury fell ;  
Which slew the healthiest, and smote down  
The flow'r of Israel.
24. Yet still they sin'd, nor would afford  
His miracles belief :  
Therefore he spent in vanity  
Their dayes, their years in grief,
25. Then, when he slew them, they return'd,  
And soon to God did cry,  
Thou art the Rock, our Saviour,  
Thou art our God on high.
26. Thus did they flatter with their mouths,  
Their faithless tongues bely'd

Their



Their unsound hearts ; nor in his laws  
Would stedfastly abide.

17 But full of mercy, he forgave  
Their sins, and did not slay :  
Oft pass'd his anger by, oft did  
His rising fury stay.

18 For he remember'd they were flesh,  
An Airy breath, that flies,  
And comes no more unto the place  
Where first it did arise.

19 In the dry wilderness how oft  
Did they his patience vex ?  
How often in the desert-plains  
His grieved soul perplex ?

20 Yea, they turn'd back, tempted, confin'd  
His pow'r, nor ever thought  
Upon his hand, nor day, in which  
He their deliv'rance wrought.

21. What wonders he in Ægypt shew'd,  
What signs in *Zoans* field :  
Their brooks ran bloud, nor could their  
Drink to the thirsty yeild. (floods

22. Swarms of devouring flies he sent,  
And frogs their land did spoil :  
The Caterpillars kill'd their fruits,  
Locusts consum'd their toil.

33. Storms

33. Storms brake their Vines, and frosts de-  
The shady Sycomore : (stroy'd  
Hail kill'd their Flocks ; the bigger Herds  
His fi'ry thunders tore,
34. On them his anger, wrath, revenge,  
He in fierce fury spent :  
And sent ill Angels to increase  
Their tort'ring punishment.
35. He to his rage gave up the Reins,  
Nor spar'd their soul from death :  
But, by the baneful pestilence,  
Cut off their hated breath.
36. He smote the first-born, from the Queen,  
Down to the bleating Dam ;  
Through *Pharaohs* land, ev'n the chief  
In all the tents of *Ham*, (strength
37. But his own people, he, like sheep,  
Brought forth from their distress :  
And like a flock, did guide them through  
The pathless wilderness.
38. He led them safely on their way,  
From fears and dangers free :  
But the returning seas o'whelm'd  
Their helpless Enemy.
39. Then did he bring them to the bounds  
Of *Canaan's* promis'd land :

Even to this Mount, the purchas'd prize  
Of his victorious hand.

40 He caſt the heathen out, and did  
Their lines by lot divide :  
And made the tribes of Iſrael,  
Within their tents reſide.

41 Yet tempted they their God, and ſtill  
Provoked the moſt High :  
Nor to his teſtimonies kept  
Their vow'd fidelity.

42 But, as their faithleſs Fathers, did  
Rebel, and backward go ;  
Starting diſtruſtfully aſide,  
Like a deceitful bowe.

43 Their Altars, on the Mountains rear'd,  
Incens'd his burning Ire :  
Their Idols, in his vexed breaſt,  
Kindled a jealous fire.

44 When he heard this, he angry grew,  
Abhor'd falſe Iſrael :  
*Shilo* forſook, and left the tent,  
Where he had choſe to dwell,

45 His ſtrength into Captivity,  
His glory to the foe ;  
His people to the ſword he gave,  
Nor would his rage let go,

46. Fire

- 46 Fire took their young men, and their maids  
Knew not the Bridal-bed;  
Their Priests were slain, no widows mourn'd  
The fun'rals of the dead.
- 47 Then did the Lord awake, as one  
From a deep sleep releas'd:  
And, as a strong man, when the charms  
Of stronger wine had ceas'd.
- 48 His enemies with grievous plagues  
He persecutes, he wounds  
Them in their hinder parts, and with  
Perpetual shame confounds.
- 49 Yet he refused *Joseph's* tents,  
And *Ephr'ims* tribe rejects:  
But *Judah* chose, and *Sions* Mount  
More then the rest affects.
50. There he his Sanctuary built,  
Like Palaces on high;  
Firm as the Earth, whose frame doth on  
Unmov'd foundations ly.
51. He did, 'mongst all the families,  
*David* his servant choose  
From guarding of the fleecy sheep,  
And the big-belly'd Ews.
52. He brought him forth, and to a Throne,  
With honor did advance;

*Jacob* to feed, and *Israel*,  
His lov'd Inheritance.

53. So fed he them with upright heart,  
And justice through the land,  
By prudent skill distributed,  
Of his impartial hand,

*Psalm LXXIX.*

1. **T**He heathen, Lord, thine heritage  
With barb'rous arms invade ;  
Thy Temple spoil, and *Salem's* tow'rs  
On ruin'd heaps have laid.
2. Thy servants slaughter'd bodies are  
The greedy Vultures feast :  
The flesh of thy unburied Saints,  
Meat for the Mountain-beast,
3. Their bloud about *Jerusalem*,  
Like water they have shed :  
Nor was there left a friend to give  
A grave unto the dead.
4. We a despil'd reproach become,  
Unto our Neighbour foes :  
All they that on our bounds confine,  
Scorn, and deride our woes.
5. How long wilt thou, for ever, Lord,  
Cherish thy kindled Ire ?

Shall

Shall thy fierce jealousie break forth  
Into consuming fire ?

6. Thy wrath on those that know thee not,  
And th' impious Kingdoms cast :  
For *Jacob* they have swallowed up,  
And laid his dwellings waste.

7. Remember not our former faults,  
Thy tender mercies show ;  
With speed prevent us ; for our sins  
Have brought us very low.

8. Great God of our Salvation, help,  
Deliver us from shame :  
Purge our iniquities away,  
For th' honour of thy Name.

9. Shall the blaspheming heathen say  
In his unpunish'd pride,  
Where's now their God ? their God, on  
So vainly they rely'd ? (whom,

10. Let thy swift veng'ance in our fight  
O' retake the crying guilt  
Of thy slain servants bloud, by their  
Inhumane fury spilt,

11. O let the pris'ners sighs to thee  
Break through the arched Skie :  
By thy great pow'r preserve thou those,  
That are condemn'd to die,

12. And

12. And to our Neighbours, whole proud  
Have vilify'd thy Name, (tongues  
The scorns that they have cast on thee  
Repay with sev'n-fold shame.

13. So we thy people, and thy sheep,  
To thee our thanks will raise :  
And to the ages yet to come,  
Sing thy immortal praise.

*Psalms* LXXX.

1. Great Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Our fervent prayers hear ;  
Thou that lead'st *Joseph*, like a flock,  
Bow thy propitious Ear.

2. Thou, that between the Cherubims  
Hast chose thy dwelling place,  
Break forth in splendor, shew the beams  
Of thy illustrious face.

3. Before *Manasseh*, *Benjamin*,  
And *Ephraim* advance :  
Stir up thy strength, and quickly come  
To our deliverance.

4. Turn us again, and let thy Light  
In rayes of glory shine :  
So we shall saved be, who know  
No help but only thine.

O

5. How



5. How long wilt thou, great God of Hosts,  
For ever hide away  
Thine angry Countenance ? nor hear  
Thy people when they pray ?
6. Our tears bedew the bread thou giv'st  
Our hunger to suffice :  
We in abundance drink the streams  
Of our dissolved eyes.
7. Thou mak'st us to become a strife,  
Unto our Neighbours pride :  
And our prevailing Enemies  
Our miseries deride.
8. Turn us again, and let thy Light  
In rayes of glory shine :  
So we shall saved be, who know  
No help but only thine.
9. Thou brought'st a Vine from Ægypt, drav'st  
The heathen out ; thy hand  
Planted, and made it room to root,  
So that it fill'd the Land,
10. It shadow'd all the hills, her shoots,  
Like goodly Cedars stood :  
She spread her Boughs unto the sea,  
Her branches to the flood.
11. Why hast thou ( then ) her hedges broke ?  
And torn her fence away ?

That

That she to each rude passenger  
Becomes a common prey ?

12. The savage Boar of the wild woods  
Digs up her fruitful roots :  
The beast that ravages the field,  
Devours her pleasant fruits.

13. Return, Lord God of Hosts, we pray ;  
From Heav'n (thy seat Divine )  
Behold, and with thy pitying aid  
Visit this wasted Vine.

14. Visit the Vineyard, thy right hand  
Hath planted now so long :  
And the choice branch, which thou hast  
For thine own self so strong. ( made

15. It is with eating flames consum'd,  
'Tis utterly cut down :  
All is even ready to expire,  
Under thine angry frown.

16. Let thy right hand protect the man  
Of thy right hand from wrong ;  
The son of man whom thou hast made  
For thine own self so strong.

17. Then, from the Paths of thy Commands,  
Will we go back no more :  
O quicken us, and we shall still  
Thy sacred Name adore.

18. Turn us again, and let thy Light  
 In rayes of glory shine :  
 So we shall saved be, and own  
 No pow'r, but only thine.

*Psalms* LXXXI.

1. Sing unto God, to God our strength,  
 Sing with exalted voice :  
 Sing praises unto *Jacob's* God,  
 Sing with a joyful noise.
2. Choose out a Psalm, to the sweet Harp  
 The murm'ring Timbrel bring :  
 And let the pleasant Psaltery  
 Answer the warbling string.
3. Blow with the Trumpet, through the stee  
 To publick joyes a call,  
 In the new Moon, and times design'd  
 For solemn festival.
4. This did the God of *Jacob* make  
 In *Isr'el* a decree,  
 For *Joseph's* sons, a statute-law  
 To perpetuity.
5. When he began his dreadful march,  
 Through *Aegypt's* plagued land ;  
 Where *Isr'el* a strange Language heard,  
 He did not understand ;

6. I eas'd thee from the slavish loads,  
That on thy shoulders lay :  
I thy Lord God, thy tasked hands  
Freed from the Potters clay.
7. Thou call'dst on me, when parching thirst  
Thy troubled soul oppress'd ;  
And I reliv'd thee from the wants,  
Wherewith thou wast distressed.
8. I, from Mount *Sinai's* secret Caves,  
In thunder answer'd thee :  
And, at the springs of *Meribah*,  
Prov'd thy fidelity.
9. Hear, O my people ; If 'el hear,  
Observe me what I say ;  
If thou wilt hearken unto me,  
And my advice obey,
10. Thou shalt no Idol Deity  
Set up in all thy land :  
Nor stretch to any forraign god  
Thy supplicating hand.
11. I am thy God, that brought thee forth  
From *Ægypt's* sev'n-fold flood :  
Open thy mouth, and I will fill  
Thy hungry soul with good.
12. But my rebellious people would  
Not hearken to my voice :

And Israel rejected me,  
In their unfaithful choice.

13. So did I leave them to the lusts  
Of their perverted mind :  
And they in the vain Counsels walk'd  
To which their hearts inclin'd,

14. O had my people giv'n their Ear  
My precepts to obey ;  
Had Israel conform'd his steps  
To my prescribed way;

15. Then their insulting Enemies  
Should I have soon subdu'd :  
And my revenging hand their foes  
To ruine had pursu'd.

16. The haters of the Lord to Earth,  
Would I have made to bend :  
But their prosperity and peace  
Should ne're have known an end,

17. I, with the finest of the Wheat,  
Their bellies would have fill'd :  
And honey from the stony Rock,  
Into their mouths distill'd.

*Psalms* LXXXII.

1. **G**Od sits as King above the Kings,  
And all their Counsels guides :  
He's

He's Judge of judges, and a God  
Over all gods presides.

2. How long will, ye corrupt in heart,  
Judgment unjustly give ?  
Condemn the good, and for reward  
The guilty man reprieve ?
3. Defend the poor and Fatherless ;  
Do justice to th' oppress'd :  
Acquit the needy, by the hands  
Of violence distress'd.
4. They will not know, nor understand ;  
Their walks are dark as night :  
All the foundations of the Earth  
Are in disorder quite.
5. I said, that ye are Gods, and all  
The sons of the most High :  
But ye shall fall as men, and like  
One of the Princes dy.
6. Arise, O God, thy Throne ascend,  
And, after their demerit,  
Judge the whole Earth, for thou alone  
All Nations shalt inherit.

*Psalm LXXXIII.*

- I. **L**ord, sit not still, as unconcern'd,  
Nor such deep silence keep :

Let not thy wronged patience ly  
In a regardless sleep.

2. Thine Enemies in tumults rise,  
And those that do deny  
Thy Godhead and Omnipotence,  
Lift up their heads on High.

3. Against thy chosen people, they  
Pernicious trains have laid :  
And to entrap thy hidden ones  
Close consultations made,

4. Come ( say they ) let us cut them off,  
That their whole Nation dy ;  
And Isr'els hated Name be ras'd  
From humane memory.

5. For they, with one conspiring vote,  
In wicked Counsels joyn :  
And all against thee, in a sworn  
Confed'racy combine.

6. Fierce *Edom* in his wand'ring Tents,  
With *Isbm'els* theevish brood ;  
Incestuous *Moab*, and the Race  
Of servile *Hagars* bloud.

7. *Gebal*, stern *Ammon*, they that own  
Curs'd *Amalek* for Sire :  
Heart-burning *Philistines*, and those  
That dwell in faithless *Tyre*.

8. Proud



8. Proud *Affur* with ambitious rage,  
Abets the cruel plot;  
And helps the misbegotten sons  
Born to intemp'rate lot,
9. Do to them, as to *Midians* host,  
Or as to *Sif'ra* slain,  
And *Jabin*, where swift *Kisbons* streams  
Glide through the fertile plain,
10. At *En-dor* who ignobly fell  
By a weak womans hand:  
And left their Carcasses, as Dung  
T' enrich the fatned Land.
11. As heartless *Oreb*, and faint *Zeeb*,  
Such make their nobles all:  
Yea, make their Princes, *Zebah* like,  
And like *Zalmunna* fall:
12. Who proudly said, Come let us, now  
The pow'r is on our side,  
Seize on God's houses for our selves,  
And their rich spoils divide.
13. O my God, make them like a wheel  
That's ever turning round:  
Like stubble which by furious winds  
Is scatter'd o're the ground,
14. As, when the fires devouring rage  
Burns a tall Forrest down,

And

And air-fan'd flames creep up and scorch  
The lofty Mountains Crown ;

15. So, with the tempest of thy breath,  
In fury them pursue :  
And let thy terrifying storms  
Their trembling hearts subdue.
16. Lord, fill their faces with disgrace,  
That they may seek thy Name :  
Or else confound them, till they sink  
In everlasting shame.
17. That the convinced age may know  
Thy pow'r, and Majesty :  
And that Jehovah o're the Earth  
Is only the most High.

*Psalm LXXXIV.*

1. <sup>(Hofis</sup>  
**G**reat God, whose word the num'rous  
Of winged Sp'rits obey,  
How lovely are the tents, where thou  
Thy glories dost display ?
2. My longing soul faints, with desire  
To enter thine abode :  
My heart, and flesh shout forth for joy,  
T' enjoy the living God.
3. The chirping Sparrow hath an house,  
The Swallow, whose shrill tongue

Pro-

Proclaims the ſpring, hath found a neſt  
Where ſhe may lay her young.

4. Thine Altars they their refuge make,  
And with ſoft-warblings ſing  
Their Makers Praise; Thou, Lord of Hoſts,  
Thou art my God, and King.

5. Bleſſed are they, whoſe happy lot  
Is in thy Courts to dwell:  
Their raviſh'd tongues thy ſacred Acts  
Shall, without ceaſing, tell.

6. Bleſt is the man, whoſe confidence  
Doth on thy ſtrength depend:  
Whoſe heart is on the ways of them,  
Which to thy Temple tend,

7. Who, paſſing thorough *Bach's* Vale,  
Turn it into a Well:  
Whil'ſt Clouds diſtilling cauſe the Pools  
Above the Brims to ſwell,

8. Thence, keeping on their cheerful courſe,  
From ſtrength to ſtrength they go:  
Till all to *Sion* come, where God  
Doth his bright Beauties ſhow.

9. Thou that decid'ſt the fate of war,  
My fervent Prayers hear:  
Great God of faithful *Jacob's* race  
Bow thy propitious Ear.

10. Be-

10. Behold, O God our shield, on me  
 Reflect an Eye of Grace :  
 O let thy life-reviving beams  
 Cheer thine anointed's face.
11. For one day, in thy sacred Courts,  
 Is better to abide,  
 Than thousands, with most pleasure, where  
 Thy presence is deny'd,
12. There would I rather keep a door,  
 Than their false joys possess,  
 That dwell securely in the tents  
 Of prosp'rous wickedness.
13. God is a Sun, and shield ; the Lord  
 Will Grace and Glory give :  
 And no good thing, will he withhold  
 From them that purely live.
14. Great God, that art by num'rous hosts  
 Of winged Sp'rits obey'd :  
 Blest is the man, whose trust depends  
 On thy Almighty aid.

*Psalm* LXXXV.

1. **I** Ord, thou hast favourable been  
 To thine afflicted land,  
*Jacob's* Captivity reduc'd  
 By thine Almighty hand.

2. Thou

2. Thou haſt forgiv'n thy peoples faults,  
Born their iniquity :  
And cover'd their provoking ſins,  
From thy revenging Eye,
3. Thou haſt withdrawn thy wrath, and turn'd  
Thy fury into peace :  
Turn us, O God our health, and let  
Thine indignation ceaſe.
4. Wilt thou ſtill chide ? and draw thy rage  
To perpetuity ?  
Wilt thou not us receive again  
That we may joy in thee.
5. Shew us thy free compaſſions ;  
Thy ſaving aid diſplay ;  
And we will carefully attend  
What God the Lord will ſay.
6. He to his people will ſpeak good ;  
To his redeemed peace :  
But let them not turn back again  
To wayes of fooliſhneſs.
7. Sure his Salvation's nigh to them,  
Who his great Name revere ;  
That God may in our happy land  
His throne of Glory rear,
8. Mercy, and truth are met, to make  
An harmony of Bliſs:

Whilſt

Whil'ft righteousness and peace salute  
Each other with a Kiss.

9. Truth, like the beauties of the spring,  
Shall from the Earth arise :  
And Righteousness descend in Beams  
Of Glory from the Skies.

10. God shall on us, what e're is good  
Showre down, with lib'ral hand :  
And bring forth plenty from the womb  
Of our still pregnant land.

11. Justice shall go before, that we  
His Cov'nants may obey :  
And he shall guide us in the steps  
Of his prescribed way.

*Psalm LXXXVI.*

1. **L**ord bow to me thy gracious Ear,  
And hear my humble cries :  
For I am poor and needy grown,  
O'reborn with miseries.

2. Lord, I am holy ; O preserve  
My life with cares oppress :  
Thy servant save, whose only trust  
Doth on thy favour rest.

3. Be merciful, for unto thee  
I dayly raise my voice :

To thee I lift my longing heart ;  
O make my soul rejoyce !

4. Thou, Lord, art infinitely good,  
Ready to pardon all :  
Abundantly compassionate,  
When we for mercy call.
5. Lord hear my pray'r, attend my suit,  
For I will cry to thee,  
When fear'd calamities approach,  
And thou shalt answer me.
6. Among the gods, none may with thee  
In competition stand :  
No works are like the glorious works,  
Wrought by thy mighty hand.
7. All Nations whom thy word hath made,  
Shall come and worship thee :  
And sing unto thy Name the praise  
Of thy dread Majesty.
8. Thou art the only great, and fit'st  
Upon the Sovereign throne :  
By thee high wonders are perform'd,  
Thou art the God alone.
9. Teach me thy paths, and of thy truth  
My feet shall walk the way :  
Unite my heart, that I may fear  
Thy Name, and Laws obey.



10. Thee will I, O my Lord, and God,  
With all my powers praise:  
And to the honour of thy Fame  
Eternal trophies raise.
11. Thy mercies 'towards me vouchsaf'd,  
In greatness do excel:  
And thou hast free'd me from the jaws  
Of the profoundest hell.
12. O God, the proud, and violent  
In num'rous tumults rise  
Against my hunted soul; and set  
Not thee before their eyes.
13. But thou, a God of pity art,  
In thee rich Grace is found:  
Thou art long-suff'ring, and thy love,  
With constant truth is crown'd.
14. Oh! turn to me, and Mercy grant,  
Strength to thy servant send:  
And to thy humble hand-maid's son  
Thy saving aid extend.
15. Some mark of favour shew, that they  
That malice me, may see,  
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,  
Do'st help and comfort me,

*Psalms* LXXXVII.

1. **G**Od, on *Moriah's* sacred Hill,  
Hath built his resting place :  
He more loves *Sion's* gates, then all  
The Tents of *Jacob's* Race.
2. Blest City of our God ; of thee,  
Things glorious are declar'd ;  
*Rahab*, and *Babylon*, we know,  
Are not to be compar'd.
3. *Philistia*, *Tyre*, the *Æthiops* land,  
Must yield unto thy fame :  
All the best men, which they produce  
Scarcely deserve a Name.
4. But it of *Sion* shall be said,  
This, and that worthy were  
Born in her pious schools ; and God  
Himself shall 'stablish her.
5. The Lord, when in his scroll he writes  
The Nations of the Earth,  
Shall count, that this renowned man  
Did there receive his birth.
6. Her shall the fingers praise, and they  
That touch the well-run'd strings  
Shall answer in full Quire, and say,  
In thee are all my springs.

*Psalms* LXXXVIII.

1. **G**Od of my health, to thee have I  
All the day long complain'd;  
Nor have I in the careful Night  
My weary cries restrain'd.
2. O let the pray'rs which I pour forth,  
Before thy Throne ascend:  
And to the voice of my sad moans  
Thine Ear of pity lend.
3. For my poor soul is prest down, with  
The troubles that I have;  
And my expiring life draws nigh  
The confines of the Grave.
4. I am esteem'd no more, then one  
That to the pit descends:  
As a lost man, whose wasted strength  
To dissolution tends,
5. Free of the dead, like those that slain  
Ly in the Earths cold womb;  
Forgot, cut off, ne're to return  
To their forsaken home.
6. By thee laid up in Vaults below  
Where dismal darkness keeps  
An everlasting Night; amidst  
The horror of the deeps.
7. Thy

7. Thy heavy wrath, like a dead weight,  
Bears my weak shoulders down :  
Wave upon wave, thy storms assault  
My weather-beaten Crown.
8. My friends thou hast remov'd as far  
In pity, as in place ;  
Abhor'd, shut up, I shall no more  
Shew my despised face.
9. My mourning Eye, by griefs dissolv'd,  
Brim-full of water stands ;  
Dayly to thee I call, and stretch  
My importuning Hands.
10. Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead ?  
And from the silence raise,  
The Sleepy Tenants of the tombs,  
To celebrate thy praise ?
11. Shall thy reviving kindness be,  
In the clos'd grave reveal'd ?  
And thy so much proclaimed, truth  
In sad destruction seal'd ?
12. Shall darkness know thy miracles ?  
Thy righteousness be seen  
In the dull land, where all things are,  
As if th' had never been ?
13. But, Lord, to thee I cry'd ; my pray'rs  
Prevent the early day :

Why dost thou cast my poor soul off ?  
And hid'st thy face away ?

14. Hard am I prest, from my youth up,  
Ready each hour to dy :  
Whil'st I, distract'd in my mind,  
Under thy terrors ly.

15. Thy fierce displeasure overwhelms ;  
Thy fears my sense confound :  
And, like so many rolling tides,  
Swell to inclose me round.

16. Lover and friend hast thou remov'd  
Far from my helpless sight :  
And lock'd all mine acquaintance up  
In the blind shades of Night.

*Psalm* LXXXIX.

1. I will in verse immortal sing  
The mercies of the Lord :  
My mouth to after-ages shall  
His faithfulness record.

2. I, saith the Lord, by mercy will  
Build me a lasting Name :  
Thy truth shalt thou more firmly fix  
Then Heav'n's Eternal frame.

3. I with the chosen of my heart  
Have a sure Cov'nant seal'd :

And

And to my servant *David* sworn,  
Which ne're shall be repeal'd.

4. Thy seed will I confirm, as long  
As times extreamest date ;  
And build thy throne, till mans whole stock  
Yeild to the common fate.
5. Th' admiring Heav'ns, O Lord, shall praise  
The wonders of thy fame ;  
And the whole Quire of glorious Saints  
Thy sacred truth proclame.
6. Which of th' Inhabitants of Heav'n,  
With God may strive for place ?  
Who shall be likened to the Lord  
Of all the Angels Race ?
7. God, in th' Assembly of the Saints,  
Is greatly to be fear'd ;  
By all that round about him are  
Highly to be rever'd.
8. Great Lord, thou God of war, who is  
A strong Lord like to thee ?  
Where's any can compare for faith  
With thy fidelity ?
9. Thou dost confine the rolling tides  
Of the enraged main ;  
Thou, when the Billows roar aloft,  
Bid'st them, be still again.

10. *Rahab* by thee in pieces broke,  
Like a slain Carcass lyes :  
And scatter'd by thy pow'rful Arm  
Are thy proud Enemies.
11. Thine is the Starry frame of Heav'n,  
Thine is the round-fac'd Earth :  
The world, and all that therein breeds  
From thee receiv'd a Birth.
12. The frozen North, and scalding South,  
By thee created are :  
*Tabor*, and *Hermion*, East, and West,  
Thy glorious Name declare.
13. Thou hast an arm with might endu'd,  
With which no might may vy :  
Strong is thy hand, and thy right-hand  
O're all advanced High.
14. Justice, and judgment, at thy throne,  
Have fix'd their dwelling-place ;  
Mercy, and truth, hand joyn'd in hand  
Shall go before thy face.
15. Blest they, who know the joyful sounds  
That to thy Courts invite :  
They shall thy beauty see, and walk  
In thy life-quickning light.
16. All day the greatness of thy Name  
Shall fill their mouth with praise,

And



And in thy Righteouſneſs ſhall they  
Their firm-built honour raiſe.

17. Thou art the glory of their ſtrength;  
The favour of thine Eye  
Doth make us great, and we with thee  
Shall liſt our horn on high.
18. For from th' Almighty's powerful aid  
Doth our Salvation ſpring:  
God is our ſhield, the holy one  
Of Iſr'el is our King.
19. Thou, in dark viſion haſt reveal'd  
Thy ſelf, and ſometimes ſaid  
To thine elected, I have help  
On one that's mighty laid.
- 20 One from the people I have choſe,  
My ſervant *David* found;  
His head, with ſacred oyl, enrich'd,  
And him my King have crown'd.
21. With him my hand ſhall be confirm'd;  
And ſtrengthned by my arm,  
The foe no tribute ſhall exact;  
Nor ſons of miſchief harm.
22. His feared Enemies will I  
Before his face ſubdue:  
My tort'ring plagues ſhall vex their hearts,  
That him with hate purſue.

23. But upon him, my constant truth,  
And mercy shall be shown:  
And, in my Name, his horn shall be  
Exalted with renown.
- 24 He, to the seas of purple Tyre,  
His pow'ful hand shall stretch:  
And his right hand unto the streams  
Of swift *Euphrates* reach.
- 25 To me shall he address his cries,  
And my dread Name invoke,  
Thou art my Father, thou my God,  
My Saviour thou, my Rock.
- 26 Him, my especial Grace shall make  
First in the right of Birth,  
Higher then all the Kings, that share  
The Empires of the Earth.
- 27 Mercies, as endless as my self,  
Will I for him preserve:  
Nor, from the Covenant made with him,  
Shall my performance swerve.
- 28 The seed, which from his loyns shall spring  
Will I perpetuate:  
His throne shall, like the dayes of Heav'n,  
Out-live the age of fate.
- 29 But, if his Children slight my Laws,  
And from my judgements stray;

If they my statutes break, and my  
Commandments disobey;

30. Then their transgressions will I scourge  
With the deserved rod :  
Their sins shall feel the angry stripes  
Of an offended God.
31. Yet, quite I will not cast him off,  
Nor from my faith recede :  
My Cov'nant I will not infringe,  
Nor alter what I said.
32. To *David*, by my Holiness  
I solemnly did swear,  
He ne're should want an Heir, that shall  
The Crown of *Judah* wear.
33. His throne shall be confirm'd, as long  
As men the Sun shall see :  
And the still-changing Moon be pledge  
Of my unchang'd decree.
34. But now, thou hast abandon'd him,  
As an abhorred thing :  
And caus'd thy jealousy to flame  
'Gainst thine anointed King.
35. The Cov'nant thou hast disanul'd,  
Once to thy servant made :  
And his prophaned Diadem  
In the base dust hast laid,
36. Thou

36. Thou his inclosures hast broke down,  
His forts to ruin brought :  
Spoyl'd by all passengers ; and by  
His Neighbours set at nought,
37. Thou hast exalted the right hand  
Of his prevailing foes :  
And his insulting haters made  
To triumph in his woes.
38. His conqu'ring sword hath now no more  
The edge it wore of late :  
And, in the doubtful chance of war,  
He sinks beneath his fate,
39. The glorious Lustre, which empal'd  
His Royal brows, is gone :  
And thou, down to the abject Earth,  
Hast cast his awful Throne,
40. Thou hast cut short his youthful days,  
In their most prosp'rous Race :  
And cover'd his despised head,  
With infamous disgrace.
41. How long ! Lord, wilt thou hide thy self,  
Till my faint life expire ?  
Shall thy incensed fury burn  
Like a consuming fire ?
42. Think what a span of time it is,  
That I shall here remain ?

Why hast thou made all humane flesh  
So absolutely vain?

43. What man doth live, and shall not see  
Pale death? Can he then save  
His soul from the unpitying hand  
Of the devouring Grave?

44 Where is thy love? thy kindness, Lord,  
In those blest times before?  
Which thou hast, in eternal truth,  
Unto thy *David* swore?

45 Remember, Lord, the vile reproach,  
By thy poor servants born;  
How my sad breast is loaded with  
The haughty peoples scorn.

46 Wherewith thine Enemies blaspheme,  
Wherewith malicious men  
Traduce my steps; The Lord be blest  
For ever blest! *Amen.*

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THE  
 Psalms of King  
 D A V I D,  
 Paraphrased.

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The Fourth Book.

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*Psalm. XC.*

1. **L**ord of this admirable frame,  
 And all that is therein;  
 From age to age successive thou  
 Our dwelling place hast been.
2. Before the Airy Mountains had  
 Receiv'd their unknown birth:  
 Or, from void darkness, thou hadst form'd  
 The new created Earth,
3. E're



3. E're the vast Fabrick of the world  
Was yet design'd by thee,  
For ever thou art God, and shalt  
Our God for ever be.
4. Thou, at thy pleasure, turn'st frail Man  
To his first dust, and when  
The same free pleasure moves thee, sayst,  
Return ye sons of men,
5. A thousand years, when gone, to thee  
Are but as yesterday,  
Or as a watch, that tells the Night,  
How fast it fleets away.
6. Swept like an hasty torrent hence,  
Like a vain dream we pass;  
Grow up, and our duration have  
Even as the morning grass.
7. Fresh in its beauty, when the Sun  
Reddens the blushing Skies:  
But, e're the Evening dim the Light,  
Cut down and quickly dies.
8. By thy provok'd displeasure, we  
Consume, and pine away:  
Thine Anger troubles us, and straight  
Our fainting Sp'rits decay.
9. All our misdeeds are naked lay'd,  
To thy quick-searching sight:

Our secret sins, before thine Eyes,  
Appear in open light.

10. For, in thy wrath, our weary dayes  
To a swift period tend :  
Our years, by us unheeded, like  
An idle story end.

11. Sev'nty's our sum, and if, through strength,  
To fourscore we go on,  
Sorrow is all we get ; so soon  
They, and our selves are gone.

12. Who knows what power thine anger hath !  
As is the awful fear  
\* The mind of man conceives of thee,  
Such doth thy wrath appear.

13. Teach us that true Arithmetick  
Of our few dayes, that we  
To the inquest of wildom may  
Apply our industry.

14. Return, O Lord, how long ? O let  
Thy tender heart relent  
Toward thy servants, thy just wrath,  
And our sad woes repent.

15. O let thy early mercies come,  
That we may gladness know :  
For those long days, in sorrow past,  
As long of joy bestow.

16. Shew

16. Shew those that wait on thee, what acts  
 Thy power divine hath done :  
 And let thy glory on their seed  
 Shine like the rising Sun.

17. The beauty of the Lord our God  
 On us for ever rest !  
 Bless thou the works we take in hand ;  
 So shall our work be blest.

*Psalms* XCI.

1. **H**E, that for his secure recess,  
 Hath chosen the most high,  
 Shall under the protecting shade  
 Of the Almighty ly.
2. Can'st thou say truly, The Lord is  
 My refuge, my strong fort,  
 The God to whom my constant faith  
 Shall in distress resort ?
3. Then surely shall he save thee from  
 The crafty Fowlers snare,  
 And the contagious breath, that flies  
 Through the infected Air.
4. Under his brooding Feathers, thou  
 shalt thine assurance build :  
 His never-failing truth shall be  
 Thy buckler, and thy shield.
5. No

5. No nightlty terrors shall affright,  
Nor arrows of the day :  
Nor plague that walks unseen, nor sword  
That at high noon does slay.
6. A thousand, and ten thousand, dead  
Shall on each hand be laid :  
Whil'ft thou securely shalt behold  
The wickeds wages paid.
7. The Lord thy refuge thou hast made,  
The Highest thy retreat :  
No ill shall therefore thee attaque,  
Nor mischief touch thy feat,
8. Angels to keep thee in thy wayes,  
He for thy guard shall send :  
By them born up, lest 'gainst a stone  
Thy feet thou should'st offend.
9. Upon the Mountain-Lyons back,  
And Adder thou shalt tread ;  
The youthful Lyon spurn, and stamp  
On the fell Dragons head.
10. Because he loves me (saith the Lord)  
From dangers I will free :  
He shall (in that he knows my Name)  
Highly exalted be.
11. He upon me shall call, and I  
Will answer ; I will be

At hand, to save him in distress,  
And raise to dignity.

12. He shall be satisfy'd with days  
Drawn to an envy'd length  
Of happiness: and after that  
Behold my saving strength.

*Psalms* XCII.

1. **T**Is good to pay the Lord our thanks,  
And the adored Name  
Of God inthron'd on high, in verse  
Immortal to proclaim,
2. To tell his mercies, when the Sun  
First shews his golden head:  
And sing his truth, when he descends  
Down to his watry bed;
3. Upon a ten string'd instrument,  
To the sweet Psalt'ry set:  
Both with the solemn-sounding Harp,  
In a full consort met.
4. Thy works, O Lord, with joy divine  
My ravish'd heart affect:  
And, in the glory of thy acts,  
My triumphs I'll erect.
5. Lord, how immense are thy great deeds?  
Thy thoughts a vast Abyss!

The

The brutiſh knows not, nor the fool  
At all conſiders this ;

6. That when the wicked ſpring as graſs,  
And thoſe that trade in ſin,  
Flouriſh ; it is, to haſte their fall,  
And ſink them deeper in.
7. Thou Lord (for ever) art moſt high !  
All that thy goodneſs hate  
Shall periſh ; thoſe that ſin contrive,  
Thy breath ſhall diſſipate.
8. Like th' Unicorns exalted Horn,  
Thou ſhalt advance my head :  
Fresh Aromatick unguents ſhall  
Be on my Temples ſhed.
9. Mine Eye ſhall ſee, what I have wiſh'd  
Beſall mine Enemies :  
Mine Ear ſhall their deſtruction hear,  
That do againſt me riſe.
10. The juſt ſhall proſper, like the Palm  
To full perfection grown :  
Like a tall Cedar on the top  
Of ſhady *Lebanon*.
11. They planted in the houſe of God,  
Shall in his Courts be ſeen  
Flouriſhing, fruitful, and in age  
Still full of Sap, and green.

12. To shew, that God, who is my Rock,  
For justice is renown'd :  
And nothing of unrighteousness  
Can in his wayes be found,

*Psalm XCIII.*

1. **T**He Lord doth reign, and in his Robes  
Of Majesty appears,  
Clothed with pow'r, and on his loins  
Strength for a girdle wears,
2. The world by him is so confirm'd,  
That mov'd it cannot be :  
Thy throne is, from the dayes of old,  
To all Eternitie,
3. The flouds have lifted up, O Lord,  
The flouds lift up their voice :  
The angry flouds lift up their waves,  
And make a roaring noise.
4. The Lord is mightier then the noise,  
Which many waters keep ;  
More mighty then the rolling waves  
Of the enraged deep.
5. Thy testimonies are most sure ;  
Great God ! Pure holiness  
Becomes thy house, and let it still  
Thine awful Courts possess.



*Psalm XCIV.*

Jobes

- G**reat God of vengeance, thou, to whom  
Vengeance belongs of right,  
Shine forth, deck'd up, & arm'd with beams  
Of all-convincing light.
- Just Arbiter of all the Earth,  
Set up thy self on High;  
Render the proud, the due reward  
Of his impiety.
- How long shall wicked men triumph?  
How long such hard things vent?  
And boast their prosp'rous hands have  
The ills their hearts invent? (wrought
- Thy people they in pieces break,  
Thine Heritage oppress;  
The widow, and the stranger slay,  
And kill the Fatherless.
- Yet, (self-deceiving) fondly say,  
Th' Almighty shall not see:  
Nor shall the God of *Jacob's* Eye  
Mark our iniquity.
- Consider, ye brute men, ye fools,  
When will ye wiser be?  
Shall not he hear, that made the Ear?  
And the Eye-former see?

Calo

7. He that the Heathen doth chastise,  
Shall not his hand correct ?  
Shall not he know, whose knowledge doth  
The heart of man direct ?
8. The Lord perceives the thoughts of man,  
That they are all but vain :  
Happy is he, whom thou correct'st,  
And in thy law dost train,
9. That thou may'st ease him in the day  
Of trouble, till the pit,  
Which their provoking sins have dig'd,  
Be for the wicked fit.
10. God will not cast his people off,  
Nor chosen seed desert :  
But judgment shall to justice turn,  
Sought by the pure in heart.
11. Who will arise, and side with me,  
Ill-doers to suppress ?  
Who will stand up for me against  
Those that work wickedness ?
12. Unless the Lord had help'd, my soul  
Had dwelt in silent Night :  
But when I said, My foot doth slip,  
Thy mercy kept me right.
13. When multitudes of troubled thoughts  
Boyl in my pensive breast,

Thy consolations calm the storm,  
And set my mind at rest.

14. Shall villany (though now posselt  
Of an usurped throne)  
Have place with thee? which make good  
The greatest mischiefs own. (Laws

15. Whil'st they, against the righteous soul,  
Are in close plots combin'd;  
And guiltless heads by them condemn'd  
Are for the Ax design'd.

16. But to the Lord, for my defence,  
Will I my self address:  
He is my Rock of safety, he's  
My refuge in distress,

17. He their own sins shall bring on them,  
And quickly cut them off  
In their iniquities; the Lord  
Our God shall cut them off.

*Psalms* XCV.

1. **C**OME let us sing unto the Lord,  
And our united praise  
In joyful shouts unto the Rock  
Of our salvation raise.

2. Let us before his face appear,  
And lift our thankful voice;

In sacred Anthems to his Name,  
Sing with a solemn noise.

3. The Lord Almighty is a God,  
Whose pow'r all pow'r restrains;  
In strength transcendent, o're all Gods  
A King suprem' he reigns,
4. He the deep places made, and smooth'd  
The vallies with his hand:  
The hills rose up, and have their strength  
By his alone Command.
5. His is the sea, in whole vast beds,  
He treasures up the flood:  
His fingers moulded the dry land,  
Out of the new drain'd mud,
6. Come let us his dread Name adore,  
And at his foot-stool fall:  
With bended knees invoke the Lord,  
And maker of us all.
7. He is our God, his people we:  
He doth in pastures keep,  
And us, by his all-ruling hand,  
Leads like a flock of sheep,
8. If ye will lend obedient Ears  
Unto his voice to day;  
Then harden not your hearts, as at  
The strifs of *Meribah*.

9. As in the foodless desert, when  
Your fathers tempted me,  
Prov'd me with murmurings, and did  
My works of wonder see.
10. Forty years long I (griev'd with them)  
Did of this people say,  
They erre in their unfaithful hearts,  
And have not known my way.
11. To whom I did, in my just wrath,  
By solemn oath protest;  
That they should never enter in  
Mine everlasting rest.

*Psalms* XCVI.

1. Sing to the Lord, th' Eternal God;  
Songs new-compos'd sing:  
Let the vast circuit of the Earth  
Aloud his praises ring.
2. Sing to the Lord, inthron'd on high,  
Bless his adored Name:  
The great salvation, he hath wrought,  
From day to day proclaim.
3. The splendor of his glory to  
Th' admiring Gentiles show:  
Let all that people this round Globe  
His mighty wonders know.
4. The

4. The Lord in excellence is great,  
And greatly to be prais'd :  
His fear supream, above the fear  
Of all gods else is rais'd.
5. The Heathen gods, vain Idols are,  
By their adorers made :  
But 'tis the Lord, whole powerful word  
The Starry Heav'ns display'd.
6. Bright honor, awful Majesty,  
Circle his glorious face :  
Strength, with illustrious beauty joyn'd,  
His Sanctuary Grace.
7. Give to the Lord, ye sons of men,  
And kindreds of each tribe,  
Immortal Glory ; to the Lord  
Glory and strength ascribe.
8. Give to the Lord the glory due  
To his thrice holy Name :  
Come to his Courts, and let your gifts  
Upon his Altars flame.
9. The Lord, O worship, in the place  
Of beauteous holiness :  
Their vows to him let all the Earth  
With humble fear address,
10. say to the Heathen, The Lord reigns ;  
By him the world shall be

Fix'd, not to move, and he shall judge  
The people righteously,

11. Let the still-rolling spheres rejoyce,  
The Earth shout forth amain;  
Let the sea roar, and whatsoe're  
Her watry stores contain.
12. Let the field joyful be, and all  
That from the ground doth spring:  
Then, all the trees of the wild wood  
Before the Lord shall sing.
13. He comes, he comes to judge the Earth:  
The world, with justice, he  
Shall govern; and the people guid,  
With truth, and Equity.

*Psalm* XCVII.

1. **T**He Lord Almighty reigns supream,  
O let the Earth rejoyce:  
For gladness let the num'rous Isles  
To heav'n lift up their voice.
2. Thick clouds, and black obscurity  
His awful seat unfold:  
Justice, and judgment on each side,  
His royal throne uphold.
3. Fire goes before him, and burns up  
His foes, his flashes strook



A dismal light throughout the world,  
The Earth beheld, and shook.

4. The hills, when he appear'd (like wax  
By heat) did melt away;  
When he appear'd, to whom, as Lord,  
All th' Earth doth Homage pay.
5. The Heavens, where blest Angels dwell,  
His righteousness declare:  
His glories openly display'd  
To wond'ring mortals are.
6. Confounded be they all, whose lips  
Carv'd Images implore:  
That boast vain Idols; all ye Gods  
Him the great God adore.
7. *Sion*, and *Judah's* daughters joy'd,  
When they thy judgments heard:  
Thou, Lord, art high, 'bove all the Earth,  
Above all gods art fear'd.
8. Hate evil, ye that love the Lord;  
He doth his Saints defend:  
He to the just, from wicked hands,  
Doth sure deliv'rance send.
9. He, for the righteous man, hath sown  
Seeds of immortal light:  
And unconceived joy prepar'd,  
For those, whose hearts are right.

10. Ye

10. Ye juſt ones, in the Lord exult,  
To him your joyes expreſs :  
And thanks, at the remembrance pay  
Of his great holineſs.

*Pſalm* XCVIII.

1. **S**ing to the Lord a new-made ſong,  
For wonders he hath done :  
His right hand, and his holy arm,  
The victory have won.
2. The Lord hath, to the ſons of men,  
Made his ſalvation known :  
His righteouſneſs in open view,  
To the dark heathen ſhown.
3. His mercy he remembered hath,  
And truth to Iſr'els Race :  
The ends of the remoteſt Earth  
Have ſeen his ſaving Grace.
4. Let the whole Earth, unto the Lord,  
With joyful noiſes ring :  
With acclamations fill the Air,  
Shout forth, and praiſes ſing.
5. Sing to the Lord, upon the Harp,  
The Harp ſo ſolemn ſweet :  
Let the well-tuned voice with *Pſalms*  
In ſacred numbers meet,
6. With

6. With trumpets pierce the lofty Skies;  
Let the shrill Cornets sound:  
Make joyful noise before the Lord,  
Who King of Saints is crown'd.
7. Let the sea roar, and whatsoe're  
In rolling deeps is bred;  
The world be glad, and all that on  
The Earths vast surface tread.
8. Let dancing billows clap their hands,  
Till the tall mountains ring  
The doubled Echoes of your joy,  
Before the Lord the King.
9. He comes! he comes to judge the Earth;  
The world with justice he  
Shall govern, and the people guide,  
With truth, and Equitie.

## Psalm XCIX.

1. **N**OW that the Lord his reign begins,  
Let men with terror quake:  
Inthron'd between the Cherubins;  
Let Earths foundations shake.
2. Great is the Lord in *Sion's* tow'rs,  
Above all people high:  
His Name so great, so terrible,  
So holy, magnify.
3. His

3. His strength loves judgment: yet withall  
Doth Equity embrace:  
Justice, with righteouſneſs allay'd,  
He deals to *Jacob's* race.
4. Exalt 'ore all the Lord our God  
His Majesty adore:  
Down at his foot-ftool fall, for he  
Is holy evermore.
5. *Moses* and *A'ron* 'mongſt his Priests,  
*Samuel* with them, that have  
His Name invok't; theſe call'd on him;  
He gracious anſwer gave.
6. He, in the cloudy Pillar ſpake,  
His testimonies they  
Obſerv'd, and did the Ordinance  
By him injoyn'd obey.
7. Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord, our God;  
And didſt in mercy ſweet  
Forgive, although thy juſt revenge  
Did their inventions meet.
8. Exalt o're all the Lord our God,  
His Majesty adore  
Upon his holy hill; our God  
Is holy evermore.

*Pſalm C.*

1. **M**Ake Jubilees (all lands) to God  
With a triumphant noile :  
Serve him with gladneſs, and in ſongs  
Before his face rejoyce.
2. He's Lord, and God, he (not our ſelves )  
Did us our being give :  
We are his people, we his ſheep.  
And on his Paſtures live,
3. Enter his gates. with thanks, his praiſe  
Within his Courts proclame :  
Bring to his Altars grateful gifts,  
And bleſs his ſacred Name.
4. Good is the Lord, his mercies are  
For ever firmly ſure :  
His truth inviolably, doth  
From age to age endure.

*Pſalm CI.*

1. **I** Of impartial judgement will,  
And milder mercy ſing ;  
To thee, O Lord, I'll ſing, from whom  
Both in perfection ſpring.
2. Wiſdom ſhall guide me in juſt wayes ;  
When wilt thou come to me ?

I with an heart sincere will walk  
Before my Family.

3. No wicked thing before mine Eyes  
Shall tempt me; I detest  
The works of them, that turn aside,  
Neer me they shall not rest.

4. A froward heart I'll banish from  
My peaceful company :  
And will not know the man that lives  
In lov'd Impiety.

5. Him I'll cut off, that hath his friend  
With secret slander strook;  
I will not suffer a proud heart,  
Nor bear an haughty look.

6. Mine Eyes (that they may dwell with me)  
The faithful shall observe :  
He that walks perfect in his way,  
Shall my employments serve.

7. Him, that works fine deceits, my Roof  
Shall not protect a night :  
A lying tongue I'll not endure,  
To tarry in my sight.

8. To quick destruction I will bring  
The wicked of the land :  
And from God's City cut them off,  
With an unpitying hand.

R

*Psalm*

## Psalm CII.

- (springs,  
 1. **T**Hou, Lord, from whom all comfort  
 My mournful prayers hear :  
 Let my prevailing cries before  
 Thy mercy-seat appear.
2. Hide not thy face from my distress,  
 Thine Ear of pity lend :  
 In the sad day of my complaints  
 A speedy answer send.
3. My dayes, like smoke consume, my bones  
 Dry'd, as an hearth with heat :  
 My heart's struck down like wither'd hay,  
 That I forget my meat.
4. My short-breath'd lungs, so waisted are  
 With my continual groans ;  
 That now my shrivel'd-fleshless skin  
 Cleaves to my staring Bones.
5. I'm like the Pelicane, that in  
 The wilderness delights :  
 Or as the desert Owl, whose shrieks  
 Disturb the peaceful nights.
6. Sleep ( the reprieve of grief ) hath left  
 Mine Eyes ; I sit alone,  
 As on the house the Sparrow does  
 His dear lost mate bemoan.



7. All day mine Enemies reproach,  
Mad men my ruine swear :  
Ashes, like bread I eat, and drink  
No drop, without a tear.
8. Thine indignation, and fierce wrath  
Upon my head are thrown :  
For thou to dignity did'st raise,  
And now hast cast me down.
9. My dayes are like the Ev'ning shade ;  
And I like Sun-burnt grafs :  
But thou endurest, and thy thoughts  
Firm to all ages pass,
10. Thou shalt arise, and mercy for  
Thy *Sion* shalt command :  
The time to favour her is come,  
Th' appointed time's at hand.
11. Thy servants in her stones delight,  
Though she in ruin lyes :  
And hope to see her from the dust  
A glorious Temple rise.
12. Then shall the Gentiles fear the Name  
Of thee th' Almighty Lord :  
Thy Majesty by all that Rule  
The Earth, shall be ador'd.
13. The Lord, when *Sion* he rebuilds ;  
Shall in his glory shine :

He will regard the destitute,  
Nor from their pray'r decline.

14. This, for the ages yet to come,  
Shall sacred Pens record,  
That all which shall created be  
May see, and praise the Lord.
15. He, in his Sanctuary thron'd,  
Cast down a look from high :  
And did from Heaven visit Earth  
With a relenting Eye.
16. To hear the Pris'ners groans, and loose  
The hands for slaughter bound :  
His Name in *Sion* to declare,  
And praise in *Salem* sound ;
17. When solemnly the people are,  
In full Assembly joyn'd :  
And all the Kingdoms of the world,  
To serve the Lord inclin'd.
18. This my faith sees ; but thou my strength.  
Hast weakned on the way,  
And my contracted term of life,  
Set to a shorter day.
19. Take me not hence, my God, before  
Half of my dayes be past :  
As for thy years, we know that they  
Beyond all ages last.

10. Thy all-commanding word of old,  
The Earths foundations laid :  
The Heav'ns, with all the glories there,  
Thy pow'rful hands displaid.
11. Yet they shall be dissolv'd, but thou  
Dost thy duration hold :  
Like a cast garment, they shall loose  
Their beauty, and grow old.
12. Them like a vesture thou shalt change,  
And they shall changed be :  
But thou art still the same thou wast ;  
Thy years no period see.
13. The children of thy servants shall  
In happy state remain :  
And the blest issue of their loins,  
Thy favour shall sustain.

*Psalm CIII.*

1. **B**less thou the Lord, my soul, all ye  
My faculties, O bless  
His most ador'd omnipotence,  
And his great Name confess.
2. Bless thou the Lord, my soul, nor let  
The grateful memory  
Of his unvalu'd benefits  
In dull Oblivion ly.

R 3

3. He

3. He pardons all thy sins, 'tis he  
In sickness makes thee sound :  
From death he doth redeem thy life,  
With love and mercy crown'd.
4. He fills thy mouth, he with good things  
Thine appetite supplies :  
And, as the Eagles, makes thine age  
To new born youth arise.
5. The Lord, in all necessities,  
Extends his righteousness :  
And judgment executes, for those  
Whom injuries oppress.
6. His wayes of secret providence,  
He made to *Moses* known :  
His noble, and renowned acts  
To *Isr'els* seed were shown.
7. Prone to compassion is the Lord,  
Pity in him excels :  
To anger he is slow ; with him  
Abundant mercy dwells.
8. He will not alwayes chide, nor still  
Keep up provoked I're :  
Deals not as we have sin'd ; nor payes  
What our misdeeds require.
9. For, as the lofty Heav'ns exceed  
The lowest Earth in height,

*His mercy's ſuch to them, whole fear  
Doth for his favour wait.*

10. As far as is the bright-ey'd Eaſt  
From the dusk Weſtern ſhade,  
Between us, and our ſins, ſo great  
A diſtance hath he made.
11. As fathers on their children yern,  
So doth his pity ſpare  
Thoſe that fear him; he knows our frame,  
That duſt is all we are.
12. Vain Airy man, like Summers graſs  
Such are his beſt of dayes:  
As a fine flower in the field,  
His beauty he diſplayes,
13. A ruder blaſt but paſſes o're,  
And ſtraight 'tis gone, the place  
Where late it ſhew'd its pride, no more  
Shall know where once it was.
14. But the Lords mercies unto thoſe,  
That fear him, have no end:  
His righteouſneſs ſhall unto ſons  
Of unborn ſons deſcend;
15. To ſuch as do his Cov'nant keep,  
And in their hearts have laid  
His ſacred laws, to be by them  
Through all their lives obey'd.

16. The Lord hath in the highest Heav'ns  
 Fix'd his Eternal throne,  
 His Kingdom governs over all,  
 That in the world is known.
17. Ye glorious Angels, bless the Lord :  
 Ye that in strength transcend :  
 That his most just commands fulfil,  
 And his dread word attend.
18. Bless ye the Lord, ye Heavenly hosts,  
 That his great battels fight :  
 Ye flaming Ministers, that serve  
 His pleasure day and night.
19. Bless ye the Lord, ye works of his,  
 What e're, from pole to pole,  
 And through the world his hands have  
 Bless thou the Lord, my soul. (made;

*Psalm CIV.*

1. **B**less thou the Lord, my soul, O Lord  
 Of all that's great possessest ;  
 Three rayes of Glory, and bright beams  
 Of majesty invest.
2. Who deck'st thy self, as with a Robe,  
 In light, that drowns the day :  
 And like an out-stretcht Curtain dost  
 Th' expanse of Heav'n display.

3. Who

3. Who doth his Chambers, in the fouds,  
Above the Skies prepare :  
His Chariot frames of flying Clouds ;  
And walks on winged Air,
4. Whose breath, into the Angels, did  
Cælestial form inspire :  
His dreadful Executioners  
He makes a flaming fire.
5. He the foundations of the Earth  
On a fix'd Centre set,  
Not to be mov'd, though seas, fire, Air  
In combination met.
6. As with an all-involving sheet, .  
He cloth'd it with the flood :  
When first the swelling deeps above  
The unseen Mountains stood.
7. Then, at his pow'rful check, they all  
To their own Regions fled ;  
And at his dreadful thunders ran,  
To their affrighted Bed,
8. Up to the Mountain tops they climb,  
Thence through the Vallyes wind,  
To be ingulph'd into the sea,  
Their womb, and grave design'd.
9. He, to the rolling tide, prescribes  
An uncontrolled bound ;

That



That by the rage of tameless waves  
The Earth no more be drown'd.

10. He makes the bubbling springs boyl up,  
Whole pleasant murm'ring rills  
Slide through the flowry Vales, that ly  
Beneath the Sun-burnt hills.
11. There does the wanton Heifer drink,  
When tir'd with heat, and play :  
And the wild Ass, in deserts bred,  
His scorching thirst allay.
12. By them the woods wing'd Choristers  
Their pretty mansions build ;  
And sing the Sun out of his bed  
Unto the open field.
13. He from his watry Chambers rains  
Upon the parched hills ;  
And over all the dryer grounds  
His fruitful Dew distills,
14. Food, from the moistned mould, he makes  
The mellow Earth produce ;  
Grass for the flocks, and greater herds,  
And herbs for humane use,
15. Rich grapes, whose gen'rous juice makes  
And mirth of equal length : ( life,  
Bright oyl, that clears the cloudy brow,  
And Bread the staffe of strength.
16. Gods

16. Gods trees, which art ne're yet manur'd,  
Full of fresh ſap are found :  
He hath the tops of *Lebanon*  
With ſtately Cedars crown'd.
17. Between whoſe boughs new-married birds  
Their wind-rockt Cradles joyn :  
And for his houſe the pious Stork  
Chooſes the lofty Pine.
18. The higher hills, to the wild Goats  
A quiet ſhelter give :  
And in the undermined Rocks  
The fearful Conies live.
19. The Moon by her ſtill-varied ſhapes,  
Appointed ſeaſons ſhews :  
And, having run his dayly ſtage,  
The Sun his ſetting knows.
20. Thou mak'ſt the darkneſs, and the night  
Brings the wild beaſt abroad :  
The hungry Lyon roars for prey,  
And ſeeks his meat from God.
21. But, when the eye of day begins  
To fleck the bluſhing Skie,  
They herd themſelves, and cloſely down  
In their dark Caverns ly.
22. Man riſes, with the dawning day,  
About his buſ'neſs goes :  
Until the Evening ends his toil,  
And gives his cares reſoſe.
23. Great

23. Great God, how various are thy works!  
Made with what matchless skill!  
Thy riches cloth the back of Earth,  
And her deep belly fill.
- 24 So do they the vast boundless sea,  
In whole unfathom'd breast  
Fishes innumerable creep,  
The small and greater beast.
25. There goes the ship, whole armed keel  
The liquid Rocks divides:  
There plays the huge *Leviathan*,  
And mans vain strength derides.
- 26 These for a cast of dayly alms,  
All thy expectants stand;  
And have their seasonable food  
From thy dispensing hand.
- 27 They gladly gather up, what thou  
Dost of thy bounty yield:  
And when thy Granarie's unlock,  
They are with goodness fill'd.
- 28 Thou in deserv'd displeasure hid'st  
Thy face, they pine, and mourn;  
Thou tak'st away their breath, they dy,  
And to their dust return.
- 29 Thou send'st thy spirit forth, they rise  
To new-created birth:  
And by thy breath restor'st the spoils  
Of the dispeopled Earth.

30. The glory of the Lord ſtands firm,  
And firm hath ever ſtood :  
His wiſdom ſhall rejoyce to ſee,  
That all his works are good.
31. He darts a look, the trembling Earth  
Quakes at the angry ſtroke ;  
He does but touch the hills, and they  
Are in a ſteaming ſmoke.
32. To my laſt hour the Lord ſhall be  
The ſubject of my ſongs :  
I will ſing praises to my God  
Whil'ſt breath my life prolongs.
33. O ! may my ſouls diviner thoughts,  
Addreſt in grateful voice  
Sweetly aſcend ; whil'ſt I to him  
In ſacred hymns rejoyce.
34. Let ſinners from the Earth conſume,  
The wicked be no more :  
Bleſs thou the Lord, my ſoul, O bleſs,  
And his great Name adore.

*Pſalm CV.*

1. **O** Pay the Lord your thankful vows,  
Invoke his pow'rful Name :  
And to the far extended Earth  
His mighty deeds proclame.

2. Sing

2. Sing unto him, sing sacred Hymns  
His wond'rous works record;  
His be the Glory; let their heart  
Rejoyce that seek the Lord,
3. Seek ye the Lord, seek strength from him;  
Within his holy place,  
Your Pray'rs address: seek all your help  
From his illustrious face,
4. Remember the mirac'lous acts,  
The marvels he hath wrought:  
And what prodigious judgments he  
On your oppressors brought.
5. Ye, that his servant *Abraham*,  
Your faithful Sire affect:  
And all the happy tribes deriv'd  
From *Jacob* his Elect.
6. He is the Lord Omnipotent,  
He for our God is known:  
The judgments which he executes,  
To all the Earth are shown.
7. The Cov'nant he hath call'd to mind,  
By him for ever past,  
And the firm promises, that shall  
To thousand ages last.
8. Those, with your Father *Abraham*,  
Contracted long before,

And

And since establish'd, by the Oath,  
Which he to *Isaac* swore.

9. Given to *Jacob* for a law,  
Inviolably sure:  
A testament to *Israel*,  
For ever to endure.

10. That their design'd Inheritance  
Should in fair *Canaan* stand:  
When they were few, but very few,  
And strangers in the land.

11. From Nation unto Nation, when  
Like sojourners they went:  
And from this Kingdom to the next,  
Remov'd their wand'ring tent.

12. From wrong he sav'd them; check't even  
Lay not rude hands (said he)  
On mine anointed; neither do  
My Prophets injury.

13. He did, in wasted *Canaan's* Coasts,  
A raging death command:  
And brake the staffe of bread through all  
The miserable land.

14. But he, before them sent a man  
Their promis'd lives to save:  
Even *Joseph*, by his brethren sold  
To *Egypt* for a slave.

15. Whole

15. Whose feet were hurt with Chains, for  
Of crimes he durst not know : (guilt  
In irons laid, his loaded soul  
Was pierc'd with wrongful woe.
16. Till time made good th' Event of Dreams,  
Which his divining Eye  
Forelaw should be ; the word of God  
Try'd his integrity.
17. This came to *Pharaoh's* Ears ; the King  
His liberty decreed :  
The Ruler of the people sent,  
And him from prison freed.
18. He made him in the Royal house  
Chief Governour to sit :  
And to his prudent conduct did  
His great affairs commit.
19. That he his Princes looser wills  
Might at his will correct :  
And the gray-headed Senators  
In policy direct.
20. A stranger into *Agypt* then,  
Declining *Isr'el* came ;  
And *Jacob* liv'd a sojourner,  
In the fat land of *Ham*.
21. There much increas'd, they quickly grew  
Too potent for their foes :  
Who



Who now malign them, and their lives  
With treach'rous arts incloſe.

22. *Mofes* his ſervant then he ſent,  
And choſen *Aaron* joyns :  
*Nyle* ſaw the miracles they wrought,  
And *Memphis* dreadful ſigns.

23. Darkneſs he ſent, and dark it was ;  
Obey'd were his Commands :  
The ſtreams turn'd bloud, and all their fiſh  
Lay poiſon'd on the ſands.

24. Frogs, from the putrified ſlime,  
Innumeraſly bred,  
From rivers, to the Chambers hopt,  
And crawl'd on *Pharaohs* bed.

25. He ſpake the word, all ſorts of flies,  
Came up in ſwarming hoſts :  
And the chaſtiſed duſt produc'd  
Loath'd lice in all their Coaſts.

26. Fierce ſtorms of Hail, and lightnings dire,  
Their wretched land annoy'd :  
Tore down their Vines, their fig-trees broke  
And their fruit-trees deſtroy'd.

27. Locuſts, and Caterpillers next  
Not to be told, invade :  
Eat up their Herbs: and ſpoil the grain,  
With the conſumed blade,

28. Then ( to complete their woes ) one blow  
Struck all their first-born dead :  
One fatal Night cut off the strength,  
The flow'r their land had bred,
- 29 He brought them forth, with silver, gold,  
And store of borrow'd wealth :  
There was not found in all their tribes,  
One of a feeble health.
30. *Egypt* was glad, in hope to see,  
With them, their plagues depart :  
So strange a terror had possess'd  
Their almost lifeless heart,
31. By day to shade them, a dark cloud  
He for a covering spread ;  
And for their conduct, in the night,  
A fiery Pillar led.
32. For flesh they ask'd ; about their tents  
A show'r of quails he rain'd :  
Bread they desir'd ; and he with bread  
Dropt down from Heav'n sustain'd.
33. He pierc'd the Marble Rock ; and thence  
The hasty waters gush'd :  
Till, through the late dry-parched plains,  
New rapid torrents rush'd.
34. He, on his holy promise made  
To faithful *Abram*, thought :

And with triumphant joy, from thrall,  
His chosen people brought.

35. The Cana'nitish lands he made  
Their heritage and spoil :  
And they in peace possess the fruits  
Of a strange peoples toil.
36. That they his statutes might observe,  
Be govern'd by his word :  
And pay obedience to his laws :  
Hall'ujah ! praise the Lord.

*Psalm CVI.*

1. **O** Render thanks unto the Lord ;  
For kind he is, and good :  
And firm his boundless Mercies have  
Throughout all ages stood.
2. What language can his mighty deeds,  
Deservedly proclaim ?  
What tongue can sing th' immortal praise  
Due to his sacred Name ?
3. Blessed are they, whose perfect hearts  
True judgement do observe ;  
Whose happy feet, from the pure paths  
Of justice never swerve.
4. Favour me, with that love thou dost,  
To thy dear people show :

O visit me, and let my soul  
Thy great salvation know.

5. That I may see the happy state  
Of thine elected Race:  
Joy with thy Saints, and glory with  
The blessed Heirs of Grace.
6. We, and our faithless Sires have sin'd,  
Iniquity have wrought:  
And (prone to ill) all wickedness  
As soon pursu'd, as thought.
7. Thy miracles in *Ægypt* prov'd  
Our fathers disbeliev'd:  
Forgot his mercies, and his soul  
At the Red-sea they griev'd.
8. Yet did he save them, that he might  
Exalt his Names renown:  
And to the world, and them, convinc'd,  
His mighty pow'r make known.
9. He the rebuked Ocean dry'd,  
And through the parted main  
Led them, as safe, as when they march'd,  
Along the desert plain.
10. Thus freed from *Pharaoh*, th' uncharm'd seas  
Their wonted fury use:  
O'whelm'd their foes, and left not one  
To tell the doleful news.

II. Then

11. Then they believ'd his word ; and ſang  
His praiſe, but ( faithleſs ) ſtraight  
Forſat his works, and would no more  
Upon his Counſels wait,
12. Fleſh for their luſt they needs muſt have  
In the dry wildernels :  
And in the deſert temptred God  
To fill their wild exceſs.
13. He gave them that, for which they long'd ;  
But, with that ſhow'r of fowls,  
Which fill'd their graceleſs appetites,  
Sent leanneſs to their ſouls.
14. Then againſt *Mofes* mov'd with ſplene  
They mutin'd in the Camp :  
And *Aaron* ſcorn'd, on whom the Lord  
Had ſet his ſacred ſtamp.
15. The Earths ſtretch'd jaws, with dreadful  
Bold *Dathan* did intomb : (ſpeed  
And all *Abirams* complices  
Cloſ'd in her hideous womb.
16. Revenging fire brake forth from God ;  
And thoſe that thus preſum'd  
To be falſe Priests, his angry flames  
Quick in their ſins conſum'd.
17. Yet, after this, neer *Horebs* Mount  
A golden Calf they made :

And to the curst founders craft  
Vain adoration paid,

18. Their God, thus for an Idol chang'd,  
They made their glory pass  
Into the Image of an Ox,  
Whose food and life is grass.

19. So they forgot th' Almighty God,  
That had their Saviour been ;  
And all the glorious acts they had  
In plagued *Egypt* seen.

20. Prodigious miracles, within  
Th' amazed land of *Ham* :  
And dreadful things, when the Red-sea  
Two watry walls became,

21. He to destruction doom'd them then,  
Had *Moses* not engag'd  
Into the breach ; and by his pray'rs,  
The threatn'd wrath asswag'd.

22. Yea they despis'd the pleasant land,  
Did not believe his word :  
But murmur'd, and refus'd to hear  
The voice of God, their Lord.

23. For this, he rail'd his angry hand,  
Amidst the desert sands,  
To slay them, and their seed disperse,  
Throughout the heathen lands.

24. To

- 24 To *Peor* joyn'd, they sacrific'd,  
And feasted to the dead :  
Provok'd their God, and a fierce plague  
Smote their polluted bed,
- 25 Then *Phineas*, by a noble stroke  
Of judgment, death atton'd.  
A deed, for righteousness, to him  
And his for ever own'd.
- 26 At *Meribah*, they anger'd God ;  
And *Moses* for their sake,  
Suffer'd for ill advised words,  
He in rash passion spake.
- 27 The Nations they did not destroy,  
As God's command ordain'd :  
But, with the heathen mix'd, and were  
With their pollutions stain'd.
- 28 Serv'd their abominable gods,  
Which ( now ) their snare became ,  
And with their sons, and daughters slain,  
The Devils Altars flame,
- 29 Their harmless Issues purple gore  
Ran like a streaming flood :  
About the Cana'nitish Groves,  
And fill'd the land with blood,



30. Thus, with foul practises defil'd,  
Which their vain hands had wrought,  
They plaid the Harlots, with the Gods  
Their false inventions sought.
31. These provocations so incens'd  
The fury of the Lord:  
That his select Inheritance  
Was in his Eyes abhor'd.
32. He gave them up to barb'rous hands,  
Subjected to the stroke  
Of those that hated them; and forc'd  
To bear the servile yoke.
33. Oft he reliev'd them, they as oft  
To the same Counsels haste:  
And, by their sins, call back the plagues,  
So lately they had past.
- 34 Yet he regarding their distress,  
His gracious Ear inclin'd;  
And the old Cov'nant thought upon,  
Which their forefathers sign'd.
35. Repents in mercy, at their woes;  
And made them pitied be  
Of those, that led them in the Chains  
Of hard Captivity.

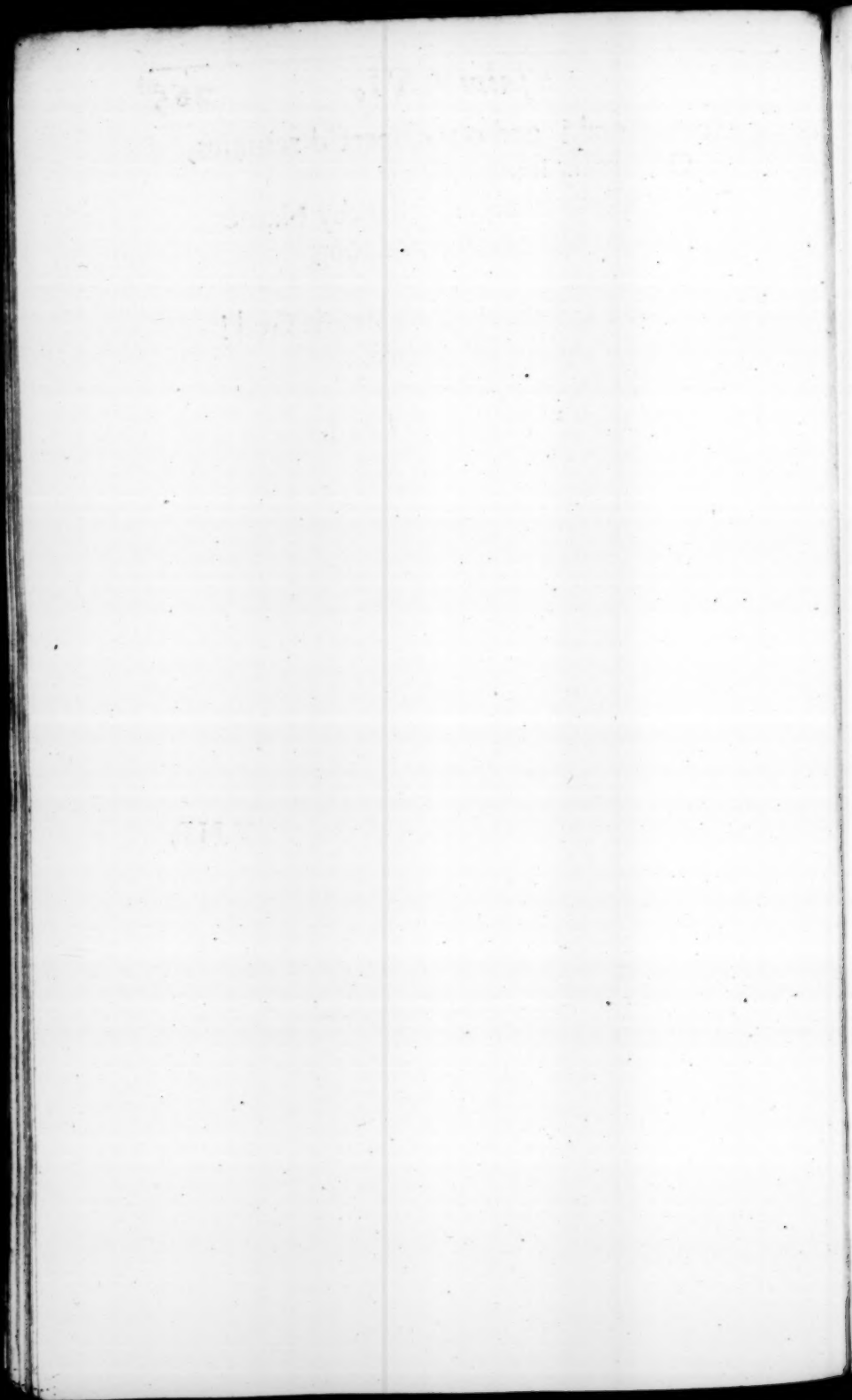
36. Save, Lord ! and our dispers'd remains,  
O ! rally from among  
The impious heathen, that thy Name  
May be our praise, and song.

37. Blest be the Lord ! blest Israels God !  
For ever ; let th' accord  
Of all the People, say *Amen*,  
Hall'ujah ! Praise the Lord.

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THE

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THE  
 Psalms of King  
 D A V I D,  
 Paraphrased.

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The Fifth Book.

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*Psalm CVII.*

1.  Render thanks unto the Lord,  
 For kind he is, and good ; (have  
 And firm his boundless mercies  
 Throughout all ages stood.

2. Let them say so, whom he redeem'd  
 From the insulting hands  
 Of barb'rous foes ; and gather'd from  
 The Idol-serving lands.

3. From

3. From where the Sun his Chariot mounts,  
And from his Western Inne;  
From th' ever-frozen Pole, and where  
The torrid climes begin.
4. Straying through deserts, in the ways  
Of solitude, they went,  
And found no Hospitable town,  
To fix their wand'ring tent.
5. Lean hunger their starv'd flesh consum'd,  
And by th' unquenched fire  
Of scalding thirst, their fainting souls  
Were ready to expire.
6. Then, in their trouble, to the Lord  
They did their cries address;  
His mercy gave deliverance,  
And freed them from distress.
7. He through the path-less wilderness,  
By happy ways, did guide,  
Till they arriv'd at Cities, where  
They might in peace reside.
8. O that the world, would God confess,  
And praise his goodness then!  
That they would tell his wond'rous works  
Done for the sons of men!
9. He, from his unexhausted stores,  
The longing soul supplies;

And

And, with the blessings of his hand,  
The hungry satisfies.

10. Those that in darkness sit, whole life  
The shades of death surround,  
Lockt up in Dung'ons, and with chains  
Of cruel thraldom bound;
11. Who, 'gainst the pow'rful word of God,  
In opposition rise;  
And, proudly, the revealed will  
Of the most High despise:
12. Those by afflictions he brings low,  
Tames their rebellious heart,  
And casts them down, till none is found  
Lost comfort to impart.
13. Then in their trouble to the Lord  
They their sad cries address;  
His mercy gave deliverance  
And freed them from distress.
14. He drew them from the black Abyss,  
Where fear'd destruction reigns,  
Sav'd from the cruel Jaylors hand,  
And brake their captive chains.
15. O that the world would God confess,  
And praise his goodness then!  
That they would tell his wond'rous works  
Done for the sons of men!

16. He

16. He makes a way for their escape,  
Through Gates of massy brais;  
And cuts in sunder Iron bars,  
That they may freely pass.
17. Fools that pursue the pleasing sins,  
To which their lusts entice,  
Fall into sickness, and are plagu'd  
By their own darling vice.
18. Their stomach loaths it's wonted food;  
Cannot endure the breath,  
Nor sight of meat, and they draw near  
The gates of gaping Death.
19. Then in their trouble to the Lord  
They their sad cries address,  
His mercy gives deliverance,  
And frees them from distress,
20. He speaks, and his reviving word  
Their wasted strength repairs,  
Cures them of all the pains they felt,  
And cuts off all despairs.
21. O that the world would God confess,  
And praise his goodness then!  
That they would tell his wond'rous works  
Done for the sons of men!
22. That they with thankful sacrifice,  
Would make his Altars flame;

And,



And, with the voice of solemn joy,  
His noble acts proclame,

23. They, that in ships plow up the main;  
And their commerces keep  
Upon great seas; these see his works,  
And wonders in the deep.

24 At his command, the tempest makes  
The billows bear aloft;  
Then mount they to the Skies, and then  
The bottom knock as oft.

25 Horror dissolves their souls, they reel,  
Like men in drunken fits,  
And stagger up and down the decks,  
As they had lost their wits,

26 Then, in their trouble, to the Lord  
They their sad cries address,  
His mercy gives deliverance,  
And frees them from distress.

27 He makes the storm a calm, and stills  
The fury of the seas;  
Then to their wished Port they sail,  
And feel their hearts at ease.

28 O that the world would God confess,  
And praise his goodness then!  
That they would tell his wond'rous works  
Done for the sons of men!

29. That

- 29 That they unto the people would  
His mighty pow'r report ;  
And laud him, where the Elders do  
In pious troops resort :
- 30 He, to a Desert rivers turns,  
And springs into dry ground ;  
A fruitful land to barrenness,  
When th' owners sins abound,
- 31 The wilderness a lake becomes,  
And the dry ground a well :  
The hungry there he plants, that they  
May in rich Cities dwell ;
- 32 And sow the fields, and Vineyards plant,  
To yield them Corn and Wine :  
He makes them great, and suffers not  
Their Cattel to decline,
- 33 Again for their backsliding sins,  
He brings them down as fast :  
Oppression, misery and grief  
Them, and their country wast.
- 34 He on their Princes pours contempt,  
Makes them in deserts stray,  
Through whose untravel'd solitudes  
The weary find no way,
- 35 Yet sets he up the poor on high,  
Rais'd from the humble ground ;

And

And makes his num'rous families,  
Like fruitful flocks abound.

36. The righteous shall be fill'd with joy,  
This providence to see;  
And the convinced sinner shall  
For ever silent be.

37. He that is wise, these wayes of God,  
Will faithfully record;  
And he shall understand, and taste  
The goodness of the Lord.

*Psalm CVIII.*

1. **M**Y heart is fix'd, O God, my God  
To thee will I give praise;  
Ev'n, with my glory, i thy Name,  
In sacred songs will raise.

2. Awake my Psaltery, awake  
My pleasant Harp; for I  
My self will wake, before the Sun  
Gild o're the morning Sky.

3. O Lord, before the people, I  
Will celebrate thy Fame;  
And make th' admiring Nations sing  
The honour of thy Name.

4. Immense thy mercy is, and far  
The highest Heav'n transcends;

T

Thy

Thy never-failing truth beyond  
The lofty clouds extends.

5. Bethou exalted, mighty God,  
Above the spangled Skies ;  
Let all the Earth thy glory see,  
Where day is born, and dies.
6. That thy beloved *David* may  
Thy great deliv'rance see,  
Save with thy right hand, in thy truth  
O hear, and answer me.
7. God in his holiness hath spoke,  
And made my joyes complete ;  
I *Shechem* will divide by line,  
And *Succoths* Valley mete.
8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,  
*Ephraim* supports my head ;  
*Judah* gives law to all, where e're  
My large Dominions spread.
9. *Moab* my wash-pot is, my shoe  
To *Edom* I'll hold out ;  
And o're subjected *Palestine*  
Ring forth the Conqu'rors shout.
10. Who will to *Rabbah* lead us on,  
Which *Ammons* strength maintains ?  
Who our victorious march will guide,  
Through *Edoms* sandy plains ?

11. Lord, wilt not thou, who haſt ſo late  
Caſt off thy people quire?  
And wouldſt not with our armies go  
Unto the doubtful fight?

12. Help us in trouble, O our God,  
And let thy arm ſuſtain;  
For all the help of wretched man  
Is like himſelf, but vain.

13. Through God we ſhall do valiant acts;  
He ſhall our foes confound,  
And beat their trampled fleſh to dirt  
O're all th' ignoble ground.

*Pſalm CIX.*

1. **H**old not thy peace, my God, my praiſe,  
In this ſo fear'd an hour;  
For wicked and deceitful mouths  
Gape, ready to devour.

2. My fame, with lying tongues, they wound,  
With words of hate ſurround,  
By me no way provok'd, they would  
My guiltleſs ſoul confound.

3. They, for the love I bear to them,  
Mine adverſaries are;  
But I to thee, in theſe extreams,  
Give up my ſelf in Pray'r.

4. The benefits I heap'd on them,  
With ill they recompense ;  
And, like ingrateful Vipers, make  
My merit my offence.
5. Set over him a wicked man,  
And still at his right hand,  
To tempt him first, and plague him then,  
May subtle Satan stand.
6. With his arraignment, let his doom  
And punishment begin ;  
May his despairing Pray'rs prevail,  
But to augment his sin.
7. Few be his dayes, and those cut off  
By an untimely end :  
May his supplanter, to his place,  
Over his back ascend.
8. His children all of Father lose,  
But entail'd misery :  
And may the Wife of his delight  
A helpless Widow be.
9. His wandring Issue. may they beg  
For wretched livelihood ;  
And in unpeopled Deserts seek  
Their miserable food.
10. May Usurers extorting hands  
All his possessions spoil ;

And

And the remorseless stranger reap  
The harvest of his toil.

1. May there be none about him left,  
That mercy would extend;  
None, that a hope of favour dares  
To his lost Orphans lend,
2. May his accurs'd Posterity,  
Both Root, and Branch decay;  
His rotten name, in the next age,  
Pass like a mist away.
3. Ne're may his fathers wickedness  
Be by the Lord forgot;  
His mothers follies let the tears  
Of no repentance blot.
4. Let them continually be plac'd  
In Gods revenging Eye,  
That their remembrance from the Earth  
May be extirp'd, and dy.
5. Mercy he never thought to shew,  
But cruelly pursu'd  
The poor, that he might slay the heart  
With care and griefs subdu'd.
6. Cursing was that he lov'd, so let  
His portion cursing be;  
In blessing he delighted not;  
Ne're may he blessing see,

T 3

17. With



17. With imprecations, as a Robe,  
He did himself invest;  
Let them like water swell his guts,  
Like oyl his bones infest.
18. Be they, as is the dayly cloak,  
Wherein himself he winds;  
And as the constant girdle, that  
His looser garment binds.
19. Let this be the deserv'd reward  
Of my false Enemies;  
Whose tongues my persecuted soul  
Wound with envenom'd lies.
20. But thou, my God, to pity prone,  
Deal graciously with me:  
For thy great Name, as thou art good,  
In mercy set me free.
21. Poor I and broken-hearted, like  
Declining shades am past;  
Like the light Locust, made the sport  
Of ev'ry wanton blast.
22. My knees scarce bear their weight, whil'st I  
Thy face by fasting seek:  
And meagre leanness hath consum'd  
The beauty of my cheek.
23. I am become a scorn'd reproach  
To my insulting foes;

They stare, they shake their heads, & laugh  
At my unpitied woes.

24 Help me, my God! in mercy save,  
And make them understand,  
That my deliv'rance is the work  
Of thine all-pow'rful hand,

25. Though curs'd by them, yet bless thou me;  
When they lift up their voice  
Against me, strike them with disgrace;  
But let my heart rejoyce.

26 Mine Adversaries clothe with shame;  
And o're their guilty head,  
Let their own foul confusion be,  
Like a black mantle spread.

27 My mouth the glories of the Lord  
Shall in loud Anthems raise;  
I will, amongst the multitude,  
Sing his immortal Praise.

28 For at the right hand of the poor  
He stands, and shall controll  
The malice of th'unjust, that would  
Condemn his righteous soul,

*Psalm CX.*

1. **T**He Lord, unto my Lord, hath said,  
Upon my right hand sit,

T 4

Until

Until I make thy foes a stool,  
For thy victorious feet.

2. The Lord, from *Sion*, his lov'd Mount,  
Thy rod of strength shall send :  
Thine Enemies, through all the world,  
Shall to thy Sceptre bend.

3. The people, in thy day of pow'r,  
Shall willingly confels  
Thy Reign, and praise thee in the place  
Of beauteous holiness.

4. From thy blest youth, a happy Race  
Of new-born sons shall come,  
As num'rous, as the pearly drops  
Of the grey mornings womb,

5. The Lord a solemn oath hath sworn,  
Which he will never break,  
Thou art an everlasting Priest  
After *Melchi-zedek*.

6. The Lord the strength of thy right hand,  
Shall, in his wrathful day,  
Strike thorough Kings, whose stubborn  
Will not his rule obey. ( hearts

7. He shall among the heathen judge ;  
Strew o're the purple ground  
With slaught' red bodies ; and the heads  
Of many Countries wound.

8. He

8. He meekly at the way-side brook  
Shall cool his thirsty heat;  
Therefore his head shall be advanc'd,  
His exaltation great,

*Psalm CXI.*

1. **H** All'ujah ! I will praise the Lord  
With my whole hearts consent,  
Where the just meet, and the great troops  
His sacred Courts frequent,
2. Greatly admired are the works,  
His pow'rful Arm hath wrought;  
Pleasant in contemplation found,  
To the devouter thought.
3. Illustrious are his noble acts,  
His justice knows no end,  
His wonders ne're to be forgot,  
His mercies all transcend.
4. Food for the hungry he provides,  
Who his commands obey;  
Nor, through oblivion, ever lets  
His faithful word decay.
5. He his unquestionable pow'r  
Hath to his people shown;  
And made them Heirs of that good land,  
From which their foes were thrown.
6. Faith-

6. Faithful and just his dealings are ;  
All his commands are sure ;  
In truth, and righteousness perform'd,  
And ever firm endure.
7. His people he redeem'd from thrall,  
And, by a fix'd decree,  
His Cov'nant 'stablish'd ; let his Name  
Holy, and reverend be,
8. True wisdom then begins, when we  
With fear the Lord obey ;  
They understand, that do his will ;  
His praise shall ne're decay.

*Psalm CXII.*

1. **H** All'ujah ! Blessed is the man,  
Who God devoutly fears :  
And to the dictates of his mouth  
A great affection bears.
2. His seed shall flourish, and his Race,  
Of blessedness be sure ;  
With Riches shall his House abound,  
His righteousness endure.
3. In mid'st of darkness, to the just  
There springs a joyful light ;  
Gracious is he, compassionate,  
And all his dealings right.
4. Like

4. Like a good man, he favour shews,  
To the distressed lends ;  
And, with discretion his affairs  
Guids to their wished ends.
5. For ever he shall not be mov'd ;  
The happy memory  
Of his fair vertues shall survive  
The worlds mortality.
6. Sad tidings he shall fearless hear,  
Nor shall th' approach of ill  
Stagger his Faith, till all his foes  
Be subject to his will.
7. He freely to the needy gives,  
His charitable Name  
Lasts ever, and his horn is rais'd  
To an immortal fame.
8. Th' unjust shall see't with grief, and gnash  
His teeth, and melt away ;  
All his desires, like blasted fruits,  
Shall in the bud decay.

*Psalm CXIII.*

1. **H** All'ujah ! ye that serve the Lord,  
And his great pow'r adore,  
O praise his most illustrious Name,  
Now and for evermore.

2. His

2. His Name is prais'd, from where the Sun  
First shews his golden head,  
To the dusk Regions where he lyes  
Down in his watry bed.
3. Above all Nations high; the Heav'ns  
In glory he excells;  
Who's like our God, who in the height  
Of Exaltation dwells?
4. Yet humbles he himself, the things  
Done ev'n in Heav'n to know;  
And what we little mortals act,  
On the base Earth below.
5. He lifts the poor from abject dust;  
From the vile dunghil takes  
The needy; sets him with the Prince,  
And the Kings equal makes,
6. By him, the barren womans house,  
With many sons is stor'd;  
And childless wives glad mothers are;  
Hallu'jah! praise the Lord.

## Psalm CXIV.

1. **W**Hen flaved Isr'el march'd away  
From *Aegypts* parched sand;  
And *Jacobs* house cast off the yoke  
Of a strange-languag'd land;

2. In



2. In the Imperial *Judahs* tribe  
Gods Sanctuary shone;  
Triumphant *Isr'el* wore the Crown  
Of his Dominion.
3. The sea saw that, and his rent waves  
In strange confusion fled;  
*Jordans* recoyling streams shrun'k up  
To their amazed head.
4. The cloudy mountains started then,  
And skipt like frightened Rams;  
The lesser hillocks of the Earth  
Like wolve-surprized Lambs.
5. What ail'dst thou, sea, that thy rent waves  
In such confusion fled?  
And thou, poor *Jordan*, that thou shrunkst  
To thine amazed head?
6. Ye Mountains, that ye started then,  
And skipt like frightened Rams;  
Ye lesser hillocks of the Earth  
Like wolve-surprized Lambs?
7. Tremble, rebellious Earth, before  
Thy Gods all-glorious Face;  
Before thy Sov'raign, the great God  
Of faithful *Jacobs* Race:
8. Who caus'd the ax-resisting Rock  
To melt into a Lake:

And

And from chastised Flints to spring  
Thirst-quenching streams did make.

*Psalms CXV.*

1. **N**Ot unto us, Lord, not to us ;  
Give glory to thy Name ;  
Ev'n for thy mercy, and thy truth,  
From age to age the same.
2. Why should th' insulting heathen say,  
Where is their God become ?  
Our God is in the Heav'ns inthron'd,  
And what he pleas'd hath done.
3. Their gods vain Idols are, at best,  
Of silver, or of Gold,  
Carv'd by some cunning hand, or else  
Form'd in the founders mould.
4. Mouths have they, but they cannot speak ;  
And eyes, but see no light ;  
Ears, but hear not, nor does their Nose  
In smelling take delight.
5. Hands have they, but they handle not ;  
And feet but cannot walk,  
Nor does their artificial throat  
Help them at all to talk.
6. They, and their makers, are alike,  
All destitute of sense ;

And

And so is ev'ry one that puts  
In them vain confidence.

7. O Israel, trust in the Lord;  
Your help and shield is he;  
Ye house of *Aaron* trust the Lord,  
He will your buckler be.
8. All ye, that fear the Lord, on him  
With constant faith rely;  
He's their protection, and their aid  
In all calamity.
9. The Lord hath minded us, and he  
Will show'r on us his Grace;  
He will the house of *Isr'el* blest;  
Bless *Aarons* holy Race.
10. All those, that fear him, small and great,  
Th' Almighty Lord will blest:  
You and your children, blest by him,  
Shall more and more increas.
11. Ye are the blessed of the Lord,  
That fram'd the Heav'ns and Earth;  
Heav'n for himself, the Earth he gives  
To sons of mortal birth.
12. They that go down to silent death,  
To thee no praise afford;  
But we will blest the Lord, both now  
And ever; praise the Lord.

## Psalm CXVI.

1. **M**Y soul, with love divine inflam'd,  
Close to the Lord adheres,  
Who heard my voice, when I address  
My suit in speaking tears,
2. Because he bow'd his gracious Ear,  
As long as vital Air  
Supplies my breath, to him will I  
Direct my faithful Pray'r.
3. Death in sad shapes of sorrow drest,  
On ev'ry side assail'd;  
Hell-pains arrested me, and grief  
Against my life prevail'd.
4. Then I invok'd the Name of God;  
O Lord, said I, look down,  
And in thy pity free my soul  
With miseries o'rethrown,
5. Gracious the Lord, and righteous is;  
In him full mercies flow;  
He keeps his little ones, and rais'd  
Me up, when I was low.
6. Then turn thee, O my rescu'd soul,  
Unto thy peaceful rest:  
For unto thee the Lord his love  
In bounty hath express'd.
7. Thou

7. Thou hast redeem'd my life from death,  
Mine eyes from briny tears ;  
And feet from falling, that I might  
Live godly all my years.
8. God I believ'd, and therefore spake ;  
Great were the woes I bare,  
Past humane help ; in haste I said,  
All men vain lyars are.
9. What shall I to the Lord for all  
His benefits restore ?  
The Cup of blessing I will take,  
And his great Name implore.
10. My vows, I will unto the Lord,  
Before the people pay :  
Dear in his sight's the death of such,  
As his commands obey.
11. Thy servant, and thy hand-maid's son  
Am I ; thy hand hath broke  
My bonds ; to thee will I give thanks,  
And thy dread Name invoke.
12. Before the people I will pay  
My vows unto the Lord,  
Within his Courts, in midst of thee  
Blest *Salem* ! praise the Lord.

*Psalm CXVII.*

1. **O** Praise the Lord, ye Nations all  
Throughout the Universe;  
Ye tribes of many-languag'd men  
His glorious praise rehearse,
2. Strong are his mercies, great the love  
He doth to us afford:  
His truth to day, and ever is  
The same, O praise the Lord.

*Psalm CXVIII.*

1. **O** Laud the Lord, for good is he,  
His mercy's ever sure;  
Let thankful Isr'el now confels,  
His mercies still endure,
2. Let *Aarons* Mitred Race now say,  
His mercy's ever sure;  
Let them that fear the Lord, now say,  
His mercies still endure.
3. I to the Lord in trouble call'd,  
He heard, and set me free;  
He's on my side, I will not fear,  
What man can do to me,
4. The Lord my helpers doth assist,  
Mine eye shall his desire

Behold

Behold on them, whose cauſe's hate  
My ruin doth conſpire.

5. 'Tis better in the Lord to truſt,  
Then to confide in man ;  
Better to truſt the Lord, then all  
That mighty Princes can.
6. Nations, in combination joyn'd,  
Had me encompaſſ'd round ;  
But I did, in the Name of God,  
Them, and their force confound.
7. They compaſſ'd me, their furious troops  
Had me encompaſſ'd round ;  
But I did, in the Name of God,  
Them, and their rage confound.
8. As fire in thorns, they are extinguiſh'd ;  
Though they beſet me round  
Like Bees, I in the Name of God  
Will all their pow'r confound.
9. My foe thruſt ſore, that I might fall,  
But God vouchſaf'd me aid :  
Th' Almighty is my ſtrength, my ſong,  
And my ſalvation made.
10. Joy and ſalvation, in the tents  
Of righteous men abound ;  
The right hand of the Lord our God  
With victory is crown'd.



11. The right hand of the Lord is high,  
Through all the world renown'd;  
The right hand of the Lord our God,  
With victory is crown'd.
12. I shall not dy, but live, and tell  
His works, whil'ft I have breath:  
He hath chastiz'd, but gave me not  
Into the hand of death.
13. Open the Sanctuary gates,  
The gates of righteousness;  
That I may enter, and in pray'rs  
And praise his Name confels.
14. This gate the just shall enter at,  
And I with grateful heart  
Will blefs the Lord; thou heard'ft my cry,  
Thou my salvation art.
15. That which the builders oft refus'd,  
Is now the corner stone:  
This is from God, and to our eyes  
With admiration known.
16. This is the day the Lord hath made;  
In this triumphant day  
Will we rejoyce; save, Lord, and send  
Prosperity, we pray.
17. Blest he, that in the Name of God  
Is come to be our King!

We from Gods house wish you good luck,  
To him Hosanna's sing.

18. God is the Lord, his love to us  
In beams of light hath shin'd:  
Come, bind the Sacrifice with cords,  
Fast to the Altar bind.
19. Thou art my God; my joy-fill'd heart  
Shall still record thy praise;  
Thou art my God, my ravish't tongue  
Shall high thy glory raise.
- 20 O render thanks unto the Lord,  
Gracious is he, and good;  
And firm his boundless mercies have  
Throughout all ages stood.

*Psalm CXIX, 1. part.*

1. **B**less'd are they whose purer ways  
Gods sacred laws direct;
2. That keep his Testament, and him  
With their whole heart affect.
3. They do no ill, who in thy paths  
Their wary steps confine:
4. For thou hast charg'd, that strictly we  
Should keep thy rules divine.
5. O that my wayes directed were  
Thy statutes to obey:

6. I shall not blush, whil'st to thy Laws  
A due respect I pay.

7. When I thy judgements shall have learn'd,  
Then with an upright heart

8. Thee will I praise, thy statutes keep ;  
O do not me desert.

Second part.

9. How may a young man cleanse his wayes ?  
If he thy words obey.

10. Thee have I sought with my whole heart,  
Let me not go astray.

11. Thy dictates have I treasur'd up,  
Lest I should thee offend :

12. Blessed art thou, teach me to keep  
Thy statutes to the end.

13. My lips thy judgements have declar'd,  
Thy testimonies yield

14. More true delight, then treasures  
With store of riches fill'd.

15. Thy precepts I will meditate,  
My thoughts on thy ways set :

16. I in thy laws delight my self,  
Nor will thy words forget.

## Third part.

17. Deal well, that I may live, and let  
Thy word my actions aw :  
18. Open mine eyes, and I shall see  
The wonders of thy law.  
19. I am a stranger, thy commands  
O hide not from my sight :  
20. Thy judgements I have lov'd, for them  
My soul is melted quite.  
21. The proud that from thy precepts erre  
Thy sharp rebukes have born :  
22. Thy testimonies I have kept,  
Free me from shame and scorn.  
23. Princes against me speak, but I  
Thy laws my study make :  
24. Thy testimonies are my joy,  
From them I counsel take.

## Fourth part.

25. My soul cleavs to the dust ; O let  
Thy word my life renew :  
26. I have declar'd my wayes, thou heard'st,  
Teach me thy judgements true.  
27. Cause me to know thy Laws, and I  
Will speak thy wonders then :  
U 4 28. Griefs

28. Griets melts my soul, but thy good word  
Shall strengthen me again.
29. Take lying wayes away ; thy law  
Vouchsafe me graciously.
30. The way of truth I choole, and place  
Thy judgements in my eye,
31. I to thy statutes have adher'd,  
Lord let not shame subvert :
32. In thy commandments I will run,  
If thou enlarge my heart.

## Fifth part.

33. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I  
Will keep it to the end :
34. True wildom give, and to thy law  
I my whole heart will bend.
35. Shew me the Path of thy Command,  
For there my pleasure lyes :
36. My mind unto thy judgements turn,  
And not to avarice.
37. Mine eyes from vanity divert,  
Quicken me in thy way ;
38. Confirm thy word, whil'ft I to thee  
Devoted fear will pay.
39. Put from me the reproach I dread,  
For good thy judgements be :
40. After

40. After thy precepts I have long'd,  
In thy truth quicken me,

Sixth part.

41. Lord, let thy saving mercies come,  
As is thy promise just :  
42. So shall I answer him that scorns,  
For in thy word I trust.  
43. Take not from me thy truth ; my hope  
Is in thy judgements plac'd :  
44. So shall I keep thy sacred Laws,  
As long as life shall last.  
45. My walks shall unconfined be,  
For I thy Precepts seek :  
46. And, whil'ft I preach thy word to Kings,  
Shame shall not die my cheek.  
47. In thy Commandments, which I love,  
I my delights will find :  
48. To them my hands erect, and on  
Thy statutes fix my mind,

Seventh part.

49. Think on thy word, by which thou hast  
Caus'd me to hope in thee :  
50. This in distress my comfort is,  
Thy promise quickens me.

51. The proud deride me much, yet I  
Have not thy law declin'd:  
52. Thy judgements I of old recount,  
And there my solace find.  
53. Horror invades me, when ill men  
Do from thy laws go wrong:  
54. But in the house of Pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes were my song.  
55. By night thy Name I call to mind,  
Nor from thy rule have stray'd:  
56. This mercy I obtain'd, because  
Thy Precepts I obey'd,

Eighth part.

57. Thou art my portion, Lord, I said,  
That keep thy words I would:  
58. Thy face with my whole heart I sought,  
Be, as thy promise, good.  
59. I to thy testimonies turn'd,  
When I observ'd my way:  
60. I hasten'd thy Commands to do,  
And did no time delay.  
61. Rob'd by the wicked, yet thy Laws  
I cast not from my sight:  
62. But will at midnight praise thy Name,  
For thy decrees are right,

63. I



63. I their companion am, that fear  
Thee, and regard thy word :  
64. The Earth is of thy mercy full;  
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.

## Ninth part.

65. According to thy promise, Lord,  
Thou hast dealt well with me :  
66. Teach me to know, and judge aright,  
For I believe in thee.  
67. Till thy rod touch'd me, I transgress'd,  
But now have kept thy way :  
68. Good art thou, and doest good ; teach me  
Thy statutes to obey.  
69. The proud bely me ; yet I keep  
Thy rules with all my might :  
70. Their heart is fat as grease ; but in  
Thy law do I delight.  
71. 'Tis good, that I've afflicted been,  
And learn'd thy statutes more :  
72. Thy law then thousands dearer is  
Of gold, and silver Ore.

## Tenth part.

73. Thy hands have fram'd me ; make me wise,  
In knowing thy Commands :  
74. Good

74. Good men will joy, because my hope  
Upon thy promise stands.
75. I know thy judgements, Lord, are right ;  
Thou, in fidelity,
76. Hast smitten ; let thy love relieve,  
As thou hast said to me.
77. O let thy mercies bring me life ;  
Thy laws my joye create :
78. Confound th' injurious proud, whil'st I  
Thy Precepts meditate.
79. Them, who thy testimonies know,  
And fear thee, turn to me :
80. Give me a sound heart in thy wayes,  
That I ne're shamed be,

## Eleventh part.

81. My soul for thy salvation faints,  
But I thy word attend :
82. Mine eyes do, for thy promise, fail ;  
When wilt thou comfort send ?
83. I'm as a bladder smok'd, yet keep  
Thy statutes in my view :
84. How long ? when wilt thou judgment shew  
On them that me pursue ?
85. Deep pits for me the proud have dig'd,  
Who from thy law have stray'd :

86. All thy Commands are true ; my foes  
Wrong me ; be thou my aid,
87. By them well neer consum'd, yet from  
Thy rules *I* do not swerve :
88. Quicken me in thy love, and *I*  
Thy dictates shall observe.

Twelfth part.

89. Thou art for ever mighty, Lord,  
Thy word in Heav'n resides :
90. Thy truth to ages stands ; the Earth,  
By thee set fast, abides.
91. At thine appointment they endure ;  
All things on thee depend ;
92. Had not thy law been my delight,  
My griefs had been my end.
93. Thy Precepts *I* will ne'er forget ;  
With them thou quicknest me :
94. *I* am thy creature, save me, Lord,  
For *I* seek after thee.
95. The wicked watch my fall, but *I*  
Wait on the word of God :
96. All that is perfect hath an end,  
But thy Commands are broad.

Thirteenth

## Thirteenth part.

97. O how I love thy laws ! all day  
They my best studies be ;  
98. By them made wiser then my foes ;  
They ever are with me.
99. I can my teachers teach, for I  
Thy testimonies mind ;  
100. And school the old, because my love  
Is to thy law confin'd.
- 101 My feet from ill I kept, that I  
Thy dictates might obey :  
102 By thee inform'd, I have not from  
Thy judgements turn'd away.
- 103 Sweet are thy words unto my taste,  
Sweeter then Honey-dews :  
104 Thy Precepts make me wise ; and I  
Do all false wayes refuse.

## Fourteenth part.

105. Thy Word's a lamp unto my feet,  
Unto my paths a light :  
106. What I have sworn, I will perform,  
And keep thy judgements right.
- 107 I much afflicted am ; O let  
Thy promise make me live !  
108. Accept

108 Accept my mouths free off' rings, Lord,  
And me thy judgements give.

109 My soul is in my hand, yet I  
Do not thy laws forget :

110 Nor from thy Precepts erre, although  
The wicked snares have set.

111 Thy testimonies are my part ;  
And still rejoyce my mind :

112 Thy statutes alwayes to perform  
My heart I have inclin'd.

Fifteenth part.

113 I hate vain thoughts, but love thy law ;

114 My hiding place thou art :  
Thou art my shield ; thy word's my hope,  
The Anchor of my heart.

115 Hence, ye profane, for the Commands  
Of God will I obey :

116 O let thy word support my life,  
Let not my hope decay.

117 Sustain me, and I shall be safe,  
Whil'ft on thy laws I wait :

118 Thou the transgressors hast trod down,  
For false is their deceit.

119. Thou cast'ft the wicked out like dross,  
Therefore thy laws I love :

120 Although thy judgements make my flesh  
With fear and trembling move.

## Sixteenth part.

121 Judgement, and Justice I have done,  
Leave me not in distress :

122 Be surety for thy servants good,  
Let not the proud oppress.

123 Mine Eyes, for thy Salvation, fail,  
And for thy Righteous word :

124 Deal with me, as thy mercies are ;  
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.

125 O make thy servant wise, that I  
Thy Will may understand :

126 They have made void thy Law, 'tis time  
To lend thy helping hand.

127 Thine Ordinances more then gold,  
More then fine gold I prize :

128 Thy Precepts I esteem most right,  
And hate the way of lies.

## Seventeenth part.

129 My soul thy testimonies doth  
With admiration prize :

130 The entrance of thy word gives light,  
And makes the simple wise.

131. With

- 131 With open'd mouth, and panting heart,  
I make thy laws my aim :  
132 Thy mercy ſhew, as thou doſt uſe,  
To thoſe that love thy Name.  
133 Order my footſteps in thy word,  
That ſin may not prevail :  
134 Free me from wrong, and I to keep  
Thy Precepts will not fail.  
135 Upon thy ſervant ſhine, and let  
Thy ſtatutes me direct :  
136 Rivers of tears run down my eyes,  
When men thy laws neglect.

Eighteenth part.

- 137 Right'ous art thou, O Lord, and all  
138 Thy judgements Right'oulness :  
The testimonies thou command'ſt  
Are truth, and faithfulness.  
139 My zeal consumes me for my foes,  
That do thy words neglect :  
140 Pure words they are, them therefore I  
Thy ſervant much affect.  
141 Small, and deſpiſ'd, yet caſt I not  
Thy Precepts out of mind :  
142 Thy Righteouſneſs eternal is,  
Thy law is truth refin'd.



- 143 Grief siezeth me, yet thy Commands  
To me great pleasure give :  
144 Thy justice still endures ; O make  
Me wise, and I shall live,

## Nineteenth part.

- 145 With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord hear,  
I shall obey thy Will :  
146 To thee I cry'd, save me, and I  
Will thy commands fulfill.  
147 My cries prevent the morn, thy word  
My hope doth animate :  
148 Mine eyes out-watch the Night, whil' st I  
Thy Precepts meditate,  
149 Lord, as thou lov' st me, hear my voice;  
In judgement quicken me :  
150 They are at hand, that mischief seek,  
And from thy laws are free,  
151 Thou, Lord, art neer ; and perfect truth  
Is all thou dost command :  
152 Founded of old are thy decrees,  
And firm for ever stand.

## Twentieth part.

- 153 Regard my woes, and save, for I  
Cast not thy law behind :  
154 Plead

154 Plead thou my Cause; and by thy word,  
Free, and revive my mind.

155 Salvation's not to wicked men,  
Who from thy statutes flee:

156 Great are thy tender mercies, let  
Thy judgements quicken me.

157 Many my haters are, yet I  
Thy Cov'nant do'nt neglect:

158 Transgressors I behold, and grieve,  
When they thy word reject.

159 See how I love thy Precepts, Lord;  
Let thy love life renew:

160 Thy word was from the first, and shall  
Remain for ever true.

One & Twentieth part.

161 Princes without a cause pursue;  
But I thy word obey:

162 And joy therein, as one that finds  
Some great and wealthy prey.

163 Falshood, and lying I abhor;  
But in thy laws delight:

164 Seven times a day, I praise thy Name;  
Thy judgements are upright.

165 Great peace have they, who love thy law;  
Nothing shall them offend:

166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,  
And thy Commands attend.

167 My soul thy testimonies doth

Observe, and highly prize :

168 Thy Precepts I have kept : my ways  
Are all before thine eyes.

Two & Twentieth part.

169 O let my cries before thee come,  
Give me true wildom, Lord :

170 Let my petitions reach thine Ear,  
And save me by thy word.

171 Teach me thy statutes, and my lips  
Thy praises shall recite :

172 My tongue thy word shall publish forth,  
For thy Commands are right.

173 Let thy hand help, for I have chose  
Thy Precepts for my part :

174 For thy salvation I have long'd ;  
Thy law delights my heart.

175 Give my soul life, and thee I'll praise,  
Me let thy judgements aid :

176 Thy word I mind, seek me, for I  
Like a lost sheep have stray'd.

*Psalm* CXX.

1. **D**istress'd to God I cry'd : He heard  
And soon redress'd my wrong :  
Free me, O Lord, from lying lips,  
And a deceitful tongue.
2. False tongue, what punishment shalt thou  
For thy detractions bear ?  
Sharp arrows from the strong mans hand,  
And coals of Juniper.
3. Wo's me, that I so many dayes  
Of grief in *Meseck* tell :  
And must an exile in the tents  
Of faithless *Kedar* dwell.
4. My soul (too long) hath liv'd with them  
Whose thoughts from Peace are far :  
I am for peace, but when I speak,  
They sound th' All-arm to war.

*Psalm* CXXI.

1. **I** To the Hills mine eyes erect,  
From whence I have my aid ;  
My help is from the Lord, whose word  
The Heav'ns and Earth hath made.
2. He will not let thy foot be mov'd ;  
He that thy safety keeps,

Ev'n Iſr'els watchman, ſlumbers not ;  
His careful eye ne're ſleeps.

3. The Lord's thy guard, thy right hand ſhade ;  
The Sun-beams ſhall not ſmite  
Thy head by day, nor the moiſt moon  
Infect thy brain by night.

4. The Lord ſhall ſave thy ſoul from ill ;  
He ſhall thy ſteps attend ;  
At going out, and coming in,  
And evermore defend.

*Psalm CXXII.*

1. **G**lad was I, when my joyful Ears  
Receiv'd the welcom word ;  
Let us go up, and viſit now  
The Temple of the Lord.

2. Bleſt *Salem*, in thy glorious Gates  
Our happy feet ſhall ſtand :  
*Salem's* a City well compact,  
Built by a ſkilful hand.

3. Thither the tribes, ev'n Iſr'els tribes,  
Their ſolemn off'rings bring,  
By Gods Command, and to his Name  
Deſerved Praises ſing.

4. There the tribunals are, for law,  
And equal juſtice known ;

There

There is the house of *David*, there  
Th' Imperial *Judah's* Throne.

5. O pray for *Salems* peace, all ye,  
That are to *Salem* kind;  
And, for those Pray'rs, ye to your selves  
Shall store of blessings find.
6. May peace, sent from the God of peace,  
Within thy walls abound;  
And, with a long prosperity,  
Thy Palaces be crown'd.
7. For my dear brethrens sake, and friends,  
May peace upon thee rest:  
For Gods house sake, my pray'rs for thee  
Shall dayly be address.

*Psalm* CXXIII.

1. **G**reat Sov'raign of the world, who  
Above the Starry Skies dwell'st  
Circled with Glory, unto thee  
I lift my craving eyes,
2. As the submissive servant marks  
His masters angry hands;  
And meekly the chastized Maid,  
Before her Mistress stands:
3. So we unto the Lord our God  
Our patient eyes address;

Till he, to mercy prone, at length  
Our punishment release.

4. Have mercy ! let thy mercy, Lord,  
Now in our need sustain,  
For fill'd we are with bale contempt,  
And choak'd with vile disdain.
5. Fill'd with contempt, by thole, that swell  
With Luxury and ease;  
And made their haughty scorn, whose pride  
Lords o're us, as they please.

*Psalm CXXIV.*

1. **H** Ad not the Lord our side sustain'd,  
May Isr'el now confess;  
Had not the Lord our side sustain'd,  
When men would us oppress,
2. Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,  
The waves had been our tomb;  
And the proud streams had suck'd us down,  
In their devouring womb,
3. Bless'd be the mercy of the Lord,  
Who, in so fear'd a day,  
Gave not our persecuted lives  
Unto their teeth a prey.
4. Our soul is, as a bird, escap'd  
Out of the Fowlers snare;



The snare is broke, and we, when left  
We hop'd, at freedom are.

5. In great Jehovah's mighty Name  
Do we repose our aid,  
Whose pow'rful word the Starry Orbs,  
And Earths round Fabrick made.

*Psalm* CXXV.

1. **T**hey that the Lord their fortress make  
Shall like Mount *Sion* stand;  
Unmov'd, as the firm Bases are,  
Of th' ever fixed land.
2. As do the Hills, like nat'ral walls,  
*Jerusalem* inclose;  
His people so the Lord surrounds,  
Free from the fear of foes.
3. The wickeds rod shall not still rest  
Upon the just mans line,  
Lest he, by prosp'rous ills allur'd,  
To further ills incline.
4. As thou art good, upon the good  
So let thy blessings light;  
And favour them, whose hearts pursue  
The thing that's just and right.
5. Those that turn by to crooked wayes,  
Th' Almighty shall expel,

With

With them that folly work ; but peace  
Shall crown his Israel.

*Psalm CXXVI.*

- (back,  
1. **W**hen God brought *Sions* Captives  
'Twas like a pleasing dream :  
Our mouths with laughter flow'd; and joy  
From our glad tongue did stream.
2. Th' admiring Heathen cry'd, Their God  
Hath done a wond'rous thing :  
Great things for us our God hath done,  
And we his glory sing.
3. Turn our Captivity, O Lord,  
As welcome as the Rain  
To the parch'd South: that, for our tears,  
We may reap joy again.
4. He that goes forth, and to the Earth,  
His small seed sadly leaves,  
Shall doubtless come again with joy,  
And bring his load of sheaves.

*Psalm CXXVII.*

1. **E**xcept the Lord the house erect,  
Lost is the builders pain :  
Except the Lord the City guard,  
The watchman wakes in vain.

2. In

2. In vain you early rise, in vain  
Late hours at night you keep,  
And eat the bread of care, for he  
Gives his beloved Sleep.
3. Lo, Children are an heritage,  
Which from Gods blessing come;  
And the Reward of a good life,  
Sons of the fruitful womb.
4. As arrows, fitted to the bow,  
Are in the strong mans hand,  
So children of the lusty youth  
Their Fathers glory stand.
5. Blest he, whose Quiver is with such  
Artillery supply'd:  
He needs not fear, when ere his cause  
Shall in the gate be try'd.

*Psalm* CXXVIII.

1. **B**lest is the man, whose humble heart  
Devoutly God obeys;  
That keeps his feet within the Paths  
Of his prescribed wayes.
2. Thou shalt with pleasure, eat the sweet  
Of what thy pains have got:  
Prosperity shall guild thy dayes,  
And crown thy happy lot.
3. Thy

3. Thy wife shall, like the clustred Vines,  
That climb thy house, abound;  
Thy children, like rich Olive-plants,  
Adorn thy table round.
4. Thus blest is he, who fears the Lord;  
From *Sion* he shall blest,  
And all thy dayes thou shalt behold  
Lov'd *Salem's* happiness.
5. Thou, from thy fruitful loins deriv'd,  
Shalt childrens children see;  
And peace, from the great God of peace  
Shall upon *Isr'el* be.

## Psalm CXXIX.

1. **O**ft from my youth ( may *Isr'el* say )  
Have they my life assayl'd;  
Oft from my youth assayl'd, as oft  
Their vain attempts have fail'd.
2. Long Furrows, on my wounded back,  
The Ploughers cruel hands  
Have digg'd, but God, in Righteousness,  
Hath cut their impious bands.
- Let them confounded be, and turn'd
3. To ignominious flight,  
Whose hearts inflam'd with causeless hate,  
In *Sion's* woes delight,

4. Be

4. Be they as starved Corn, that springs  
Upon the houles tops;  
Which, wither'd e're it grows mature,  
The Sickle never crops,
5. Wherewith the Mower cannot fill  
His hand, nor he that binds  
The Sheaves, so much, to pay his pains,  
As one poor arm full finds,
6. Nor they that pals the Rode, once say,  
We with you may succeed;  
We bleſs you in the Name of God,  
And give you the good ſpeed,

*Psalm CXXX.*

1. **O**Ut of the depths to thee I call'd,  
Lord, my ſad roaring hear;  
And to the voice of my complaints  
Bow thine attentive Ear.
2. ſhouldſt thou ſeverely mark our faults,  
Who could thy cenſure bear?  
But mercy is with thee, that men  
Thy ſacred Name may fear.
3. I wait upon the Lord, I wait  
On God with patient Eyes:  
And on the comfort of his word,  
My firm-built hope relies.
4. The

318 *Psalms CXXXI, CXXXII.*

4. The Lord more earnestly I wait,  
Then they that watch the morn ;  
More then the weary guards that watch  
To see when day is born.

5. Hope in the Lord, O *Jacob's* Race ;  
In him rich mercies dwell,  
And full redemption : he from sin  
Redeems his Israel,

*Psalms CXXXI.*

1. **L**ord, I have no ambitious heart,  
Nor supercilious Eye :  
I do not exercise my self  
In things for me too high,

2. But I my self have quietly,  
As a wean'd child demean'd :  
My soul is as the harmless child,  
New from the Mother wean'd.

3. O ye of *Isr'els* faithfull Race,  
To God your hopes apply ;  
Be he your trust from this time forth  
To all Eternity.

*Psalms CXXXII.*

1. **R**emember *David*, Lord, and all  
The troubles which he had ;

The

The sacred Oath, and solemn vow,  
To *Jacob's* God he made.

2. I will not in my Chamber come,  
Nor climb into my bed;  
Sleep shall not close my careful Eyes,  
Nor slumber bow my head;
3. Till, for the great *Jehovah*, I  
Find out a fix'd abode;  
A sacred rest, and dwelling-place,  
For *Jacobs* mighty God.
4. Glad *Ephrata* was heard to ring,  
With the triumphant sound;  
And doubled *Eccho's* from the fields  
Of the great wood rebound.
5. Come (say they) come, and let us to  
His Tabernacle go:  
And with divine adoring fall  
Before his footstool low.
6. Arise, illustrious God, arise,  
And now ascend at length  
Thy glorious rest, thou and the Ark  
Of thy admired strength.
7. Let Righteousness, like the white Robe,  
Thy holy Priests invest;  
And *Levi's* sons thy solemn Praise  
Sing with a joy-fill'd brest.

8. For



8. For *David* thy dear servants sake,  
Retain me in thy Grace :  
And turn not, in disfavour, back  
Thine own anointed Face,
9. The Lord, by a firm oath hath sworn,  
Which he will ne're disown :  
Heirs of thy fruitful loyns will I  
Establish on thy throne.
10. And, if thy sons my Cov'nant keep,  
If they my laws obey,  
Their sons. till time shall be no more,  
Shall Isr'els Sceptre Iway,
11. God hath chose *Sion* for the place,  
To which he will retire ;  
This shall for ever be my rest,  
The house of my desire.
12. I with the blessings of increase  
Will crown her happy store ;  
And bread, unto the full, bestow  
Upon her hungry Poor.
13. Her Priests shall, with salvation cloth'd,  
My faithful mercies sing :  
And, with loud shouts of Joy, her Saints  
Make my great Temple ring.
14. There shall my *David's* Regal horn,  
In new successions sprout :

And mine anointed Lamp from age  
To age shall ne're go out.

15. His adversaries I will clothe  
With ignominious shame ;  
But on himself his Crown shall rest  
In everlasting Fame.

*Psalm* CXXXIII.

1. **B**Ehold, how excellently good,  
How pleasant 'tis to see,  
Brethren together firmly joyn'd  
In bonds of Amitie.
2. 'Tis like the precious odours pour'd  
On *Aarons* sacred head,  
That trickled down his Beard, and thence  
Unto his Vesture spread.
3. 'Tis as the Dew, which melting clouds  
On *Hermon's* top distill ;  
Or Pearly drops the Heav'ns let fall  
On *Sion's* fragrant Hill.
4. God doth, upon this happy state,  
Blessings of both hands send ;  
In this life blessings, and a life  
Which never shall have end.

*Psalm* CXXXIV.

1. **B**Ehold, now bleſs the Lord our God,  
Ye that his ſervants are ;  
His Priests, who day and night attend,  
His ſacred Temples care,
2. Lift up your undefiled hands,  
Pure waſht from ſinful blame :  
And in immortal Praiſes ſing  
The honour of his Name.
3. The Lord, by whom Heav'ns arched Frame,  
And Earths round Fabrick ſtand,  
His bleſſings on thy loved head  
From *Sion* ſhall command,

*Psalm* CXXXV.

1. **S**ing Hallelujah, ye that ſerve  
The God by us ador'd :  
O bleſs the moſt illuſtrious Name  
Of our Almighty Lord.
2. Ye, that within his ſacred houſe  
In hallow'd Ephods ſtand,  
And in his awful Courts attend  
The word of his Command.
3. God is the Lord ; let his great Name  
Deſerved Praiſes Crown :

Pleasant

Pleasant it is, in ſolemn verſe,  
To ſing his high Renown.

4. He, for his ſpecial charge; hath choſe  
Beloved *Jacob's* Race;  
And *Iſr'el* the chief treasure is  
Of his peculiar Grace.
5. Great is the Lord, and far above  
All idol-gods, we know;  
What e're he pleaſ'd, he did in Heav'n,  
Earth, ſeas, and deeps below.
6. He from the mooriſh grounds doth cauſe  
Exhaled Vapours riſe;  
And they, to clouds condenſ'd, obſcure  
The intercepted Skies.
7. Then melts he them, and with the Rain  
His dreadful lightning flings;  
And from concealed Magazines  
The flying Tempeſt brings.
8. He ſtretch'd his hand, and in one night,  
Throughout the land of *Ham*,  
Smote all the firſt born, from the Queen  
Down to the bleating dam.
9. *Egypt* with Prodigies was fill'd,  
And *Pharaoh* (dying) knew  
That power which he, and his, (in life)  
Would never own for true.

10. Great Nations, by the stroke of war,  
He to his yoke subdu'd,  
And in the blood of mighty Kings  
His thirsty blade imbru'd.
11. *Sihon* the King of *Amorites*,  
Og, who in *Bashan* reign'd;  
And all to whom the Diadems  
Of *Can'an* appertain'd.
12. Their land, become the victors prey,  
For heritage he grants;  
His peoples heritage; and there  
His chosen *Isr'el* plants,
13. Thy Name doth, to the utmost date  
Of long-liv'd time extend;  
Thy memory, from age to age,  
Shall never know an end.
14. The Lord will plead his peoples cause:  
When we our sins repent,  
Thou wilt in mercy turn thy Face,  
And for our woes relent.
15. The Heathen Idols are at best,  
Of silver or of gold,  
Carv'd by some cunning hand, or else  
Cast in the Founders mould.
16. Mouths have they, but they do not speak;  
And eyes, but see no light;  
Ears,

Ears, but hear not; a nose, but void  
Of breath, and smelling quite.

17. They and their Makers are alike,  
All destitute of sense:  
And so is every one that puts  
In them vain confidence.

18. Ye that from faithful Isr'el spring,  
The Lord Almighty bless;  
All ye of mitred *Aarons* Race,  
His sacred Name confess.

19. Ye that from *Levi's* loyns descend  
The Lord Almighty bless;  
All that devoutly fear the Lord  
His sacred Name confess.

20. O let us now, in *Sion's* Courts,  
The Lords high Praise record,  
Whose dwelling's at Hierusalem;  
Hall'ujah, Praise the Lord.

*Psalm* CXXXVI.

1. **O** Give due thanks unto the Lord,  
His mercy's ever sure:  
For he is alwayes good to us,  
His mercies still endure.

2. Give thanks unto the God of gods,  
His mercy's ever sure:

Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords,  
His mercy's still endure.

3. To him, who only wonders works,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Whose wisdom made the Starry Heav'ns,  
His mercies still endure.

4. Who stretch'd the Earth above the fouds,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Who made those admirable lights,  
His mercies still endure.

5. The glorious Sun to rule the day,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
The Moon and Stars to guide the night,  
His mercies still endure.

6. Who *Egypt* and the first-born smote,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
And *Isr'el* from among them brought,  
His mercies still endure,

7. With a strong hand, and out-stretch'd arm,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Who cleft the Red sea into parts,  
His mercies still endure,

8. And through the mid'st his *Isr'el* lead  
His mercy's ever sure :  
But *Pharaoh*, and his host o'rewhelm'd;  
His mercies still endure,

9. Who



9. Who safely did his people lead,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Along the barren wilderness,  
His mercies still endure,
10. Who smote great Kings in battel down,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
And Kings renown'd for valour flew,  
His mercies still endure.
11. *Sihon* the King of *Amorites*,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
And *Og*, that did in *Bashan* reign,  
His mercies still endure.
12. And gave their land for heritage,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Unto his servant Israel,  
His mercies still endure,
13. Who thought on us, when we were low,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
And from our enemies redeem'd,  
His mercies still endure.
14. Who doth with food all flesh sustain,  
His mercy's ever sure :  
Give thanks unto the God of Heav'n,  
His mercies still endure.

## Psalm CXXXVII.

1. **A** Son *Euphrates* shady banks,  
Nere *Babylons* proud Walls,  
We late us down, and wept to think  
On *Sion's* Funerals :
2. Our solemn harps, to which so late  
We sacred Hymns had sung,  
Now on the Willows (like our selves,  
Mute, and untuned ) hung.
3. They that had made us Captive slaves,  
Untimely songs desir'd :  
And our proud spoylers mirth, in scorn  
Of our sad woes, requir'd.
4. Sing us ( said they ) a *Sions* song ;  
Shall we, at their command,  
Prophane God's Anthems in a strange,  
And idol-serving land ?
5. If ever dear, Hierusalem,  
Thy suff'rings I forget ;  
Let my right hand ne're know again  
The warbling strings to bear.
6. If thee I think not on, then may  
My tongue unuseful cleave  
Unto my mouth ; nay, if a joy  
I like thy joy receive.

7. Remember *Edoms* sons, O Lord,  
How, swoln with haughty pride,  
In wretched *Salems* hapless day,  
They insolently cry'd ;
8. Down with the buildings, rase them down  
Unto the humble ground :  
And let there not one stone of hope,  
Upon a stone be found,
9. Daughter of *Babylon*, mark'd out  
For ruin ; blest is he,  
Who in thy fall revenges us  
With equal cruelty.
10. Thrice happy he, who pitiless,  
Snatches thy little ones,  
And dashes out their brains against  
The more relenting stones.

*Psalm CXXXVIII.*

1. **T**Hee, great Jehovah, will I praise  
With my whole heart ; before  
The Gods of Heaven and Earth I will  
Thy Majesty adore.
2. With eyes unto thy Temple turn'd  
Thy power will I proclaim ;  
And sing thy love, and truth ; thy word's  
More great then all thy Name.
3. Thou

3. Thou answer'd'st me, in the sad day,  
When unto thee I cry'd :  
And by thy strength my fainting soul,  
Was with new strength supply'd.
4. All Kings, that Earths proud Sceptres sway,  
Thy praises shall confess ;  
When they shall hear those glorious truths  
Thy sacred lips express.
5. Yea, they shall sing, That wonderful  
God in his ways is found :  
Above all pow'rs omnipotent,  
In glory high renown'd.
6. For (though inthron'd on high) his eyes  
Upon the lowly are :  
But those, whose hearts with haughty pride  
Abound, he knows afar.
7. When troubles all my walks surround,  
Thy loves shall quicken me :  
Thy out-stretch'd hand restrains the rage  
Of foes, and sets me free.
8. The Lord will perfect my concerns,  
Thy boundless mercy stands  
For ever firm ; forsake not then  
The works of thine own hands.

*Psalms* CXXXIX.

(out;

1. **L**ord, thou hast search'd, & found me  
Thou know'st my sitting down,  
And rising up; my thoughts, e're born,  
To thee are naked shown,
2. Thou art about my Path and bed,  
Privy to all my walks,  
Observe'st every, the least word,  
My tongue at random talks.
3. Before, behind, by thee beset,  
Thy hand upon me lyes;  
This skill's too wonderful, too high,  
For my short-sighted eyes.
4. Where shall I my concealed head  
Hide from thy searching sight?  
Or whither from thy presence take  
My undiscover'd flight.
5. If I climb Heaven, there thou dost  
In beams of light appear:  
If in the shades of hell I make  
My Pallet, thou art there.
6. If mounted on the Airy wings  
Of the grey-feather'd morn,  
I should unto the farthest shores  
Of Western seas be born:

7. Ev'n

7. Ev'n there, thy overtaking hand  
Would lead me back again;  
And thy right hand the vain escapes  
Of my stoln flight restrain,
8. Then, if I think, in darknels I  
My muffled head will lay;  
Night shall unweyl, and shine in Rayes  
Of new-created day.
9. From thee the darknels cann't obscure,  
Night is as dayes bright flame:  
Darknels and light appear to thee,  
Just as they were, the same.
10. Maker, and Master of my reyns  
Thou didst at once become:  
And cloth'dst me, when I greatly swell'd  
My breeding mothers womb,
11. Blest Lord! how strangely am I fram'd?  
What wonders hast thou shown?  
Stupendous are thy works in me,  
And to my soul well known.
12. From thee my substance was not hid,  
When I in secret laid,  
With curious art was, in the Earths  
Inferiour Caverns made,
13. My first rude mass thine eyes beheld,  
My members all did pass

Thy

Thy Register, as they were form'd,  
When no part perfect was.

14. How precious are thy thoughts to me ?  
To what a vast account,  
If reckon'd, would the sum of that  
Arithmetick surmount ?

15. More then the sands, which working seas  
Roll to the murm'ring shore,  
I think, sleep, wake, and still with thee,  
Am where I was before.

16. Thou wilt th'ungodly slay ; From me  
Ye men of bloud refrain :  
For wickedly they speak of thee, .  
And take thy Name in vain.

17. Lord, do not I thy haters hate ?  
And grieve for those that rise  
'Gainst thee ? I hate them as I hate  
Mine own sworn Enemies.

18. Search me, my heart, my thoughts, and see  
If I perversly stray  
From paths of truth ; and led me in  
The everlasting way.

*Psalm CXL.*

1. **L**ord, rescue me from evill men,  
Save from the violent ;

Who



Who mischief in their hearts contrive,  
And still to war are bent.

2. Like angry serpents, their sharp tongues  
Malicious words devise :  
And under their envenom'd lips,  
The gall of Adders lyes.

3. Keep me, O Lord, from wicked hands,  
And save me from the blow  
Of furious men, whose plots design  
My feet to overthrow.

4. The proud have laid a snare for me,  
Pitch'd toys, prepar'd a net,  
By the way side, where I should walk,  
And gins to catch me fet.

5. Then to the Lord I said, My God,  
I to thy succour fly ;  
O hear my voice, when I to thee  
Address my fervent cry !

6. My great Preserver, Thou the strength  
Of my salvation art :  
My head thou cover'dst, when the fight  
Grew hot on every part.

7. Grant not the wicked his desire,  
Nor let him gain his end :  
Lest rail'd by prosp'rous ills, his pride  
Do, with his pow'r ascend.

8. Let

8. Let thoſe that compaſs me about,  
By their own lips betray'd,  
Be in thoſe miſchiefs overwhelm'd,  
Themſelves for me had laid.
9. Let burning coals upon their heads  
Fall down in flaming Rain:  
Let fire incloſe them, and deep pits,  
Never to riſe again.
10. The ſland'rer ſhall not long on Earth,  
Draw his accuſed breath:  
Evil ſhall, at the heels, purſue  
Th' outrageous man to death.
11. God will th' afflicted aid, and right  
Unto the needy give:  
The juſt ſhall praile thy Name, and ſtill,  
In thy bleſt preſence live.

*Pſalm CXLI.*

1. **L**Ord, my complaints to thee aſcend,  
With haſt thine Ear apply:  
And hear my voice, when I to thee  
Preſent my humble cry.
2. As Incenſe, let my fervent Pray'r,  
Before thy Throne ariſe:  
And my up-liſted hands be like  
The Evening Sacrifice.

3. Before

3. Before my mouths unmark'd escapes  
Command a careful guard :  
And keep the op'nings of my lips  
With timely caution barr'd.
4. Let not my heart to ill incline,  
Nor forward hands aber  
Those sins the wicked work, lest I  
Their deadly dainties eat.
5. Checks from good men shall kindness be ;  
And such reproofs be shed,  
Like balms from precious gums distill'd  
But never break my head,
6. In their Calamities I'll pray ;  
Their Captains waiting stood  
At the Rocks entrances, and heard  
My words, that they were good.
7. About the Graves devouring mouth  
Our bones all scatter'd ly ;  
As doth the splinter'd wood before  
The Hewers Axes fly.
8. But to the Lord, my faithful eyes  
In patience are addrest :  
Thou art my trust, O leave me not  
Forfaken, and oppress.
9. Preserve me from the treach'rous snares,  
Which they have laid for me :

And

And from the gins of them, whose hands  
Work mischief, set me free.

10. Let wicked men, in their own nets  
Surpris'd, deserv'dly fall ;  
Whilst I escape the toyls they spread  
To ruin me withal.

*Psalms* CXLII.

1. **I** With my voice unto the Lord,  
My great Preserver, pray'd ;  
With fervent voice, before his throne,  
My humble suit I made.
2. My sad complaints I poured forth  
Into his pitying ears :  
And in his sight laid open all  
My troubles, and my fears.
3. Thou knew'st my Path, when my griev'd  
Was overwhelm'd with cares :  
There where I thought to walk secure,  
They hid their secret snares.
4. I look't on my right hand, and none  
Would mine affliction know ;  
All refuge fail'd, none for my soul  
Cheap pity car'd to show.
5. Then unto thee I cry'd ; Thou Lord,  
My refuge art, said I ;

Z

Thou

Thou art my portion in the land  
Of life; To thee I fly.

6. Mark my complaints, for I am brought  
To sad extremity;  
From Persecutors save, for they  
Are grown too strong for me.
7. My soul from Prison bring, that I  
Thy Praises may declare;  
And Righteous men shall compass me,  
For great thy bounties are.

*Psalm* CXLIII.

1. **L**ord, hear my Pray'r, thy gracious Ear  
To my Petitions lend;  
In thy fidelity, and truth,  
A timely answer send.
2. Call me not to a strict account;  
For in thy purer sight  
None living shall be justify'd,  
None shall be found upright.
3. The Enemy pursues my soul,  
He hath beset me round:  
And smitten my despised life  
Down to the abject ground.
4. For my sad mansion, I possess  
Dark shades; like those that have

A long time sleepy tenants been  
To the forgetful Grave.

5. Therefore is my perplexed sp'rit  
O'rewhelm'd with anxious thought;  
And my torn heart unto the brink  
Of desolation brought.
6. But I the dayes of old recount;  
My Meditations run  
To pious musings on the works  
Thy pow'rful arm hath done.
7. To thee for help in this distress  
I stretch my craving hand;  
For thee my neer-expiring soul  
Thirsts like the parched land.
8. Hear me with speed, my spirits fail;  
Hide not thy face; lest I  
Be like to them, that in the pits  
Cold entrails buried ly.
9. Let me thy early mercy find,  
On thee my faith depends;  
Shew me the way, where I should walk;  
To thee my soul ascends.
10. Lord, save me from the cruel rage  
Of my proud Enemy:  
For to the shelter of thy wings  
I for protection flee.

11. Thou art my Lord, and God; my heart  
To do thy will instruct;  
Into the land of Righteousness  
Let thy good sp'rit conduct,
12. Quicken me, for thy sacred Name,  
And for thy Righteousness  
Set free my persecuted soul,  
From this so fear'd distress.
13. And of thy mercy slay my foes,  
That hunt me to the death:  
For to thy service I have vow'd  
My best, and last of breath.

*Psalms* CXLIV.

1. **B**lest be the Lord, the God of Hosts  
My fortitude, my might;  
Who taught my hands the art of war,  
My fingers how to fight.
2. My goodness, my strong fort, my Tow'r,  
My Saviour, my Shield,  
My trust, who doth my people make  
Unto my Sceptre yield.
3. Lord, what is man, that thou of him  
Should'st any notice take?  
Or son of man, that of his state  
Thou dost such reck'ning make?
4. Man



4. Man is an Airy vanity,  
His days as swiftly fly,  
As fleeting shadows, when the Sun  
Hast's to the Western Skie.
5. Lord, bow the Heav'ns, and in the might  
Of thy dread pow'r come down;  
Touch the proud Mountains, & thick smoke  
Shall cloud their fleemy Crown.
6. Cast thy consuming lightnings forth,  
And scatter their bold hosts;  
Let fly thy shafts, and drive their souls  
To the infernal Ghosts.
7. Send from above thy helping hand;  
Thy hand, that only saves,  
And snatch me from the threatening rage  
Of overwhelming waves.
8. Free me from children of strange gods,  
Whose mouths to idols cry,  
Whose right hand is a false right hand,  
And a deceitful ly.
9. Then will I songs ne're sung before,  
Unto thy Praise invent,  
Set to the pleasant Psaltery,  
And ten-string'd instrument.
10. 'Tis God gives victory to Kings;  
He, (faithful to his word)

His servant *David* hath redeem'd  
From the devouring sword.

11. Free me from children of strange gods,  
Whose mouths to idols cry ;  
Whole right hand is a false right hand,  
And a deceitful ly.
12. That so our sons, in lusty youth,  
Like prosp'rous plants may grow ;  
As corner stones in Palaces,  
Our beauteous daughters show.
13. That our enlarged Granaries  
May with rich stores be fill'd ;  
And in the folds, our fruitful flocks  
Ten thousand thousands yeild ;
14. Our Oxen be for labour strong,  
Our Herds from plunder free ;  
And no complaining in the streets  
Break our tranquillity.
15. Happy the people are, that such  
A blessed state possess ;  
Thrice happy they, who for their God  
Th' Almighty Lord confess !

*Psalms* CXLV.

1.

**T**Hee Lord, my God, my King, will I  
Extol, and bless thy Name

From

From day to day, and evermore  
Thy sacred Praise proclame.

2. Great is the Lord, and greatly prais'd,  
His greatness hath no bound;  
Age shall to age thy works declare,  
And mighty deeds resound.
3. I will thy glorious Majesty,  
And miracles relate;  
And men shall speak thy dreadful acts,  
And greatness celebrate.
4. Thy goodness to perpetual fame  
Their tongues shall loudly ring;  
And thy ne're-failing Righteousness  
In grateful verses sing.
5. The Lord is gracious, pitying, slow  
To wrath, to pardon prone;  
Good unto all, o're all his works  
His tender mercy's shown.
6. Thy works (all) publish thy renown;  
Thy Name thy Saints do bless;  
They tell the glory of thy Reign,  
And mighty power confess.
7. To make to unborn sons of men,  
His glorious dealings known;  
And the illustrious majesty  
Of his imperial Throne,

8. Thy Kingdom ſhall, beyond the date  
Of time, a Kingdom be ;  
And thy Dominion knows no end  
Of it's Eternity.
9. The Lord the weak and falling feet  
Doth by his grace ſuſtain ;  
And thoſe that humane frailty bows,  
He raiſes up again.
10. The eyes of all, thy bounty wait ;  
Thou giv'ſt them their due food ;  
And from thy open'd hand each thing  
That lives is fill'd with good,
11. The Lord is Righteous in his wayes,  
His works are holy all ;  
And nigh is he, to all whole lips  
On him ſincerely call.
12. Their pray'r, that fear him, he fulfils ;  
They ſafety ſhall enjoy ;  
All that love him he will preſerve,  
But wicked men deſtroy.
13. My mouth the praises of the Lord  
Shall to the world proclaim ;  
And let all fleſh for ever bleſs  
His moſt adored Name.

*Pſalm* CXLVI.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! O my ſoul  
Praiſe thou the Lord, thy King ;  
Whil'ſt breath my being ſhall preſerve,  
Praiſe to my God I'll ſing.
2. Put not in Princes your frail truſt,  
Nor in the ſon of man ;  
For helpleſs is the arm of fleſh,  
And vain the beſt he can,
3. When from his mouth the fleeting breath  
Expires, that very day,  
He turns again to his firſt Earth,  
And all his thoughts decay.
4. Happy is he, whole certain help  
From *Jacob's* God deſcends ;  
Thrice happy he, whoſe fixed hope  
On God the Lord depends ;
5. Who fram'd the Heav'ns, and form'd the  
Created the great deeps ; (Earth,  
And all that they contain, who firm  
His truth for ever keeps :
6. Who equal judgement executes  
For the oppreſs'd ; ſuſtains  
The hungry with convenient food,  
And breaks the Priſ'ners chains,
7. He

7. He to the eyes in darkness seal'd,  
Restores the cheerful light :  
Lifts up the bowed down, and loves  
All those whose hearts are right,
8. The friendless stranger he preserves ;  
The Orphans cause doth own ;  
The widow helps ; but wicked ways  
O'returneth upside down,
9. The Lord, thy God, O *Zion*, Reigns  
An everlasting King,  
To the worlds end, let all the world  
Loud Hallelujahs sing.

*Psalms* CXLVII.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord ;  
Tis excellent to sing  
Praise to our God ; Praise lovely is,  
And a becoming thing.
2. He rais'd *Jerusalem* rebuilds,  
Brings home to their own bounds  
Isr'els out-casts ; heals broken hearts,  
And binds the bleeding wounds.
3. The Stars he counts, and knows the name  
Of each Cælestial light ;  
Great is our Lord ! his power is great,  
His knowledge infinite.
4. He

4. He raises up the meek ; to Earth  
He casts the wicked down :  
Sing to the Lord ; with solemn harp  
Sing our great Gods renown.
5. Who with thick clouds the Heav'ns ob-  
Rain on the ground distills ; (scures,  
And clothes with grafs the verdant tops  
Of the aspiring hills,
6. He food distributes to the beast,  
That ranges o're the fields ;  
And meat to fill the hungry mouths,  
Of crying Ravens yeilds.
7. In strength of horses, train'd for war,  
He no delight doth place ;  
Nor pleasure in the legs of man,  
Us'd to the speedy race.
8. He loves his servants, who their hope  
Upon his mercy raise ;  
Jerusalem, O Praise the Lord,  
Thy God O *Sion* Praise.
9. He fortifies thy gates, and makes  
Thy happy children great ;  
Peace in thy borders plants, and fills  
Thy mouth with finest wheat.
10. He sends forth his commands on Earth ;  
No sooner said but done ;

His



His words, (the Heralds of his Will,)  
Swift as the lightning run,

11. Gives ſnow like wooll, ſheds hoary froſt,  
Like aſhes on the land;  
His Ice like morſels caſts, and who  
Before his cold can ſtand?
12. He ſpeaks, the liquid Cryſtal melts;  
He makes the South-wind blow,  
And ſtraight the unreſtrained flouds,  
In their old courſes flow.
13. The ſacred dictates of his lips  
He hath to *Jacob* ſhown;  
His ſtatutes, and his judgements are  
To choſen Iſr'el known.
14. He to no Nation elſe on Earth  
Such mercy doth afford;  
Nor have the heathen underſtood  
His judgements; Praise the Lord.

*Pſalm* CXLVIII.

1. Sing Hallelujah! praise the Lord,  
From the Æthereal Tow'rs:  
Praise from the heights to him aſcribe,  
All ye Cæleſtial Powers.
2. Praise him, ye Angels all, Praise him  
Ye that his battels fight:

Praise

---

Praise him, ye Sun, and Moon, Praise him  
Ye Stars of lesser light.

3. Praise him, ye Heav'ns of Heav'ns, and ye  
Engendred waters there :  
Let all these praise him, for he spake,  
And they created were.
4. He hath in their peculiar orbs,  
For ever set them fast ;  
And made them subject to a law,  
Ne're to be overpast.
5. Praise ye the Lord from Earth, ye VWhales,  
And deeps, wherein they play ;  
Fire, hail, snow, vapours, stormy-winds  
That his commands obey.
6. Mountains, and hills, fruit-bearing trees,  
Cedars that touch the Skies ;  
Beasts, and all cattel, creeping things,  
And ev'ry Fowl that flies.
7. Kings, and all people, Princes all,  
And Judges of the Earth ;  
Young men, and Maids, the Old in dayes,  
And children young in birth.
8. Let all these praise the Lord, whose name  
Alone is excellent ;  
His glory is above the Earth,  
And Heav'ns blew Firmament.

9. He

9. He doth his peoples horn advance ;  
His Praise the Saints record ;  
Ev'n Isr'els seed, A Nation dear,  
And neer him, Praise the Lord.

*Psalms* CXLIX.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Sing to God  
A song unlung before ;  
Sing praise in the Assemblies, where  
The Saints his Name adore.
2. Let Isr'el in his maker joy ;  
Let *Sions* children sing,  
And triumph in the Majesty  
Of their Eternal King.
3. Praise him in Dances, sing on Harps,  
And Timbrels his renown ;  
He loves his people ; and the meek  
Will with salvation Crown.
4. Let all his Saints, with glory fill'd,  
In his great Name rejoyce ;  
Let them as on their beds they ly,  
Sing with exalted voice.
5. Let Gods high Prailes fill their mouths ;  
Their hands ( for vengeance ) wield

A two edg'd sword, to plague their foes,  
And make the people yeild.

6. To bring the arms of tyrant Kings  
Unto the captives Chain;  
And fetter'd feet of stubborn Lords,  
In Iron gyves restrain.

7. Judgement on them to execute,  
As Gods decrees record;  
This is the honour all his Saints  
Shall have. O praise the Lord,

*Psalm* CL.

1. **S**ing Hallelujah! Praise our God  
Who in the holiest dwells;  
Praise him, that in the Firmament  
Of glorious pow'r excels

2. Praise him for those admired acts  
His mercy doth dispense;  
Praise him, according to the height  
Of his great excellence.

3. Praise him with Trumpets, Psalteries,  
Praise on the Harp present;  
Praise him with Organs, Timbrels, dance,  
And ten-string'd Instrument.

4. Praise

4. Praise him with Cimbals, praise him with  
Cimbals that loudly ring :  
Let every thing that breaths, Praise God,  
And Hallelujah sing.
- 

*HALLELUJAH.*

---



Sacred and Evangelical

# H Y M N S,

Used in the Church-Service

PARAPHRASED.

*Te Deum.*



Great God, we praise thee, thee our  
We do confess to be : (Lord  
All th' Earths thee worships, Father  
Unknown Eternity. (of

To thee all Angels cry aloud ;  
The Heav'ns and Powers therein ;  
To thee continually do cry  
Cherub and Seraphin.

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
The God of Sabbath :  
Full of thy glorious Majesty  
Are Earth, and Heaven both,

A a

Th'

Th' Apostles glorious Company  
 Thy Praises sweetly sing :  
 The Prophets goodly Fellowship  
 Thy Praises loudly ring,

The Martyrs noble Army thee  
 With dayly Praises blefs :  
 The holy Church through all the world  
 Thee firmly doth confefs,

Father of endless Majesty ;  
 Thy true, and only Son  
 Most honour'd, with the holy Ghost,  
 From whom all comforts come.

Thou art of glory King, O Christ,  
 ( By thy just-birth-rights lot : )  
 Thou art the Fathers Son, from all  
 Eternity begot.

When thou didst undertake lost man  
 To rescue from the Doom  
 His sin had purchas'd, thou didst not  
 Abhor the Virgins womb.

When Deaths sharp pains thou hadst o're-  
 Free entrance thou didst give (come,  
 Into Heav'ns Kingdom, unto all,  
 That did and should believe,

Thou sit'st exalted over all,  
 On Gods right hand inthron'd ;

With



With the same rayes of Glory, as  
The blessed Father crown'd.

That thou shalt come to be our Judge  
We faithfully believe :  
Thy servants, whom thou hast redeem'd  
By thy dear bloud, relieve.

Make them, with thy triumphant Saints,  
In number to be found :  
After this life shall have an end,  
With endless glory crown'd.

Lord, save thy people, and still bless  
Thine own Inheritance :  
Govern, and let thy powerful hand,  
For ever them advance.

Thee day by day we magnify ;  
To thee our knees we bend,  
Adoring thy great Name, both now,  
And world without an end,

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us pure  
From sinful stain this day :  
Thy mercy, Lord, to us extend ;  
Thy mercy, Lord, display.

Lord, let thy mercy light on us,  
As we rely on thee :  
Thee have I trusted, let me, Lord,  
Never confounded be.

*Benedictus.*

**B**less'd for ever be the Lord,  
The God of Israel :  
Who hath his people visited,  
And free'd from death and hell,

The horn of our salvation, he  
Exalted hath on high ;  
In his beloved servants house,  
His *David's* Family.

As by his holy Prophets mouths,  
He faithfully foretold,  
Which have, since first the world began,  
Been from the dayes of old.

That we should from our foes be sav'd,  
That would our souls subdue ;  
And from their pow'rful hands, who us  
With deadly hate pursue.

To do for us the mercy vow'd  
Unto our Sires before :  
To mind his Cov'nant, and the Oath,  
Which he to *Abram* swore,

That of his freely promis'd Grace,  
He would vouchsafe, that we  
From our old Adversaries hands  
Being set at liberty,

In holy and unblamed life  
Quit from condemning fears,  
Might serve him all the dayes, whilst breath  
Prolongs our term of years.

And thou, child, Prophet of the High'st  
Shalt be in name, and place  
The Lords fore-runner, to prepare  
Straight wayes before his face.

That his redeemed people may  
His great salvation know;  
And the remission of their sins  
Unto his mercy owe,

That stock of tender mercies, whence  
The day-spring from on high,  
Shines forth to visit us, the sons  
Of frail mortality.

To light them that in darkness sit,  
Whom shades of death invest:  
And guide our feet, through peaceful wayes  
To everlasting rest.

*Magnificat.*

**M**Y soul, with love divine inflam'd,  
The Lord doth magnify:  
My sp'rit, in God my Saviour,  
O'reflows with sacred joy.

A a 3

He

He hath in favour visited  
His handmaids low estate :  
Henceforth all Nations me the blest  
Shall ever celebrate.

He that is mighty, hath for me  
Done things of mighty Fame :  
And sanctify'd, through all the world,  
Is his most glorious Name.

To those that him devoutly fear,  
His mercy's are made known :  
From past, to present, and to all  
Succeeding ages shown.

He with his arm hath strength declar'd,  
The proud hath scattered  
In the imaginations, which  
Their own vain hearts have bred.

The mighty low, as the base dust,  
He from their thrones hath cast ;  
And from the same low state, the meek  
In highest glory plac'd.

The hungry he hath fill'd with good,  
Our of his lib'ral stores :  
But sent the rich and seeming-full  
Quite empty from his doors.

His mercies he hath call'd to mind,  
And giv'n his Isr'el aid ;

Asto our Fathers, *Abraham*  
And his blest seed he said.

*Nunc dimittis.*

**L**Ord, let thy servant now in Peace  
Unto the grave descend;  
As thine eternal word is come  
Unto the promis'd end.

For, with joy-ravish'd eyes, have I  
Beheld thy saving Grace:  
Which thou, in mercy, hast prepar'd  
Before all peoples face.

A light, the Gentiles to inlight,  
That in dark error dwell:  
The Glory of the happy Tribes  
Of faithful Israel.

*Gloria Patri.*

**G**Lory to God the Father, be:  
Glory to God the Son:  
Glory to God the Holy Ghost:  
Mysterious three in one,

As at the first it was, is now,  
And shall for ever be:  
When this world ends, and the next world  
Puts on Eternity. *Amen.*

*Or*

*Or thus,*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Immortal Glory be ;  
As was, is now, and shall be still  
To all Eternity.

*Amen.*

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*FINIS.*

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